

The Best Plays Of
1925-1926

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"CRAIG'S WIFE"

Mrs. Craig: "Now, listen to me, Walter Craig; you must not use that telephone. . . . I will not allow you to drag my name into a notorious scandal."

(Charles Trowbridge and Chrystal Herne)

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1925-26

AND THE
YEAR BOOK OF THE DRAMA
IN AMERICA

Edited by
BURNS MANTLE



NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

1926
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INTRODUCTION

THE theatrical season of which this seventh volume of "The Best Plays" series is a record falls with rather a definite thud into the just average group. Its highlights, if any, were scattered and dim, it indicated no particular trend toward new artistic standards nor fell far back from such standards as previously have been achieved.

I find encouragement in the fact that the tendencies of the previous season which resulted in the production of many plays of a flaring sensationalism, dramas bearing heavily upon a rather cheap frankness in the treatment of sex themes, were discounted and quite effectually squelched by the good common sense of the playgoing public.

Before the holidays I counted a dozen failures of plays that had evidently been produced to meet what their sponsors believed to be a strong demand for a brutal frankness of expression from Freudian bases of argument.

Their producers wasted thousands of dollars in wild publicity campaigns to no avail. A small and curious public greeted them with avidity, but the greater and saner public was not interested. Primarily, I suspect, because they were not good entertainments.

The choice of the ten plays from which excerpts are included in this book was again an arbitrary choice, representing no more than my best judgment as a professional playgoer. This judgment, I may add, is not based entirely upon the literary quality of the plays as written drama, but rather upon their fitness to represent truthfully the trend and character of the season as a whole.

Of the ten plays, six were of American authorship,

three English and one Russian. In the process of their selection I considered seriously seven other plays which are entitled to such honor as goes with that consideration. These seven were Maxwell Anderson's "Outside Looking In," Sean O'Casey's "Juno and the Paycock," Sidney Howard's "Lucky Sam McCarver," Philip Barry's "In a Garden," Eugene O'Neill's "The Fountain," Marcel Pagnol and Paul Nivoix's "Merchants of Glory," as translated from the French by Ralph Roeder, and Daniel Rubin's "Devils."

Each of these plays has a definite claim to recognition, but none of them is entitled, I feel, to substitution for one of the chosen ten.

The awarding of the Pulitzer prize to Mr. George Kelly this season pays deserved tribute to a keenly observant study of character and to this author's superior technical proficiency as a dramatist. "Craig's Wife" was, I believe, the most popular choice of a prize-winner the Pulitzer committee has yet made. Mr. Kelly barely missed winning the prize with "The Show-Off" in 1924, and the recollection of his failure then added materially to the popularity of his success this year.

"The Great God Brown," employing for the first time a modernized use of the Greek mask, is so typically O'Neill that it stands alone as a contribution to the dramatic literature of America. Its spiritual quality rather than its dramatic content, I feel, represents this writer at his best — a quality, incidentally, that I realize I have done scant justice in the brief digest herein contained.

"The Green Hat" may be classified frankly as one of the best of the popular successes my collaborator, the playgoing public, was pleased to endorse. Michael Arlen's vogue as a novelist was at its height at the time of its production, and the play is thoroughly representative of what the public wanted at the moment.

"The Dybbuk" is, in a sense, foreign to our native

taste in drama. Yet it was so outstanding a success and so finely representative of a type of religious folk play that is likely to figure prominently in the drama of the future that I consider it entitled to inclusion.

Channing Pollock's "The Enemy" is sound drama written upon a purposeful theme. Its plea for a greater tolerance is honest and its thinly disguised but cleverly included anti-war propaganda is entitled to such added dissemination as we who believe in the theatre as a rostrum, when the author's inspiration is motivated by a helpful and sanely reasoned message, can give it.

William Hurlbut's "Bride of the Lamb" is the type of drama that plays better than it reads. There is doubtless room for argument as to whether it does or does not truthfully reflect the causes and effects of the highly emotional religious revivals that flourish in the middle western sections of our country. But, granting Mr. Hurlbut his premise, it is a holding and in many respects an illuminating exhibit of native reactions.

Marc Connelly's "The Wisdom Tooth" and John van Druten's "Young Woodley" are characteristic studies of growing and expanding youth. Mr. Connelly's play drifts entertainingly into a dreamland fantasy by sending a spineless, carbon-copy New York clerk back to his childhood in search of the upstanding lad he used to be. Mr. Van Druten's comedy is an honest and free-spoken study of those problems of adolescence that afflict schoolboys approaching young manhood.

I have included two of the lighter comedies, Frederick Lonsdale's "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" and George Kaufman's "Butter and Egg Man," both to leaven the list and because they most creditably represent the lighter plays of their respective classes. "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" is brightly written as to dialogue and unfolds a fascinating theatre story of a young woman who tried to be a crook and happily became a great and good lady. Mr. Kaufman's "Butter and Egg Man" is essentially a

photographic study of Broadway characters written with the wit and incisive satire which are its author's dominant gifts.

With this issue we add the seventh chapter to a current history of the theatre in America, in so far as that history can be conclusively written around the record of the theatre in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles. The editor's thanks are again broadcast to the supporting public that has made the continuance of the series possible.

B. M.

Forest Hills, L. I.

June 15, 1926.

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THE BEST PLAYS OF 1925-26

THE SEASON IN NEW YORK

JUDGED solely by the physical bulk of its productions the theatre season of 1925-26 will go down in such history as may later be written of the American stage as the most productive of any New York has previously experienced. In the matter of creative accomplishment, however, it bulks less interestingly.

There were, by the record, some two hundred sixty-three productions of new plays and revivals. Two hundred and twenty of the plays were new, in fact, and two or three dozen of these were successful. But less than a half-dozen stand out as distinct achievements serving to fulfil any author's promise or to establish new artistic standards.

I do feel that, with "Craig's Wife," George Kelly has fully lived up to the high expectations aroused by "The Show-Off," and that Eugene O'Neill, who is writing, if any man is doing that, with an eye to the spiritual future of the theatre rather than seeking primarily to meet a commercial demand of the present, has met the promise of his career with "The Great God Brown." ✓

Channing Pollock, whose dominating ambition at the moment appears to be to compose striking dramatic variations upon familiar themes, produced in "The Enemy" a worthy successor to "The Fool." Maxwell Anderson dug an arresting study of hobo life out of Jim Tully's written observations of the American tramp which failed honorably as a comedy called "Outside Looking In." Sidney Howard, who won last year's

Pulitzer prize with "They Knew What They Wanted," suffered a quick and, to me, undeserved failure with "Lucky Sam McCarver," and Philip Barry took defeat gracefully with a thoughtful but slightly cloudy drama called "In a Garden."

Of the hundred and seventy dramatic entertainments only thirty-three ran for a hundred performances or more. As nothing less than a hundred performances is looked upon as a successful record on Broadway, the dramas and comedies were no more than a fifth successful.

The musical plays did better. There were forty-two of them, and twenty were played for a hundred performances or better. The chances of failure are, it would seem, less with musical plays than with drama. But the costs of production are so much higher the chances of failure are balanced.

There were also more revivals than usual. Some were important, many were used as stopgaps to fill in where new plays had failed. Shaw's "Arms and the Man," with which the Theatre Guild thought to start a Shaw cycle, was the chief success among the resurrections, though it created something considerably less exciting than a furore.

At this writing Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" is still playing and so successful has Helen Hayes been in recapturing what we know as the Barrie mood in the theatre that I anticipate continued success for the venture. In fact it is very likely to lead to the reclaiming of the entire Maud Adams repertoire, through Miss Hayes, and that will mean much to Barrieites everywhere.

The "Hamlet in Modern Dress" was by far the most interesting of the experimental revivals, and it naturally took on the color and appeal of a novelty. With Basil Sydney as the Dane in mufti, as it were, a sack coat for Elsinore, a yellow dressing gown for the reception of

the players, and what are known as golf togs for the burial of Ophelia, the mightiest of the tragedies came off not only surprisingly, but inspiringly well to all those of us who could, for the occasion, slip the shackles of tradition. For a few weeks the response was hearty and praise extravagantly bestowed. Then interest began to lag. Through Mr. Sydney's enthusiasm, however, the modern Hamlet was kept playing for eighty-eight performances.

In February Arthur Hopkins revived "The Jest," with Alphonz Ethier and Basil Sydney in the rôles originally played by John and Lionel Barrymore. Having suffered two early season failures with the Maxwell Anderson-Laurence Stallings dramas, "First Flight" and "The Buccaneer," (from both of which we all expected much after the full season run of the same authors' "What Price Glory?") and a quasi-failure with "In a Garden," despite the appealing presence of Laurette Taylor in the leading rôle, Mr. Hopkins was in no mood to venture with other new plays.

Walter Hampden returned to his repertoire for "Cyrano de Bergerac" after a joint starring season with Ethel Barrymore in "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice." Both had expected great things from their professional partnership, but it failed to excite the public of either artist.

Eva LeGallienne courageously began an Ibsen matinee season with "The Master Builder" and followed with "John Gabriel Borkman" with such success that she is this year to attempt a Civic Theatre movement of her own, bringing the better drama within reach of the \$1.50 pocketbook. There were also matinee performances of "Little Eyolf."

There were two revivals of "The School for Scandal," though only one attempted a run. Mrs. Samuel Insull, (Gladys Wallis) after twenty years of retirement and social prestige in Chicago, returned briefly to the stage

as Lady Teazle. Her production, built for a charity campaign in Chicago, was a handsome one, she made \$100,000 for charity at home, and she was pleasantly received in New York. The larger metropolitan public, however, was not interested.

George Tyler, following his successful two-season tour of the all-star "Rivals" with a similarly grand venture with "The School for Scandal," proudly brought his production into New York for a single Sunday night invitation performance to show the neighbors what he had done. A newcomer, May Collins, was Mr. Tyler's Lady Teazle, and O. P. Heggie his Sir Peter.

There was a seriously attempted revival of "The Unchastened Woman" which did not come off, a nicely staged and soundly proportioned revival of "The Two Orphans" with a starry cast, a fine restaging of "Iolanthe" under the direction of Winthrop Ames, and a slightly burlesqued resurrection of "East Lynne" that neither did the Greenwich Village Theatre group much credit nor paid them any profit.

The Players' Club selected "Henry IV" for its spring festival, and Otis Skinner was the Falstaff to the Prince Hal of Basil Sydney and the Hotspur of Philip Merivale. The Actors' Theatre revived Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest" with fair success, and the Guild carried Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion" and "The Man of Destiny" through sixty-eight performances, but did not find the bill a particularly light burden.

Several of last season's successes came back for return engagements of varying lengths. Al Jolson resumed the interrupted run of "Big Boy" and added one hundred and twenty performances to his former record. Mr. Belasco's "The Dove," the Actors' "Candida," the recurring "Blossom Time" and "White Cargo," and the scarlet "Ladies of the Evening" were also newly represented.

Among the minor excitements of the theatre year were

the coming of Raquel Meller, the Spanish diseuse, who has been flirting outrageously with our eager impresarii ever since she became the most popular of music hall celebrities in Paris. Years ago she thought to come for the vaudeville managers. Later for Morris Gest. Once or twice for the Selwyns and at least that many times for Florenz Ziegfeld. Finally E. Ray Goetz, whose managerial activities are limited but whose wife, Irene Bordoni, is French, succeeded in inducing the elusive artiste to follow a dotted line signature to the steamer and thence to America.

Her opening performance was given a flare of distinction by being priced at \$25 a seat on the lower floor. In spite of which, or because of which, her reception was friendly, even cordial, and her popularity grew. She gave thirty-two concerts in all, a small symphony orchestra playing her accompaniments. Starting west, with Hollywood and the cinema farms her objective, she duplicated her New York success, at \$10 the seat, in Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Chicago.

Mr. Gest, thrilled to his innards by the national furore he had created with the Moscow Art Theatre dramatic group and later with "The Miracle," also imported the Musical Studio section of the Moscow Art Theatre. He did not do so well with this venture, however, until the highly modernized "Carmen," called "Carmencita and the Soldier" came into the repertoire. Concentrating on this the Russians recovered considerable prestige in New York and not a little money on tour.

For the first time in its twenty or thirty years' existence the Princess Theatre company of Madrid, headed by Maria Guerrero and Don Ferdinand Diaz de Mendoza, played an engagement in New York, arousing the enthusiasm of Latin Americans and inspiring the respect of their American reviewers for their art if not for their scenery.

We also had the incident of Mr. Carroll's bathtub

party, but probably it would be as well if we did not go into that until further court decisions establish its classification. Starting as a farce, it developed drama and was, at last accounts, pointed for tragedy.

Of the summer shows starting late in June, 1925, "The Grand Street Follies" continued through till fall, Mr. White's "Scandals" remained until midwinter, and the Shuberts' "Artists and Models" practically ran out the season. Earl Carroll's "Vanities," which started July 6, is at the moment threatening confidently to fill out a full year and go right on with a new edition.

Aside from these summery affairs the tourist months offered little of consequence. August's first weeks were hot and dull. Later the month piled up a list of sixteen attractions, including return engagements of Mr. Jolson's "Big Boy" and Mr. Belasco's "The Dove." Of the sixteen the Shuberts' "Gay Paree" achieved two hundred performances, and "The Girl in the Taxi" stayed on for one hundred and three. The others got from four performances to four and six weeks, and then quietly faded away.

September, as usual, saw the first rush of important plays. Thirty-two of one kind and another were offered these thirty September days, and they included the season's distance champion, "Cradle Snatchers," Mr. Arlen's "The Green Hat," which stayed on until March and did a tremendous business through the holidays; Mr. Conrad's "The Vortex," which was an early season sensation but did not last; "Dearest Enemy," a clean operetta which surprised many of the Broadway crowd by running the season through; "The Vagabond King," which promises to continue as endlessly as did "The Student Prince," and "Sunny" which was, and is still, the season's most consistently sensational success in its class. In addition to these outstanding successes the month also introduced George Kaufman's "Butter and Egg Man," the globe-circling "No, No, Nanette," George

Jessel's venture with "The Jazz Singer," a Jewish story that ran the winter through; Maxwell Anderson's tramp play, "Outside Looking In," which enthused many people but not enough, and the Theatre Guild's revival of Shaw's "Arms and the Man." It was in September that E. H. Sothorn, giving up Shakespeare in order that Mrs. Sothorn (Julia Marlowe) might be forced to rest, made his reappearance in a modern play, George Middleton's adaptation of Brieux' "Accused," and started a season's playing that served him profitably.

October was dull by comparison. Now again there were thirty-two plays offered, which meant that the season had averaged thus far better than a play a day. Naturally the competition was keen, and the weaker attractions began to suffer. Mr. Cohan's "American Born" had a fair start at the Hudson, but the author-actor was content with eleven weeks, after which he went touring. "These Charming People" brought Cyril Maude back for what has been announced as his American farewell, and he did nicely during a twelve-week run.

The first real hit of the month was George Kelly's "Craig's Wife" on the twelfth, followed two weeks later by Channing Pollock's "The Enemy." The Kelly play started slowly and gradually built up a big business which was measurably increased with the awarding of the Pulitzer prize to this play in the spring. Mr. Pollock's war drama began with a rush superinduced by early reports of its forcefulness and power, but there was a slackening of the pace after the holidays.

A new Owen Davis comedy, "Easy Come, Easy Go," did nicely and there was a production of a sordid but forceful little drama called "A Man's Man" written by Patrick Kearney and sponsored by a better-play group called the Stagers. This play threatened to create something of a stir but could never quite make it.

"Young Woodley" started the November list off with a hit at the little Belmont Theatre. This study of ado-

lescence in an English boys' school, written by a young professor in Wales, John van Druten by name, was barred in England because of the frankness of its dialogue. But with a line or two deleted over here, and thanks to an exceptionally good performance by Glenn Hunter, the play was voted charmingly sentimental and genuinely interesting. It continued at the Belmont until May.

A week later Ina Claire came in with Frederick Londale's "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" and there was joy in the town. This neatly sophisticated and brightly written comedy was still extraordinarily successful as this record was being written in June. Eva LaGalienne also began her revivals, previously recorded, in November.

Two light comedies, "Alias the Deacon" and "Laff That Off," were started with little hope in the breasts of their producers that they would get better than an average six or eight weeks. But it is now June and they are still running. There is a large public that has a way of finding out the substantial comedy entertainment that amuses it without reference to what any of the bored experts may have thought of it.

There was a good bootleg melodrama called "Twelve Miles Out," which remained for nearly two hundred performances at the Playhouse, and the Nash girls, Mary and Florence, helped Rachel Crothers' comedy, "A Lady's Virtue," through a seventeen-week run at the Bijou. "Princess Flavia" was staged elaborately at the Century, and seemed set for the season, considering the popularity of the "Zenda" story that was its inspiration. But the larger public tilted its nose and "Flavia" struggled uncertainly through one hundred and sixty performances.

By December the question of success or failure had been settled fairly definitely and there were many changes. Thirty-four new attractions were offered this

holiday month, including three revivals. Among them the familiar extremes in entertainment, "The Cocoanuts," with the Marx brothers, a riotous hit at the Lyric, and "The Dybbuk," an impressive Jewish religious drama which drew the faithful of many races to the Neighborhood Playhouse and thrilled them all.

Arthur Hammerstein's fine "Song of the Flame," with a Russian choir of forty voices in the ensemble, was a feature of the holidays. "Tip-Toes" a George Gershwin musical comedy, sprang quickly to the head of the popularity list in its division, Jane Cowl began a successful season in Noel Coward's "Easy Virtue," which in the spring she took to London; "The Patsy," a smart little flapper comedy, sidled in unobtrusively, made a star of an attractive ingenue, Claiborne Foster, and stayed until summer; a second English revue called "By the Way," with Jack Hulburt and Cicely Courtneidge, scored a second English hit at the Gaiety, and a New England character study, "One of the Family," having excited the experts not at all, ran on and on and is still running.

The January period was distinguished by the production of Eugene O'Neill's "The Great God Brown" at the Greenwich Village Theatre and, I think, the forty-sixth rebuilding of the Century Theatre roof to accommodate another Shubert revue called "A Night in Paris." Aside from these two it was notable principally for its failures, which included "The Goat Song" at the Guild and a variety of others of less consequence.

There were red-letter days in February. On one "The Shanghai Gesture" with Florence Reed prominently displayed as the proprietress of a Chinese brothel, was produced at Martin Beck's Theatre. On another "Lulu Belle" with Lenore Ulric playing with gestures and enthusiasm a colored harlot of Harlem, came to the Belasco. On a third Marjorie Rambeau fought off a man of evil intent in a bedroom in "The Night Duel" and on a fourth a French Canadian who had mistaken a Holy Roller's wife

for a reincarnation of the Virgin, excited more or less comment at the Maxine Elliott in a play called "The Virgin."

The first two were enormously successful, but not even their trumped-up sex excitements could save the others. "The Wisdom Tooth" came in about the middle of the month, and served to sweeten the record, and there was an amusing comedy of life among the department store clerks called "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em." It was in February that Mr. Hopkins revived "The Jest" and Mr. Hampden "Cyrano," and it was in February that Henry Miller played his last engagement in his own theatre in "Embers." The play was a failure and Mr. Miller died two months later while rehearsing its successor.

The Lenten days of March were rather drab in the theatre, though they did bring forth two dramas of worth. One was Sean O'Casey's play of the Irish revolution, "Juno and the Paycock," and the other William Hurlbut's "Bride of the Lamb," excerpts from which are included in this volume. There were many failures, the most notable of them being that of "Ashes of Love," written by the Countess of Cathcart and financed by her following her sensational adventure in being detained and threatened with deportation by the immigration authorities as one having been guilty of moral turpitude in eloping to South Africa with the Earl of Craven. "Ashes" survived one week of polite booing at the National and was then packed up and taken home by the discouraged countess.

Another of the undistinguished but amusing comedies the people liked, called "Square Crooks," came in in March and played into the summer, and a rough but exciting melodrama called "Kongo" was a late and reasonably popular entrant. Lew Fields staged a musical comedy called "The Girl Friend" for his son, Herbert, who wrote the book, and Mrs. John Barrymore (Michael Strange) helped the Stagers with a revival of Strind-

berg's "Easter," and played a principal part with fair success.

Of the nineteen productions made in April, seven were revivals, of which mention has previously been made. It was a happy month for the Theatre Guild because in "At Mrs. Beam's" these experimental producers found their first success. This was the month of Raquel Meller's arrival, which stirred some excitement, and the month a bold play called "Sex" was produced in 63d Street. Coming as a sort of last straw, "Sex" stimulated the slowly awakening interest of the district attorney and he again brought his play jury system into action. Four or five of the bolder offerings were investigated, and certain deletions ordered, but only one play was ordered suppressed entirely, a revue frankly called "The Bunk of 1926." The owners took the matter to court and obtained a temporary injunction. But, despite the publicity, the revue died before action upon the injunction was finally taken.

The Little Theatre tournament, held in May at the Bayes Theatre, took on an added interest this year, being for the first time an international contest. Backed by the British Drama League an organization known as the Huddersfield Thespians crossed the ocean as contestants, and a second English group from Gloucester Vale also entered.

From this country there were entrants from Dallas, Texas, Winston-Salem, N. C., and Shreveport, La., as well as a dozen groups from the New York district. The Dallas players for the third time carried away the Belasco trophy and high honors.

Within the next few weeks the summer shows were well started. "Great Temptations" was at the Winter Garden, "The Merry World" at the Imperial, George White's "Scandals" at the Apollo, the "Grand Street Follies" at the Neighborhood and the Ziegfeld "Follies" substitute called "No Foolin'" at the Globe.

The season was over if not done with. Some forty attractions were still lingering in the lap of a frosty spring and with the help of the cut-rate brokers eking out an existence of sorts.

Two hundred and sixty odd attractions offered, including new plays, important revivals and recent favorites returned to continue interrupted engagements. Thirty per cent of them successful, roughly, and seventy per cent failures. That's show business.

THE SEASON IN CHICAGO

BY O. L. HALL

Editor *Chicago Journal*

THE prevalence of absentee landlordism in the amusement field in Chicago is a fatal obstruction to whatever impulse this city might have toward the origination of its entertainment. A play successfully acted in Chicago before it is exposed to the critical examination of the East is hailed as a demonstration of the independence of the Midwest, and there follow predictions of a separation, if not of a divorce, of the metropolis of the interior from the metropolis of the seashore.

These successes and these predictions are the history of the Chicago stage for a generation. There was a time when Chicago was lightly fettered by New York, but that time ended with the organization of the producing and booking syndicates, which slipped their benevolent shackles upon the wrists of the Drama and of Song and Dance on these back trails. Now we are but a market for, not a manufacturer of, the shining gimcracks of the playhouse. We face eastward when we pray for the drama's nepenthe; our orisons are directed to Shubert and Erlanger, and in them and their brethren we put our trust.

They have some difficulty in keeping filled with prime delights just less than a score of theatres in this interior capital. When their wares are worthy they prosper here, for the people huddled by the sweet waters of Lake Michigan do not speak in vain boasting when they declare themselves great friends, if not ardent lovers, of the Drama and all its variants. But when the wares are

not worthy this public evinces a rude lack of hospitality and a congestion of its generosity. It delights in the Chicago success, and these mount to a considerable number in the course of a season. But once examined they are found to be spuriously labelled nine times out of ten, for the manager and his "angel," his scenery and his actors, his script and his press agent are all found to be of New York, and more significantly still, New York is his goal. It comes to this: That no New York manager produces for Chicago, but that he looks upon a railroad center of more than three million inhabitants as a dog town in which, if he is lucky, his show may run for six months or a year.

It was the custom of a lamented great producer, as it is the custom now of some other worthies, never to bring to this mid-region a play without hailing the peasantry as his kinsmen and declaring an intention of taking up a permanent residence among those who so well appreciate the good, the true and the beautiful. Each new generation of theatregoers — and there is one every six or seven years — accepts this harmless buncombe for a thousand times more than it is worth, but one who has gone through a quarter of a century of purple pronunciamientos knows their worth and their purpose, for he realizes that for as long as this is one nation, and for as long as Chicago and New York both accept, in a measure, the law as it is handed down in the District of Columbia, one city will be the originator of the great bulk of theatrical produce, and the other a consumer, with, however, an unappeasable and ever more voracious appetite.

Into Chicago in the past season have wandered a number of roving plays with which New York had no acquaintance, and perhaps not even any suspicion of their existence. The beginning of the season saw several of these "Chicago shows" on exhibition; midseason brought more; the end of the season came with half a dozen of

them in performance. Some will cross the Hudson in due course, but others will eke out a lean existence on the byways of the great basin. All these plays which were born with the slightest prospect of ever escaping the confines of Chicago's quadrangular loop were played by peripatetic New Yorkers, were written, cast and financed chiefly by persons to whom Pittsburgh is a western city, and lived their few or many nights and afternoons here with a heartache for the Atlantic littoral.

Yet Chicago, as the second best theatrical auction block in America, finds its place in a year book to report activities of which tidings may not have spread far and to pronounce its verdict upon an assortment of specimens of the dramatic art. The season consumed about ninety plays and musical shows. Outstanding engagements were those of "The Miracle," "The Dove," "What Price Glory?" "Rain," "They Knew What They Wanted," "Pigs," "Old English," "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," "Castles in the Air," "The Student Prince," "Kid Boots," "Big Boy," "The Judge's Huband," "Close Quarters" and "Louie the Fourteenth."

A curious train of misfortune brought interruption to the engagement of three of the most successful of the lyric entertainments of the year when the illness of Eddie Cantor and Al Jolson and an accident to Leon Errol halted respectively "Kid Boots," "Big Boy" and "Louie the Fourteenth." In the case of "Big Boy" the intake at the time of suspension was the largest in the history of Chicago for an exhibition of lyric folly, the receipts averaging \$42,000 a week. There were other sudden suspensions, but in these cases the ailment was in the play—"The Fascinating Devil," "The Duchess of Elba," an adaptation by Avery Hopwood of one of Rudolph Lothar's essays in indelicacy; "The Love City" and other examples of dramaturgic futility the titles of which were unknown before they came and forgotten immediately they collapsed.

What with coming and going, with success and failure, with blizzards and taxes, with the flu and the movies, with starry casts and skinned casts, with prices moderate or prices high, with skillful management and with shoe-string speculation, 1925-26 was an average season, neither richer nor poorer, more serious nor more silly, graver nor gaudier than any other season. It was given an exotic tinge by the presence of Max Reinhardt's production of the cathedral spectacle, "The Miracle," by the coming of Nemirovitch-Dantchenko's singing and acting Russians to perform with moderate appeal in "Carmencita and the Soldier" and the "Lysistrata," by the flying visit of that gifted daughter of Iberia, Raquel Meller, and by the protracted visit of a Chinese grand opera troupe, which held forth in a little South-side hideaway. There was a constant inflow of plays English and French, new and old, ranging, on the side of Albion from Noel Coward's "The Vortex" back to Mr. Sheridan's "The School for Scandal" and from Mr. Sheridan's "The Rivals" down to Michael Arlen's "Those Charming People." Two London revues, Charlott's and Jack Hulbert's, came to bask a little while in the glow of merited favor. Edward H. Sothorn, lone-starring in Eugene Brieux' "L'Avocat," in which he traversed in accents Shakespearean an interesting disquisition on the ethics of the legal profession in France, found a happy welcome; a rather formidable constellation of starry players lifted the season to one of its peaks with admirable projection of "Close Quarters," the A. E. Thomas adaptation of "The Demi-Monde" of Dumas *filis*, and then as a further bow to the historic French these self-same players revived, after some reorganization, Margaret Mayo's translation of Victorien Sardou's "Divorçons." Eva Le Gallienne, with worthy zeal devoted to a somewhat doubtful cause, made obeisance to the dating Ibsen and acted his "The Master Builder" and "John Gabriel Borkman." Bertha Kalich made in this marketplace her return to

drama in the vernacular, via translation, and gave, with admired assistance, a chain of performances of Sudermann's aging "Magda." Came, also, "The Dybbuk."

The foregoing comprise almost all the drama of foreign derivation set upon the Chicago stage in the season, save a succession of plays acted by the resident company at the new Kenneth Sawyer Goodman Memorial Theatre, where Thomas Wood Stevens is the master of a numerous band of players, professional and undergraduate. This "advanced" theatre had its ups and downs during its maiden season, but its achievements were sufficient in number and in quality to promise a shining future. The Goodman Theatre is a subterranean playhouse on the lake front, adjoining the Art Institute, with which it is affiliated. It was erected by Mr. and Mrs. William O. Goodman of Chicago to the memory of their son, Kenneth Sawyer Goodman, who died during the World War while serving as a lieutenant at Great Lakes Naval Training Station. Young Lieutenant Goodman had been active in various "little" theatre movements in this city, and the short plays written by him for such theatres are well-known throughout the nation. No American youth could have a finer monument than this theatre, which widely departs from the playhouses of conventional design. Its dome-lighted stage is as "modern" as ingenuity could make it; the auditorium, without an aisle to herd the spectators into sections, is entered from either side from wide corridors which lead from the classic memorial hall, and there is an art gallery in which hang several of the world's treasures in the form of theatrical portraiture.

The company at the Goodman began its season and its history by making the first American production of John Galsworthy's "The Forest," a play of corporate greed and colonial exploitation, told in the terms of a tropical melodrama in which a band of English explorers are sacrificed to the desire to subjugate a tribe of African

savages. This play demonstrated at once the wholly professional quality of the Goodman's organization when it came to creating a *mise-en-scene*, a task in which the company had the collaboration of Herbert Bradley, just returned from his exploration of the gorilla country in Africa.

The Goodman Theatre turned later to an exacting schedule. It gave the first American performances of Sierra's Spanish comedy, "A Romantic Young Lady," staged Mary Aldis' dramatization of John T. McCutcheon's narrative cartoons, "An Heir at Large," with cartoon scenery and with intentional caricature; produced for the first time on this continent Georg Kaiser's curious and futile "Gas"; played Moliere's "Don Juan" with exquisite relish and coupled it with Shaw's "The Man of Destiny"; added Alexandra Carlisle to the company as a guest star to act the name part in Masefield's "The Tragedy of Nan" and recruited Whitford Kane to stage and to act Bottom in a revival of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

The other new theatre of the season was The Four Cohans, erected by George M. Cohan on the site of the historic Grand Opera House as a memorial to his famous family. Here is one of the finest playhouses on the continent, dedicated at the season's end with a play written for the occasion by the builder of the theatre and called "The Home Towners." This is a comedy of contrasts, in which Mr. Cohan opposes an Indianian who has become a rich New Yorker to an Indianian who has remained upon his native heath. The adopted New Yorker, on the eve of closing his bachelorhood by marriage to the daughter of a lower middle-class family, invites his old friend to act as his best man, but the old friend, sensing the situation, yet partially misinterpreting it, endeavors to break off the match. This is a variant of the David and Jonathan theme, and it would appear to be the author's wish to demonstrate that old friend-

ships are sounder than new loves. The play reveals Cohan in a new mood, for it is far more serious than most of his works. Though not a work of high distinction, it is filled with evidence of the dramaturgic skill of its author, and of his accurate observation of human nature. The play successfully restored William Elliott to the stage after he had been caught here in a debacle through attempting starship in one of the season's worst plays, "The Naked Man."

Another play with which Chicago was converted this season into a "producing center" was "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," a saucy and somewhat gaudy comedy extracted by Anita Loos and John Emerson from the former's popular story about two gold-diggers of tender years and deadly technique. It has been a great favorite with seekers of light entertainment. Still another "Chicago play" is William Anthony McGuire's "If I Was Rich," tailored to the pigmy form of the junior Joe Laurie, whom it translates from a song and dance man into a first rate actor of the Ernest Truex type. The play is a remarkably keen transcript of the life of a young married couple out of funds, the husband as honest as the day is long, the pretty wife a deceptive minx who accepts the charity of her employer. The play introduces to the stage the new character of the radio broadcaster, a bumptious individual who calls himself the Voice of Broadway, played to perfection by Ray Walburn, who acted "The Show-Off" in Chicago. In many respects this is McGuire's best contribution to the theatre.

"Out of the Night," a spring production, is a lingering memento of the erstwhile epidemic of mystery plays. It is the invention of Harold Hutchinson and Margery Williams and has considerable vitality. Yet another play staged here and sent on its way after a protracted engagement was William Hodge's "The Judge's Husband," perfectly fitted to its starring author, and representing, in the crucial act, by far the best playwriting Hodge ever

has done. Walker Whiteside, who writes for himself under the nom du guerre of Gordon Kean, provided himself with another melodrama of Oriental flavor for his spring emergence. The play is "The Arabian" and involves an aristocratic Englishwoman with an eloquent nomad of the Egyptian desert. It is pictorial and picturesque and will serve its author on his far travels. The Rachel Crothers play, "A Lady's Virtue," produced here and later forwarded to New York, was only moderately successful in its bid for midwestern applause.

The pinnacle of accomplishment in the Chicago field in the season was the staging of "Castles in the Air," a blend of musical comedy and operetta, with an admirable libretto by Raymond Peck, a notable score by Percy Wenrich, and a performance rarely matched on the lyric stage. This divertimento is of a strain which never fails to strike the fancy of all sorts and conditions of playgoers, and it appears to be destined to go round the world.

Further novelty has been provided during the season by the policy pursued at two theatres having resident companies engaged in the production of plays already acted in New York but unknown here. The Adelphi Theatre company gave a new play every two weeks — "Lawful Larceny," "No More Blondes" and "The Jury Woman" among them — until it encountered Lynn Starling's "Weak Sisters," which built into a run and upset the fixed policy. Elisabeth Risdon was the all-season leader of the company.

The foregoing catalogue of excitements having been composed, the compiler now comes to the task of naming the ten best dramatic entertainments of the season, avoiding admirable revivals. The ten named were not necessarily the most successful, but the most worthy. The list:

"The Miracle"

"Rain"

"The Dove"

"Desire Under the Elms"

"They Knew What They
Wanted"

"What Price Glory "	"Accused"
"Young Blood"	"Old English"
"The Dybbuk"	

The ten weeks' engagement of "The Miracle" was three weeks too long, but was enormously profitable for several weeks. "The Dove" led all plays in long-continued prosperity, though "Pigs," a gay comedy, followed close. "The Dybbuk," "Desire Under the Elms" and "Young Blood" fared not well, and "What Price Glory?" came short of expectations as a popular play. "The Student Prince," an operetta, lingering from the previous season, broke all Chicago records for consistent income, making perhaps a larger profit than the combined earnings of eight plays in the foregoing list. The exceptions are "The Miracle" and "The Dove."

THE SEASON IN SAN FRANCISCO

BY GEORGE C. WARREN

Dramatic Editor *San Francisco Chronicle*

THE San Francisco theatrical year beginning June 1, 1925, and ending May 31, 1926 — there is no closed period because weather conditions are as good in June, July and August as in December — has been notable chiefly for the long runs of several attractions.

Henry Duffy set the pace with a run of twenty-three weeks (342 consecutive performances) of Avery Hopwood and David Gray's comedy, "The Best People" at the President Theatre. This run had the greatest number of performances ever known in San Francisco. Its weeks were equalled by "White Collars," produced by Frank Egan, which also rolled up twenty-three weeks the season before, but there were many fewer presentations of the comedy.

"The Student Prince," did ten weeks in two engagements, and "Rose-Marie" eight. The Duncan Sisters, with a previous record of eighteen weeks for "Topsy and Eva," which was originally produced here, came back for six weeks, and played to \$146,000 in that time. "What Price Glory?" produced by Louis Owen Malcolm with Emmett Corrigan and William Davidson as Flagg and Quirt, ran for eight weeks, and there were numerous four and six-week engagements.

Leon Gordon's "White Cargo" also had a rather extended life, eight weeks altogether, at the Wilkes Theatre.

Eleven plays had first productions in San Francisco and the surrounding towns, but not more than three of them will probably ever be seen on Broadway. Another,

called "Pig Iron" here and "Down Stream" in New York, where it failed absolutely, was no more successful in this city. Roberta Arnold and Rex Cherryman had the leads. The play is the work of Alexander E. Herman and Leslie P. Eichel, two newspaper men of New York. This play was done here at the Wilkes Theatre, October 18, 1925.

The first of the new plays to have production here was "Smiling Danger," written by Oliver White, newspaper man, and presented by Frank Keenan. It was done at the Columbia Theatre, August 10, 1925.

September 14, Roberta Arnold and Rex Cherryman were seen in "Playthings," a comedy of New York life written by the Hattons, Frederic and Fanny. Sophisticated; a bit sordid and possibly unpleasant, it had the brilliant dialogue one expects in plays from the Hatton laboratory, and probably with some one else as the Lesbian siren of whose attempt to reach level earth the play treats, it might go in New York. Miss Arnold was absurdly cast as a "plaything," her incisive speech and businesslike demeanor stamping her always as an independent woman; never a clinging vine.

A cast made up of motion picture players made a production of "Passions," by Mrs. Alice Barney, of Washington and Hollywood, at the Columbia Theatre, February 15, 1926. It held on for two weeks, at Mrs. Barney's expense, she financing the venture. The first-night audience laughed at the "big" situation. Comment unnecessary on this one.

Of more importance and permanence was the production, March 21, at the President Theatre, of Arthur Goodrich's comedy, "You Don't Understand," which deals in humorous fashion with the opinion the modern girl has of man's occupations, and his contempt for her house-keeping duties.

This play settled definitely the fact Goodrich had a very big part in writing "So This Is London," for which

so much of the credit has gone to George M. Cohan. The technique and method are exactly the same, even to the visions. "You Don't Understand" had a cordial reception, but did not run long.

At the Oakland Auditorium, May 26, the Oakland Civic Opera Company made a stock production of "Hello Havana," musical comedy with a book by Roy Atwell and Harvey Thew, who also wrote the lyrics, and music by Lou M. Gottschalk. Atwell was trying the piece out for use next season. It looks very good; has an idea and the music is rather above the average for this sort of entertainment.

Atwell based his plot on a happening that concerned him personally, when some years ago Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson shanghaied him on board a ship bound for Cuba. His hero in "Hello Havana," who has an engagement to elope with a Vassar girl at ten o'clock in the morning is carried on board a Cuban boat, drunk, and wakes up at sea. It happens the girl has also been kidnapped by agents of her father, a planter in Cuba, so there are meetings and dodgings and other doings of comic and romantic nature on board, and a fine tropic background on the plantation for the final act.

Community and Little Theatres, and schools made half a dozen original productions, one group under Ben Legere, testing Edmond McKenna's satire on Greenwich Village, "The Red Knight," which has been announced several times for New York presentation. It was so feeble in performance one could not judge its effect with a professional cast.

Mrs. C. D. von Neumayer's "Half Loaves" had a single performance in Berkeley, done by members of The Playshop, a body of students of the theatre among the professors at the University of California and others in the college town. The organization is the outcome of a lecture engagement of Professor George Pierce Baker at the university in 1924.

The group is modeled on 47 Workshop, and in its two seasons its members have written, staged and acted twenty-seven one-act plays and this one full length drama of Mrs. von Neumayer, whose husband is at the head of the English department. The play is modern in mood and feeling and gives promise of really fine things from its author.

Also in Berkeley, where several bodies of semi-amateur actors are carrying on, a production of Everett Glass' tragic drama, "Boabdil, King of Granada," was made. It had the customary six performances and then faded from sight.

Passion Sunday saw the production at the Capitol Theatre, San Francisco, of "The Tree of Kerioth," a play dealing with Judas Iscariot, written by Brother Leo, head of the English department of St. Mary's College, Oakland, and acted by student players. The view of Judas taken by this churchman is that he was not the fiend incarnate one usually sees him represented, but an erring man. The play is not exactly an apology for the arch betrayer, but an attempt at understanding him and his action from the human angle.

Clay M. Greene, veteran playwright, critic and former Shepherd of the Lambs, an alumnus of the Jesuit University of Santa Clara, wrote for that institution a play to be given on its Diamond Jubilee. Greene wrote "The Passion Play of Santa Clara" for the golden anniversary of his alma mater, in 1901, presenting the play to the university, which has since collected quite a sum in royalties from other church bodies.

His Diamond Jubilee play is based on the life of Paul the Apostle. Greene called it "The Weaver of Tarsus," but in the performance at the University, May 13, the words "of Tarsus" were dropped.

Greene said of this play it was probably the last big work he would do. He is seventy-seven years old.

"The Weaver" shows Saul of Tarsus as a raging enemy

of the disciples of Jesus, his conversion and renaming as Paul, his ministry, some of the miracles, and his going to death in Rome.

An interesting, and rather unique event, was the production of a two-act comedy, "La Folie de M. Peru," the work of Maurice Charles Renard and Henri Jacques, Paris playwrights, at the hands of Andre Ferrier and his company of French players, Wednesday night, June 2. This comedy was written for Ferrier to produce at his tiny French Theatre here, and closed its sixth season. The authors were war comrades of Ferrier. The comedy had four performances before the closing of the theatre for the summer.

THE SEASON IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BY MARGARET S. CARHART

THIS has been an excellent year in Los Angeles for musical comedy. "All for You" was the first new production of the year. This music by Arthur Freed and book by George V. Hobart and Charles Grapewin, was so successful that it played to good houses for most of November and December. "Patsy" by Ingleton and Clifford Grey, had its American premiere on March 8, and continued to be a favorite until the end of May, when it moved on to San Francisco. In January and early February we had a treat with "The Love Call" by Franz Lehar, the lead in which was sung by Grace La Rue. Aside from the few performances by Geraldine Farrar, this was the first production in America. It ran, however, for only six weeks, a much shorter run than it had in Europe.

At the present time — June, 1926, "Nancy" by Jean Schwartz and William H. Clifford, is the most popular musical comedy in town. It was written specially for Nancy Welford, who made a strong impression in Los

Angeles last year in "No, No, Nannette." Besides these new plays we have hummed and sung to "No, No, Nannette," "Lady Be Good," "Little Nelly Kelly," "The Student Prince," and "Naughty Cinderella."

The second characteristic of our dramatic year is the increased number of long runs. As a hold-over from last year, "White Collars" ran on well over a thousand performances before it made way for "Charm." Aside from this second "Abie's Irish Rose," the record is held by "White Cargo," which played to capacity houses for nineteen weeks, requiring two return engagements to meet the popular demand. Its nearest rival was "Desire Under The Elms," which had a checkered experience here. The entire cast was arrested and tried for the production of indecent drama. Newspapers, clubwomen and critics differed in their opinions as radically as did the jury, which was unable to reach a decision. Before the case came up for retrial, the run was over. Tickets were frequently at a premium for both these plays. The staging of "Desire Under The Elms" was not only the most interesting of the year, but was also very artistic. "Weak Sisters," a close third, has proved very popular with the usual stock company audiences.

Three Pulitzer prize plays have aroused much comment here this winter. "Hell Bent For Heaven," the 1924 play, was very effectively given in December, but failed to please holiday audiences. The change of the denouement to a happy ending seemed a mistake, both artistically and popularly. "They Knew What They Wanted," the 1925 play, with Marjorie Rambeau as Amy and William Burress as Tony, is one of the most satisfying offerings of the year. Mr. Burress has made a great success in the part of the naturalized Californian. "Craig's Wife" had a good run, as played by the Morosco Stock Company, before it was announced as the year's favorite, and awarded the Pulitzer prize for 1926.

Two war plays have drawn large houses this season. "What Price Glory?" ran for almost two months at the "Playhouse." On Armistice Day the house was filled with members of the American Legion, who enjoyed to the full many details lost to the usual civilian audience. It was followed within a few weeks by Lionel Barrymore in a splendid production — "The Copperhead." Artistically, this was the greatest triumph of the year.

"Whispering Wires" and "The Gorilla" have been our best melodrama. Both were produced with great realism; "The Gorilla" sent some members of the Saturday matinee audiences into hysterics.

Besides these outstanding plays many others have had good short runs. "The Sap," "The Show Off," "The Fall Guy," "The Goldfish," "Rolling Home," and "Ma Pettingill" have all done well.

Outside of Los Angeles, the year has been a good one in Southern California. In May, Hollywood opened its new El Capitan house for spoken drama with "Charlotte's Review," which is still, in June, drawing good crowds.

Hats off to Santa Barbara! In spite of the disaster of last July, the Community Arts Association of Santa Barbara has kept its theatre running regularly. Even now many people fear to trust themselves inside a large building; as a consequence only comedies have been offered at Lobero this year.

Their performances this season include: "Merton of the Movies," "Wappin' Wharf," "A Kiss for Cinderella," "Minick," "Seven Keys to Baldpate," "Three Live Ghosts," "The School for Scandal," "Mary the Third," and "Prunella." Mr. Colin Campbell Clement, the director for 1925-26, says: "This year we have endeavored to keep the standard of our productions as high as possible and at the same time to make the theatre wholly community. During the season no player has been given a leading part more than once."

The results of this policy can be seen in the general interest in this theatre shown by the public.

The Pasadena Community Playhouse has had a very interesting and successful year, with the usual run of eleven performances for each play. They have produced a noticeably large number of new plays this season, among which the most important is probably "Pharaoh's Daughter," by Allison and Ethelean Tyson Gaw. This drama was, artistically and financially, one of the successes of the year. This was followed in November by "The Main Thing" by Nicolas Everynov, which was later played in New York by the Theatre Guild under the title of "The Chief Thing." "The Devil in the Cheese" by Tony Cushing was the second offering in November. "Head Acres" by Colin Campbell Cooper, a burlesque melodrama, still causes a smile with those fortunate enough to see it. In May, a group of dancers evolved "A Soul for Mary Jane," a mimo-dance, from the stories of Lord Dunsany and Hans Christian Anderson. The dancing was excellent and the accompanying reading was certainly a dramatic novelty. Several one act plays have also had their original production there: "A Cup of Cold Water," by Mildred Marsh, "There Was a Princess," by Marion C. Manly, and "Amaranth," by Conly Keeney.

The Playhouse has been even more fortunate in producing many plays for the first time in the West. In this list should be mentioned, first of all, "Hassan," which was the biggest success of the year from the point of view of the box office, and which ran for sixteen performances. Others were "The Lady Of The Lamp," "To The Ladies," "Tweedles," "The Green Goddess," "The Swan," "The Show Shop," "You and I," "The Makropoulos Secret," "Hay Fever," and "The Potters." It should be told as indicative of the clientele of this theatre that "Peer Gynt" was one of the outstanding successes of the year.

The offering of the Pasadena Community Playhouse at Mr. Brown's experimental theatre, The Playbox, consisted of seven dramas, culminating in Lady Gregory's "The Dragon." The small number of people who are privileged to enjoy these intimate productions of unusual plays, feel that The Playbox is a great success.

Most graciously the city of Pasadena acknowledged this spring its indebtedness to the Playhouse, by voting to its Director, Gilmer Brown, the Arthur Noble Medal for community service. This is the first award of the medal, which is to go annually to the citizen who, in the year, has been of most service to the community.

CRAIG'S WIFE

A Drama in Three Acts

BY GEORGE KELLY

GEORGE KELLY is not one to hurry his playwriting. Sufficient unto one season is the inspiration thereof, says he, and better for the play.

He started work on "Craig's Wife" shortly after his first success, "The Show-Off," had become the accepted comedy hit of 1923-24. He planned, then to have it ready for 1924-25. But delays of one kind and another put off its production until October 12, 1925, when it was presented at the Morosco Theatre.

The play's reception was friendly but not particularly enthusiastic. Many had expected, and with good excuse, that the author of "The Show-Off" would follow that comedy with another of similar character, which the Craig play most decidedly is not. The reviews, too, were approving but filled with qualified praise.

Gradually, however, "Craig's Wife" found its public, a thoughtful, observant, intelligent public. Women particularly were drawn to the play, and I, for one, had feared they would reject it because of its perfect exposure of one of the most unlovely of their sex. The matinees were sold out long before the night sales were complete. And the play ran well into the summer.

The entire action of this drama transpires between five-thirty in the evening and nine o'clock the following morning. The scene is the living room in the home of the Walter Craigs.

"This room," explains Mr. Kelly, who is most par-

ticular as to his settings and most skillful in bringing them into perfect harmony with his story, "this room, like all the other rooms in the house, reflects the very excellent taste and fanatical orderliness of its mistress. It is a kind of frozen grandeur, in dark, highly polished wood—strewn with gorgeous, gold-colored rugs and draped in rich brocaded satins. The piano scarf and the scarf on the oblong center table are canary-colored, and the draperies on the bay window at the left, and on the curving window on the stair landing at the back, are dark green. . . . As Mrs. Craig enters she appears to have been dressed for this particular room. She wears an extremely fashionable fawn-colored ensemble suit, brown slippers and stockings, and a small, dark brown velvet toque. She carries a brown leather pocket-book and a brown silk umbrella."

At the moment, however, Mrs. Craig is not at home. The better part of the week she has been in Albany, with her sister, who is seriously ill. She is not expected back till Saturday, but the house is ready for her if she should come before then. Mrs. Harold, the housekeeper has seen to that. She has learned it is just as well to keep a day or two ahead of a woman like Mrs. Craig.

"If she get an idea up there that there's a pin out of place around here," Mrs. Harold tells Mazie, the maid, "she'll take the first train out of Albany. Oh, there's plenty like her—I've worked for three of them; you'd think their houses were God Almighty."

As it happens Mrs. Harold's foresight proves prophetic. She hardly has finished speaking, and has barely had time to listen to Mazie's reading of the headlines detailing the most recent murder mystery in which the bodies of the J. Fergus Passmores were discovered dead in the Passmore library, when the bell rings and in walks Mrs. Craig.

She has brought her niece, Ethel Landreth, home with her. Ethel needs the rest and Ethel's mother, Mrs. Craig

and the doctor concluded, would probably be better without either of them in the house. Mrs. Craig has a way of telling her sister anything she thinks she ought to know, whatever the state of her heart may be, and Ethel, being nineteen and devoted to her mother, is naturally a source of as much anxiety as comfort.

There is something on Ethel's mind, however, that worries her. She has not told her mother that at school the last term she practically promised to marry Professor Fredericks, and she feels that her mother would rest easier if she knew. Mrs. Landreth had met and liked Professor Fredericks, and she had always worried for fear, if anything should happen to her, that Ethel would have no one to whom she could confidently turn.

Mrs. Craig is inclined to resent her sister's attitude. Ethel has her aunt to turn to in any emergency. And she certainly would be making a serious mistake if she were to allow her mother's apprehensions to rush her into marriage, just to see her settled.

"Simply being settled isn't everything, Ethel," Mrs. Craig insists. "A girl can be a great deal worse off being settled than when she was unsettled. And personally, I can't conceive of being very much worse off than married to a college professor—stuck away in some dreadful place like Poughkeepsie or Northampton—with not a ten-cent piece to bless yourself with—unless you used your own money. I'm constantly reading agitations in the newspapers about the poor pay of college professors. And your marrying one of them will hardly improve the situation."

Still, Ethel is not prepared to give up either her argument or her professor. She likes the young man, her mother likes him and, as for money, it happens that she has an income of her own—although, of course, Professor Fredericks knows nothing of that and would never think of permitting it to be used for the support of his home.

ETHEL — He does expect to support me, naturally.

MRS. CRAIG — How, dear — on a professor's salary?

ETHEL — Why, lots of professors are married, Aunt Harriet.

MRS. CRAIG — But their wives are not living the way you've been accustomed to living, Ethel; not the wives of young professors at least. And I suppose this man is young, isn't he?

ETHEL — He's twenty-seven.

MRS. CRAIG — Well, there you are. He's very lucky if he's getting two hundred dollars a month: unless he's some very extraordinary kind of professor; and he can scarcely be that at twenty-seven years of age.

ETHEL — He's professor of the Romance Languages.

MRS. CRAIG — Naturally. And I suppose he's told you he loves you in all of them.

ETHEL — Well, I certainly shouldn't care to think about marriage at all, Aunt Harriet, unless I were at least in love with the man. (*Mrs. Craig gives a little smile of pained amusement, and moves towards Ethel.*)

MRS. CRAIG — That is your age, Ethel darling: we all pass through that. It's the snare of romance,—that the later experience of life shows us to have been nothing more than the most impractical sentimentality. (*She arranges the piano scarf more precisely.*) Only the majority of women are caught with the spell of it, unfortunately; and then they are obliged to revert right back to the almost primitive feminine dependence and subjection that they've been trying to emancipate themselves from for centuries. (*She crosses to the big chair at the left of the center table and straightens it.*)

ETHEL — Well, YOU married, Aunt Harriet.

MRS. CRAIG (*leaning on the back of the chair*) — But not with any romantic illusions, dear. I saw to it that my marriage should be a way toward emancipation for me. I had no private fortune like you, Ethel; and no special equipment,—outside of a few more or less in-

applicable college theories. So the only road to independence for *me*, that I could see, was through the man I married. I know that must sound extremely materialistic to *you*, after listening to the professor of romantic languages; but it isn't really; because it isn't financial independence that I speak of particularly. I knew that would come — as the result of *another* kind of independence; and that is the independence of authority — *over* the man I married. And that doesn't necessarily imply any dishonesty of attitude toward that man, either. I have a full appreciation of Mr. Craig — he's a very good man; but he's a husband — a lord and master — *my* master. And I married to be independent.

ETHEL — Independent of your husband too, do you mean?

MRS. CRAIG — Independent of everybody. I lived with a stepmother, Ethel, for nearly twelve years, and with your mother after she was married for over five; I know what it is to be on some one else's floor. And I married to be on my own — in every sense of the word. I haven't entirely achieved the condition yet — but I know it can be done. (*She turns and glances up the stairs and out through the portieres, to assure herself that no one is listening.*)

ETHEL — I don't understand what you mean, exactly, Aunt Harriet.

MRS. CRAIG (*turning to Ethel again*) — I mean that I'm simply exacting my share of a bargain. Mr. Craig wanted a wife and home; and he has them. And he can be perfectly sure of them, because the wife that he got happens to be one of the kind that regards her husband and home as more or less ultimate conditions. And my share of the bargain was the security and protection that those conditions imply. And I have *them*. But, unlike Mr. Craig, I can't be absolutely sure of them; because I know that, to a very great extent, they are at the mercy of the *mood* of a man. (*She smiles know-*

ingly.) And I suppose I'm too practical-minded to accept that as a sufficient guarantee of their permanence. So I must secure their permanence for myself.

ETHEL — How?

MRS. CRAIG — By securing into my own hands the control of the man upon which they are founded.

ETHEL — How are you ever going to do a thing like that, Aunt Harriet?

MRS. CRAIG — Haven't you ever made Mr. Fredericks do something you wanted him to do?

ETHEL — Yes, but I always told him I wanted him to do it.

MRS. CRAIG (*half-sitting on the arm of the big chair*) — But there are certain things that men can't be told, Ethel; they don't understand them; particularly romantic men; and Mr. Craig is inveterately idealistic.

ETHEL — But supposing he were to find out sometime?

MRS. CRAIG — Find out what?

ETHEL — What you've just been telling me — that you wanted to control him.

MRS. CRAIG — One never comprehends, dear, what it is not in one's nature to comprehend. And even if it were possible, what about it? It's such an absolutely unprovable thing; that is, I mean to say, it isn't a thing that one does or says, specifically; it's a matter of — interpretation. (*She is amused.*) And that's where women have such a tremendous advantage over men; so few men are capable of interpreting them. But, they can always interpret themselves, if they're so disposed. And if the interpretation is for the instruction of a romantic husband, a woman can always keep it safely within the exigencies of the moment. (*She laughs a little, and moves over to Ethel, resting her hand on Ethel's shoulder.*) I know you're deploring my lack of nobility.

ETHEL — No, I'm not at all, Aunt Harriet.

MRS. CRAIG — Yes, you are, I see it in your face. (*She*

crosses to the front of the center table.) You think I'm a very sordid woman.

ETHEL — No, I don't think anything of the kind.

MRS. CRAIG (*turning to Ethel*) — Well, what do you think?

ETHEL — Well, frankly, Aunt Harriet, I don't think it's quite honest.

MRS. CRAIG — But it's very much safer, dear — for everybody. Because, as I say, if a woman is the right kind of a woman, it's better that the destiny of her home should be in *her* hands than in any man's.

Ethel is sent upstairs to lie down and rest and Mrs. Craig continues her homecoming interview with Mrs. Harold as to the conduct and care of the house during her absence. Everything is as it should be, so far as a casual but sharp investigation reveals. There are, it seems, a few more scratches on the polished stairs. It is difficult for Mrs. Craig to understand why the help cannot acquire the habit of using the back stairs more.

Nor is she pleased at the discovery of a bunch of roses that a neighbor, Mrs. Frazier, has brought in for Miss Austen, Mr. Craig's aunt, who lives with the Craigs. Mrs. Craig is not particularly fond of flowers, and she is easily upset by seeing petals on her rugs. She is further irritated when she learns that Mrs. Frazier is at that moment upstairs visiting Auntie Austen. Mrs. Craig does not like Mrs. Frazier, and frankly resents her attempts at being neighborly, at pushing herself in, as it were.

She learns, too, that a friend of Mr. Craig, a Mr. Birkmire, has been anxious to get in touch with her husband and has left a telephone number for Mr. Craig to call as soon as he arrives home. Being curious, she is in the act of getting from information the name of the subscriber having the telephone number Mr. Craig is to call when Craig's coming interrupts her.

Craig is an amiable, affectionate young man in his

thirties. He is surprised but quite evidently pleased at his wife's unexpected return. He is agreeably surprised, too, to hear that Mrs. Frazier is calling on Auntie Austen. He is fond of his aunt and has found Mrs. Frazier a very pleasant person the few talks he has had with her in the garden, when he was going or coming from the garage. She has a wonderful rose garden.

Mrs. Craig is not so sure those seemingly unexpected meetings were not planned by Mrs. Frazier. They are, she thinks, rather transparently obvious, plainly intended to "facilitate the approach," just as some women go about with a child by the hand or with a dog on a leash. She frankly advises her husband to keep out of Mrs. Frazier's way, or he is likely to find himself caught in an intimate and bothersome friendship. There is danger in propinquity. And there is no sense in his tempting the temptress. But Craig is no more than highly amused at her attitude. She is, he is convinced, trying to kid him. Or perhaps she is getting jealous of him. That would be funny. Mrs. Craig isn't jealous; just suspicious; "suspicious of rich, middle-aged divorcees who specialize in wayside roses."

CRAIG — Mrs. Frazier isn't a divorcee.

MRS. CRAIG — Isn't she?

CRAIG — No, her husband was killed in an automobile accident in 1915. She told me so herself. She was in the car with him.

MRS. CRAIG — And how is it she wasn't killed?

CRAIG (*laughing a little*) — Well now, does everybody have to be killed in automobile accidents?

MRS. CRAIG — No, there's always the Galveston Flood, for husbands. You're a very guileless young man, Walter; and I'm sorry your mind doesn't work just a little bit more rapidly.

Craig — It works pretty thoroughly, though, when it sees the point.

MRS. CRAIG — But, that's a very slight advantage, Walter, if the point is made before you see it.

CRAIG — Do you know, I'd like to be able to see just what's going on in your mind tonight.

MRS. CRAIG — Well, if you could, I dare say you'd find something very similar to what's going on in the minds of most of our neighbors these days.

CRAIG — Now, just what do you mean by that?

MRS. CRAIG — They have eyes, Walter; and they use them. And I wish you'd use yours. And I also wish you'd tell me whose telephone number Levering three one hundred is.

CRAIG — Fergus Passmore, why?

MRS. CRAIG — Nothing, I was just wondering. Mrs. Harold told me you gave her that number last night in case anybody wanted you, and I was wondering where it was. (*She moves towards the door again.*)

CRAIG — Fergus Passmore's. I was playing cards out there last night. I ran into him yesterday in front of the First National, and he asked me to come out there last night and play a little poker.

MRS. CRAIG — What did Billy Birkmire want you for?

CRAIG — Why, a —

MRS. CRAIG — Mrs. Harold said he called you up.

CRAIG — Yes, Fergus told me to get hold of him, too, and bring him out there; so I did; but he called me up later to tell me that his father had just come in from St. Paul, and he wouldn't be able to make it. I wasn't here when he called, so I talked to him from there.

MRS. CRAIG — I hope you're not going to get into card-playing again, Walter.

CRAIG — Why, I never gave up card-playing.

MRS. CRAIG — Well, you haven't played in nearly a year.

CRAIG — Well, I suppose that's because *you* don't play. And most of the folks know that, so they don't ask *me*. I don't suppose Fergus would have asked me

yesterday, only that I happened to mention that you were away.

Craig is alone when Mrs. Austen and Mrs. Frazier come downstairs. Auntie Austen is a pleasantly sedate person probably of about Craig's mother's age; Mrs. Frazier is a smiling little woman of middle years, talkative and neighborly. Given a little encouragement she is one to run on volubly concerning herself, her roses and her family tragedies.

She is fond of her rose garden, she tells them, because her husband loved roses. He has been dead ten years, now, and she finds it hard to stay at home over the anniversaries of his passing. Usually she goes to visit her daughter in Dayton, Ohio. She finds a new interest there in her infant grandson. He is the most adorable baby — "just fifteen months old and he thinks there's nobody in the world like his grandmother. And, of course, I think there's nobody in the world like him. Although, to tell the truth, I did resent him terrifically when he was born — to think that he'd make me a grandmother. But he's quite won me over; and I suppose I'm as foolish now as all the other grandmothers."

MRS. AUSTEN — Is she your only daughter, Mrs. Frazier?

MRS. FRAZIER — Yes, she was my only child.

CRAIG — Then you live alone over here, Mrs. Frazier?

MRS. FRAZIER — All alone, yes.

MISS AUSTEN — Is that so?

MRS. FRAZIER — Yes, I've lived alone now for nearly four years — ever since my daughter was married. Alone at fifty. (*She laughs lightly.*) Rather a premature desolation, isn't it? (*She laughs again, a little.*)

CRAIG — Certainly is.

MISS AUSTEN — I remember reading a story by that name one time, a number of years ago; and I remember

thinking then, how dreadful that would be — to be left alone — especially for a woman. And yet the very same thing happened to me before I was fifty.

MISS AUSTEN — Well, didn't you ever think of going out and living with your daughter, Mrs. Frazier?

MRS. FRAZIER — Well, of course, she has never given up trying to persuade me to do that; but I always say to her, "No, darling, I will live out my days in your father's house — even though he isn't there." I say, "I have my memories, at least; and nobody can take those from me." Of course, she says I'm sentimental; (*She laughs.*) but I'm not, really — not the least bit. Because if I were, I should probably have married again; but I feel that —

CRAIG — I should think you would have married again, Mrs. Frazier.

MRS. FRAZIER — Well, I suppose that would have been the logical thing to do, Mr. Craig; but, I don't know — I suppose perhaps I'm one of those one-man women. There are such women, you know.

MISS AUSTEN — Yes, indeed there are.

MRS. FRAZIER — Just as there are one-woman men. And I think it's particularly unfortunate when anything happens to the attachment of a person of that kind — whether it's death, or disillusionment, or whatever it is — because the impairment is always so absolutely irreparable. A person of that type can never care very greatly again, about anything.

MISS AUSTEN (*looking away off*) — That's very true, Mrs. Frazier.

MRS. FRAZIER (*falling into a mood*) — Never. (*She shakes her head slowly from side to side; then starts.*) Well, I think I'd better go, or you'll be agreeing with my daughter that I'm sentimental.

Mrs. Frazier has gone and Craig is upstairs when Mrs. Craig returns. She evidently has overheard much of what has been said and is more than ever convinced

that Mrs. Frazier is a silly, prying woman, and she resents her forcing her way into the house, merely to satisfy her curiosity.

There is apparently no love lost between Miss Austen and Mrs. Craig. They both guard the antipathy rather carefully, but apparently they have reached the point when a declaration of their respective feelings toward each other is imminent.

There is much to strengthen this conclusion in Miss Austen's spoken defense of Mrs. Frazier and the innocence of her motives for wishing to be friendly, and in her calm but direct appraisal of Mrs. Craig's resentment of her.

MISS AUSTEN — A good neighbor is a very good thing sometimes, Harriet.

MRS. CRAIG — Well, you may have them; I don't want them running in and out to me.

MISS AUSTEN — None of them has ever run in and out to you so far as I remember.

MRS. CRAIG — One of them has just left.

MISS AUSTEN — She wasn't here to see you.

MRS. CRAIG — She was in my house, wasn't she?

MISS AUSTEN — And in your husband's house.

MRS. CRAIG — Oh — (*She gives a little laugh of mirthless amusement.*) Well, she was hardly here to see my husband, was she? (*Miss Austen holds her eye for a second.*)

MISS AUSTEN — No, she was not; although I've no doubt you'd attempt such an interpretation if you thought there was any possibility of Walter's believing it. I don't think any extremity would be too great for you, Harriet, as long as it kept people out of the Temple of the Lord. This Holy of Holies. It's a great wonder to me you haven't asked us to take off our shoes, when we walk across the carpet. (*Mr. Craig coughs, somewhere upstairs, and Mrs. Craig moves suddenly to the foot of*

the stairs and looks up.) Mrs. Frazier was here to see me, your husband's aunt. And I made her welcome; and so did he. And asked her to come back again. And I don't think you'd find him very much in accord with your attitude, if he knew about it.

MRS. CRAIG — Well, you'll probably tell him.

MISS AUSTEN — Oh, I've got a lot of things to tell him, Harriet.

MRS. CRAIG — I've no doubt you have.

MISS AUSTEN — I've had plenty of time to think about them during the past two years, up there in my room. And they've been particularly clear to me this past week that you've been away. That's why I've decided to tell Walter; (*Mrs. Craig turns sharply and looks at her.*) because I think he should be told. Only I want you to be here when I tell him, so that you won't be able to twist what I say.

MRS. CRAIG (*coming forward to the table*) — You have a very good opinion of me, haven't you, Auntie Austen?

MISS AUSTEN — It isn't an opinion I have of you at all, Harriet; it's you that I have.

MRS. CRAIG — Well, whatever it is, I'm not at all interested in hearing about it. And I want you to know that I resent intensely you having brought Mrs. Frazier in here.

MISS AUSTEN (*turning away*) — Oh, be honest about it, at least, Harriet!

MRS. CRAIG — What do you mean?

MISS AUSTEN — Why particularize on Mrs. Frazier?

MRS. CRAIG — Because I don't want her here.

MISS AUSTEN — You don't want anybody here.

MRS. CRAIG — I don't want her. (*She strikes the table with her knuckles.*)

MISS AUSTEN (*looking directly at her*) — You don't want your husband — (*Mrs. Craig starts slightly and then stands rigid.*) only that he's necessary to the upkeep here. But if you could see how that could be managed

without him, his position here wouldn't be as secure as the position of one of those pillows there. (*She indicates the pillows on the seat at the right of the stairway.*)

MRS. CRAIG — Well, I must say, Miss Austen, that's a very nice thing for you to say to me.

MISS AUSTEN — It's the truth, whether you like to hear it or not. You want your house, Harriet, and that's all you do want. And that's all you'll have, at the finish, unless you change your way. People who live to themselves, Harriet, are generally left to themselves; for other people will not go on being made miserable indefinitely for the sake of your ridiculous idolatry of house furnishings.

MRS. CRAIG — You seem to have borne it rather successfully.

MISS AUSTEN — I did it for Walter's sake; because I knew he wanted to have me here; and I didn't want to make it difficult. But I've been practically a recluse in that room of mine upstairs ever since we've been here; just to avoid scratching that holy stairway, or leaving a footprint on one of these sacred rugs. I'm not used to that kind of stupidity. I'm accustomed to *living* in rooms; (*Mr. Craig comes quietly down the stairs and stands on the landing, looking inquiringly from one to the other. Mrs. Craig sees him out of the corner of her eye, and drifts forward to the mirror at the right.*) and I think too much of myself to consider their appearance where my comfort is concerned. So I've decided to make a change. Only I want my reasons to be made perfectly clear to Walter before I go — I think I owe it to him; for his own sake as well as mine.

Craig, without interrupting the scene, hears the conclusion of his aunt's declaration and is seriously perturbed. What's the matter? Why should Auntie Austen think of leaving his house? Surely there must be some reason?

Mrs. Craig, with a nervous laugh, is sure that she knows of none, unless it be the "usual jealous reasons that women have — of the wives of men they've brought up."

Craig finds it difficult to understand. Naturally there may have been irritations, but Auntie Austen must know that they are both very fond of her. Surely there isn't anything that Harriet has said to her?

"Oh, no — Harriet never *says* anything," admits Miss Austen, "she simply acts; and leaves you to interpret — if you're able — until you find the key. And then it's all very simple — and very ridiculous, and incredibly selfish. So much so, Walter, that I rather despair of ever convincing you of my justification for leaving your house."

The story finally is told. But not with Mrs. Craig staying to hear "a lot of absurdities." So far as she is concerned Miss Austen's chief cause for complaint is her (Harriet's) objection to Mrs. Frazier's unwelcome visit to satisfy the inordinate curiosity of her kind. If she has anything more to say, let her say it. But she, for one, is not interested in hearing it.

"But I want you to know before I tell him that it didn't remain for your outburst against Mrs. Frazier here a few minutes ago to reveal it to me," Miss Austen warns her. "I knew it almost as soon as Walter's mother knew it."

"She means that I have been trying to poison you secretly, Walter," declares Mrs. Craig, with a touch of mock seriousness. And then, "playing the martyr as usual," Miss Austen charges, Mrs. Craig leaves the room.

CRAIG (*coming down to the front of the table*) — I wish you'd tell me what's happened here, Auntie.

MISS AUSTEN (*crossing to him*) — That isn't so easy to tell to a man, Walter; it requires a bit of elucidation.

CRAIG — What is it?

MISS AUSTEN — Walter — why do you suppose your mother asked you to promise her, when she was dying, that you'd take me with you when you married?

CRAIG — Why, I think that was a perfectly natural request, Auntie, considering what you'd been to both of us during her illness.

MISS AUSTEN — But, it wasn't as though I should need a home — for she knew I preferred to travel, — that that's what I was preparing to do when she was first stricken. And I never told you, Walter, but she asked me to promise her that I should accept your invitation when you made it. You see, she knew her woman, Walter, — the woman you were going to marry.

CRAIG — You mean that Mother didn't like Harriet?

MISS AUSTEN — Nobody could like Harriet, Walter; she doesn't want them to.

CRAIG — I like her.

MISS AUSTEN — You're blinded by a pretty face, son, as many another man has been blinded.

CRAIG — Well, what has Harriet done?

MISS AUSTEN — She's left you practically friendless, for one thing; because the visits of your friends imply an importance to you that is at variance with her plan; so she's made it perfectly clear to them, by a thousand little gestures, that they are not welcome in her house. Because this *is* her house, you know, Walter; it isn't yours — don't make any mistake about that. This house is what Harriet married — she didn't marry you. You simply went with the house — as a more or less regrettable necessity. And you must not obtrude; for she wants the house all to herself. So she has set about reducing you to as negligible a factor as possible in the scheme of things here.

CRAIG — You don't really believe that, Auntie, do you?

MISS AUSTEN — That is her plan concerning you, Wal-

ter, I'm telling you. That is why the visits of your friends have been discouraged.

CRAIG — I can't think that Harriet would discourage my friends, Auntie.

MISS AUSTEN — Do any of them come here?

CRAIG — Why, most of them have been here at one time or another, yes.

MISS AUSTEN — Not within the last eighteen months; and you've only been married two years.

CRAIG — Well, why shouldn't Harriet want my friends here?

MISS AUSTEN — For the same reason that she doesn't want anybody else here. Because she's a supremely selfish woman; and with the arrogance of the selfish mind, she wants to exclude the whole world — because she cannot impose her narrow little order upon it. And these four walls are the symbol of that selfish exclusion.

CRAIG (*turning away, and crossing towards the right*) — I can't believe that, Auntie.

MISS AUSTEN (*extending her arms towards the front door*) — Can you remember when any one has darkened that door — until here today, when Mrs. Frazier came over? And you see the result of that. And why do you suppose that people have so suddenly stopped visiting you? They always visited you at home. It can hardly be that you've changed so radically in two years. And I dare say all those charming young men and women that used to have such pleasant times at your home, thought when you married your house would be quite a rendezvous. But they reckoned without their — hostess, Walter — just as they are beginning to reckon without you. (*He turns and looks at her.*) You never go out any more. Nobody ever asks you. They're afraid you might bring her; and they don't want her — Because she's made it perfectly clear to them that she doesn't want them. (*Craig turns away again slowly.*) And just

as your friends are beginning to reckon without you in their social life, so it is only a question of time till they begin to reckon without you in their *business* life. (*He looks at her again, and she moves across towards him.*) Walter — why do you suppose your appointment as one of the directors of the local bank never materialized?

CRAIG — Why, I think Littlefield had something to do with that; he's been high-hatting me a bit lately.

MISS AUSTEN — Because Harriet insulted his wife here; I saw her do it.

CRAIG — When?

MISS AUSTEN — The week after New Year's, when Mrs. Littlefield called.

CRAIG — What did Harriet do?

MISS AUSTEN — Nothing — what Harriet always does. It was a little feline subtlety — that would sound too incredible in the ears of a man. But Mrs. Littlefield appreciated it, for all her stupidity. I *saw* her appreciate it — and you were not appointed. (*Craig looks away.*) And I want to tell you something else that I saw the other day in the city, or rather heard. I was having luncheon at the Colonnade, and two of your old Thursday-night poker crowd came in, and sat at a table within hearing distance of me. And presently a man and his wife came in and sat down at another table. And the wife immediately proceeded to tell the man how he should have sat down; and how he should sit now that he was down, and so on. And I distinctly heard one of your friends say to the other, "Listen to Craig's wife over here." (*Craig turns his head and looks right into Miss Austen's eyes. There is a slight pause. Then he crosses in front of her, and continues over to the piano at the left. She moves towards the left also, going up above the table.*) That is a little straw, Walter, that should show you the way the wind is blowing. Your friends resent being told where they shall sit, and how; so they are avoiding the occasion of it — just as I am

going to avoid it. But you cannot avoid it, so you must deal with it.

CRAIG — How? How should I deal with it?

MISS AUSTEN (*taking hold of the back of the chair at the left of the table*) — By impressing your wife with the realization that there is a *man* of the house here, as well as a woman; and that *you* are that man. And if you don't, Walter, you are going to go the way of every other man that has ever allowed himself to be dominated by a selfish woman — Become a pallid little echo of her distorted opinions; believing finally that every friend you ever had before you met her was trying to lead you into perdition — and that she rescued you, and made a man of you. (*She makes a little sound of bitter amusement, and turns away towards the foot of the stairs.*) The irony of it. And yet they can do it.

CRAIG (*crossing back towards the right*) — Harriet could never turn me against my friends.

MISS AUSTEN (*turning at the foot of the stairs, and speaking with level conviction*) — Walter — they can make men believe that the mothers that nursed them — are their arch enemies. (*She comes forward suddenly and rests her left hand on the table.*) That's why I'm warning you. For you're fighting for the life of your manhood, Walter; and I cannot in conscience leave this house without at least turning on the light here, and letting you see what it is that you're fighting against. (*She starts for the stairs, and Craig turns suddenly and follows her.*)

CRAIG — Auntie, I can't see you leave this house!

MISS AUSTEN (*stopping on the second step*) — But, if I'm not happy here.

CRAIG — Well, why have I been so blind that I haven't seen that you were not happy, and fixed it so that you would be?

MISS AUSTEN (*quietly*) — Because you haven't *seen* your wife, Walter.

CRAIG — Oh, I can't be convinced that there isn't an enormous element of misunderstanding between you and Harriet. (*Miss Austen closes her eyes and shakes her head from side to side.*) Oh, I'm not disputing that she has a peculiar disposition — she may be all that you say of her; — but I really can't see the necessity of your leaving the house; the thing must be susceptible of some sort of adjustment. (*Miss Austen lays her right hand on his shoulder.*)

MISS AUSTEN — No house is big enough, Walter, for two women who are interested in the same man.

CRAIG (*crossing over to the left*) — I'll never have a minute's peace if you leave here; I'll reproach myself.

MISS AUSTEN — You have nothing to reproach yourself with, Walter; you've always been very kind and very good to me.

CRAIG — What will you do if you leave here?

MISS AUSTEN — What I've always wanted to do — travel — all over the world — far and wide: so that I shan't become — little. I have such a deadly fear of that after these past two years.

CRAIG — But, I promised Mother that you'd always have a home with me, and if you go, I'll feel somehow that I'm breaking that promise.

MISS AUSTEN — You haven't a home to offer me, Walter. (*He looks at her.*) You have a house — with furniture in it — that can only be used under highly specified conditions. I have the impression somehow or other, when I look at these rooms — that they are rooms that have died — and are laid out. (*She turns and starts up the stairs.*)

CRAIG — Well, whatever they are, they'll seem less if you leave them. I don't think I'd feel worse if it were Mother herself that were leaving. (*Miss Austen turns, with her hand on the balustrade.*)

MISS AUSTEN — Be glad that it isn't your mother, Walter; she would have left long ago.

They have both gone when Mrs. Harold and Mazie the maid come again into the room. Mrs. Harold has heard much of what has been said, and is secretly delighted. She confesses as much in guarded tones to Mazie. Her sympathies, as she repeats what has happened to the wondering maid, are all with Miss Austen. All the trouble in that family, if there is trouble, can be traced to Mrs. Craig. She knows her type. She has worked for women like her before.

"I think the worst kind of a woman a girl can work for is one that's crazy about her house," observes Mazie.

"I do, too," admits Mrs. Harold, "because I think they *are* crazy half the time. You know you can go crazy over a house, Mazie, the same as you can go crazy over anything else."

A ring at the bell interrupts them. It is Birkmire come to see Mr. Craig, who is summoned. Birkmire is plainly anxious about the reason for his visit. He has been trying for hours to get hold of Craig, he tells him. Something has happened. Fergus Passmore and his wife have been found dead in their library. All the papers are carrying the story. They both know that Passmore was insanely jealous of his wife, with cause, and the murder can probably be traced to one of Mrs. Passmore's flirtations.

But the serious thing to them is that they both had been invited to the Passmores' the night before, and Craig was there. The story says the police are looking for a man seen leaving the house after midnight. And that man probably was Craig.

Craig thinks he should get in touch with police headquarters at once, but Birkmire is not so sure. It would mean a lot of newspaper notoriety, and neither of them wants to go through that if it can be avoided. It might be better to keep in the background for the present. Certainly it would be wise to keep the thing from Mrs. Craig.

BIRKMIRE (*lowering his voice*) — Does she know you were out there last night?

CRAIG — I don't know, I guess she does. Yes, I think I mentioned it a while ago.

BIRKMIRE (*stepping to Craig's side, and laying his hand on his arm*) — Well, now, listen, Walter — If she doesn't happen to see the paper, what she doesn't know won't bother her. And this thing is apt to clear itself up over night. It might be cleared up now, for all we know; for I suppose the police have been working on it all day. But, I think the wise move for us is just to hop out there and try to find out what's going on; and if they haven't found anything out yet, just get in touch with police headquarters and let them know where we're at.

CRAIG (*tossing the newspaper on to the seat beside the telephone table*) — Yes, let's do that. Wait till I get my hat. (*He goes through the portières.*)

BIRKMIRE (*crossing to the piano for his things*) — I've got my car out here; we can cut across the park and be out there in ten minutes. (*He throws his raincoat across his arm, picks up his hat, and steps quickly across to get the newspaper that Craig left on the seat. He glances up the stairs and out through the portières. Then he sees Craig coming through the adjoining room, and starts for the front door.*)

CRAIG (*entering, wearing his hat, and carrying the newspaper he brought home*) — I'll take this paper with me; keep it out of sight.

BIRKMIRE — I've got the other one here in my pocket. (*Birkmire goes out.*)

CRAIG (*glancing about the room as he crosses to the front door*) — We take the *Globe* here in the afternoon, but I don't see it anywhere around out there. (*He goes out.*)

BIRKMIRE (*outside*) — I've got the car right out here.

CRAIG (*outside*) — I guess across the park will be the quickest.

BIRKMIRE — Yes, we can be over there in ten minutes.

(There is a dead pause. Then a clock somewhere out at the right strikes half-past six, with a soft gong. There is another slight pause, and then Mrs. Craig sweeps through the portières carrying an open newspaper. She sees that no one is in the room, and rushes to the forward window to see if she can see Mr. Craig anywhere about. Then she starts for the front door, but changes her mind and rushes up to the landing of the stairway.)

MRS. CRAIG *(calling up the stairs)* — Walter! Walter! Are you up there, Walter? *(She hurries down into the room again, and over to the portières.)* Mazie! Mazie! *(She runs across to the front door and out. Mazie comes in through the portières and looks about, then starts towards the front door. Mrs. Craig hurries in again.)*

MAZIE — Were you calling me, Mrs. Craig?

MRS. CRAIG — Yes, Mazie. Have you seen anything of Mr. Craig?

MAZIE — Why, he was here a few minutes ago, Mrs. Craig, with a gentleman.

MRS. CRAIG — What gentleman? Who was he?

MAZIE — I don't know who he was, Mrs. Craig; I never saw him before.

MRS. CRAIG — Didn't you catch his name?

MAZIE — No, Ma'm, I didn't. He came in an auto.

MRS. CRAIG — Well, did Mr. Craig go away with him?

MAZIE — I don't know whether he did or not, Mrs. Craig. I didn't know he'd gone.

MRS. CRAIG *(turning Mazie around quickly by the shoulder and urging her towards the portières)* — See if Mr. Craig's hat's on the rack out there.

MAZIE *(hurrying out)* — Isn't he up in his room?

MRS. CRAIG — No, he isn't. *(She turns breathlessly and looks towards the bay window at the left.)* Oh, Lord! *(Turning to the portières again.)* Is it?

MAZIE *(from somewhere out at the right)* — No, Ma'm, it isn't.

MRS. CRAIG — Well, listen, Mazie, run over to the garage there and see if he's there! No, no, come this way, it's quicker. (*She waits frantically until Mazie rushes through the portières and across towards the front door.*) And if he's there tell him to come over here immediately; I want to see him.

MAZIE — Yes, Ma'm. (*The screen door slams after her, and she hurries past the bay window at the left.*)

MRS. CRAIG — Hurry now, Mazie. Tell him I want him right away. (*She turns in the door and leans against the jamb, looking straight out, wide-eyed, and holding the newspaper against her bosom.*) Oh, my God! (*She hurries across above the center table and down to the window, forward, at the right.*) Oh, my God! (*She stands looking eagerly through the window, toward the left, as though watching Mazie running down the street.*)

The curtain descends slowly.

ACT II

The action being practically continuous, Mrs. Craig is still at the window, anxiously awaiting the return of Mazie from the garage, where she has gone in search of Mr. Craig. Mrs. Craig, having discovered the evening paper, has read of the Passmore murder and, linking this news vaguely with the sudden departure of her husband, her anxiety has visibly increased.

Both cars are in the garage, Mazie reports, but there is no sign of Mr. Craig. He must have gone away in the car the man brought.

There is a long distance call on the phone. It is from Ethel Landreth's friend, Mr. Fredericks in Northampton. He is particularly anxious to get in touch with Miss Landreth, but Mrs. Craig refuses to call her niece. Ethel is lying down, she informs him, sharply, and cannot be

disturbed. She discontinues the conversation by abruptly hanging up the receiver.

Two men from the police department are in to make a few casual inquiries. They have called to see Mr. Craig and are trying to trace a telephone call from the Craig number inquiring the subscriber having the Passmore number, Levering three one hundred. They are not at all accusing in their inquiries, merely trying to catch up the loose ends that may explain the Passmore activities of the night before.

Mrs. Craig is gracious but evasive. She knows of no call having been made from her home. If it was a woman's voice it may have been one of the servants, if they would like to question them? They would, but before Mrs. Harold and Mazie can be called, Catelle, the detective, has telephoned headquarters and been told that that particular item is no longer important.

Craig is back, but his reappearance does not serve to lessen Mrs. Craig's worry. She is nervously imperative in her cross-questioning. Where has he been? And why did he go? And what does he know about the Passmore murder? Evidently more than he has told her, or the police would not be looking for him.

The visit of the police is news to him, and rather disquieting. There is no possible way that he knows of that they can connect him with the tragedy at the Passmores'. What did they want?

MRS. CRAIG — Haven't I just told you what they wanted? They wanted to see *you*.

CRAIG — Did they say they knew it was I that was out there last night?

MRS. CRAIG — I don't remember *what* they said, exactly; I was too upset. But they wanted to know where you were, and, of course I couldn't tell them; because you were here when I left the room, and then you suddenly disappeared. (*Turning away to the right.*)

I was never placed in such a position in my life. I'm sure those men must have thought I was evading them. (*Turning back to him again.*) But I didn't know what to say to them — except that you'd probably taken a little walk around the neighborhood here; because I'd sent Mazie over to the garage to look for you as soon as I saw the paper, and she said both the cars were in there.

CRAIG — I went out in Birkmire's car.

MRS. CRAIG — Where did you go with him?

CRAIG — Over to Fergus' house.

MRS. CRAIG — And what in heaven's name did you do a thing like that for, Walter?

CRAIG — Why not?

MRS. CRAIG — Supposing you'd run into somebody out there?

CRAIG — And what if I did?

MRS. CRAIG — Do you want your name to be dragged into this thing?

CRAIG — My name'll be dragged into it anyway, won't it?

MRS. CRAIG — Why will it?

CRAIG — You say those men have been here already.

MRS. CRAIG — And what if they have? That doesn't mean anything.

CRAIG — It means that they have associated my name with it already, doesn't it?

MRS. CRAIG — No, it doesn't mean anything of the kind; they were simply looking for information.

CRAIG — But it was to me they came for that information.

MRS. CRAIG — Because you were a friend of Passmore's.

CRAIG — Exactly. And they'll very likely come back here again.

MRS. CRAIG — But, you don't have to go out looking for them, do you?

CRAIG (*turning away and going up towards the door at the left*) — You can't be playing any game in a thing like this, Harriet.

MRS. CRAIG (*following him up*) — No, and you don't have to go rushing out to meet a lot of scandalous publicity, either. I should think your own common sense would show you what it would mean to have your name even mentioned in a thing of this kind. (*Turning away and down towards the center table.*)

Why, it would be in every newspaper in the country.

CRAIG (*coming forward at the right of the piano*) — That wouldn't bother me in the least.

MRS. CRAIG (*aghast*) — It wouldn't bother you!

CRAIG — Not the least bit. My conscience is clear.

MRS. CRAIG (*stepping to his side*) — Oh, don't be so absurdly romantic, Walter!

CRAIG — It isn't a question of romanticism at all.

MRS. CRAIG — No, and it isn't a question of conscience, either. It's simply a matter of discretion. If you had nothing to do with this thing, what's the use of becoming involved?

CRAIG — What do you mean, if I've had nothing to do with it?

MRS. CRAIG (*with sudden temper*) — Oh, now don't start picking me up on every word!

Nervously he starts to light a cigarette, but she will not permit that. There are plenty of other places in the house he can smoke, if he has to smoke. He can smoke in his den, can't he? He can — if he closes the door, Craig admits, disgustedly.

Again he tries to clear up the mystery of the detectives' call. Did they say they were coming back? What, exactly, did they say? Again Mrs. Craig is evasive, and determined that he shall not call Birkmire and tell him.

MRS. CRAIG — Don't you realize that that telephone is being watched — and that they are probably watching Birkmire's, too?

CRAIG — Who is?

MRS. CRAIG — Why, the police, of course. Haven't you any realization of your position in this affair?

CRAIG — I evidently haven't the same realization that you have.

MRS. CRAIG — Well, it's time you did have.

CRAIG — It is?

MRS. CRAIG — Yes, it is.

CRAIG — And what realization have you of my position?

MRS. CRAIG — Never mind what realization I have; that doesn't matter now. I simply know that the very first thing the police do in a case of this kind is to watch the telephone calls to and from the house.

CRAIG — Not from this house.

MRS. CRAIG — I mean from Fergus' house.

CRAIG — I wasn't going to call Fergus' house.

MRS. CRAIG — You were going to call Billy Birkmire, weren't you?

CRAIG — At his own house, yes.

MRS. CRAIG — Well, what difference does it make, Walter. Do you think those detectives can't put two and two together? Birkmire called you last night at Passmore's, didn't he?

CRAIG — Yes.

MRS. CRAIG — And there's undoubtedly a record of the call.

CRAIG — That wouldn't involve my name, would it?

MRS. CRAIG — It would if the operator listened in.

CRAIG — And do you think she has nothing to do but listen in on calls?

MRS. CRAIG — She listened in on this one, didn't she?

CRAIG — On which one?

MRS. CRAIG — What? (*She steps back from him sud-*

denly, and touches her hair, in an effort to appear casual.) What did you say?

CRAIG — Which call do you say the operator listened in on?

MRS. CRAIG — I don't know which one she listened in on. But some one must have listened in on something or those men wouldn't have come here, would they?

CRAIG — Did they say the operator had reported on a call from here?

MRS. CRAIG — I don't remember what they said, distinctly. One of them kept rambling something about a telephone call, but I assumed it was the one that Birkmire made to you last night out at Fergus'.

CRAIG — Didn't they say when the call was made?

MRS. CRAIG — What does it matter when it was made, Walter?

CRAIG — It matters a lot.

MRS. CRAIG — The fact remains, doesn't it, that that telephone is undoubtedly being watched now.

CRAIG (*whirling round and picking up the telephone again*) — Well, I want to know why it's being watched.

MRS. CRAIG (*springing to his side and seizing the telephone*) — Now, listen to me, Walter Craig; you must not use that telephone. (*She looks him straight in the eyes, then moves back several steps and looks at him defiantly.*) I will not allow you to drag my name into a notorious scandal.

CRAIG (*whipping the receiver off and putting it to his ear*) — I've got to find out where I'm at in this thing!

MRS. CRAIG (*raising her voice threateningly*) — If you speak over that telephone I'll leave this house! (*He takes the receiver from his ear and looks at her steadily. There is a pause.*) And you know what construction 'ud be put upon that, under the circumstances. (*He slowly hangs up and sets the telephone back onto the little table, holding her eyes steadily. Then he moves slowly towards her.*)

CRAIG — What do you mean, you'll leave this house?

MRS. CRAIG (*stonily*) — I mean exactly what I said. Do you think I could stay in this neighborhood twenty-four hours after my name had been associated with a thing of this kind?

CRAIG — And haven't you any appreciation of the necessity of my knowing what's happening in this case?

MRS. CRAIG — I have no appreciation of any necessity except the necessity of keeping still.

Craig is not satisfied to let the matter drop there. There is evidently something that is being kept from him. He asks Mrs. Harold if she knows anything about a telephone call for Levering three one hundred. Mrs. Harold doesn't. She gave the number only to him — and to Mrs. Craig.

There is news in that admission. So Mrs. Craig has been checking up on him, has she? Why? And why didn't she tell him the truth? She was playing safe, wasn't that it? And at his expense!

CRAIG (*coming back to the table*) — Listen to me, Harriet. Why weren't you at least honest with me in this thing, and not try to make it appear that I was responsible for the visit of those detectives?

MRS. CRAIG — Because I knew exactly what you'd do if I told you. And that would mean an explanation of why I had called up; and the next thing would be an admission of the fact that you are the man the police are looking for.

CRAIG — But it's *you* those detectives are looking for.

MRS. CRAIG — Oh, you needn't try to turn it on to me! They wouldn't be looking for either of us if you'd stayed at home last night, instead of being out card-playing with a lot of irregular people. (*She turns down to the mirror.*)

CRAIG — What was there irregular about Fergus Passmore?

MRS. CRAIG (*turning to him, in a wrath*) — There must have been some irregularity, or this thing wouldn't have happened. Everybody that knew Fergus Passmore knew that he was insanely jealous of his wife; and then you have to go out visiting them. (*She crosses below the table to the piano.*) I felt in my bones up there in Albany that something 'ud happen while I was away; that was the reason I didn't stay up there any longer than I absolutely had to. I knew as soon as ever my back was turned you'd be out with your friends again. (*He looks at her, under his brows; and there is a pause.*)

CRAIG — And what has your back being turned got to do with my visiting my friends?

MRS. CRAIG — Never mind what it has to do with it; only you wouldn't have been visiting them if I'd been here.

CRAIG — How would you have stopped me?

MRS. CRAIG — I'd have stopped you all right, one way or another.

CRAIG — What would you have done — locked the door on me?

MRS. CRAIG — It wouldn't have been necessary to lock the door on you. (*Turning and looking at him directly.*) You haven't been visiting them in the last eighteen months, have you?

CRAIG — No, I haven't.

MRS. CRAIG — And they haven't been visiting you, either?

CRAIG — No, they haven't.

MRS. CRAIG (*turning away*) — Well —

CRAIG (*after a slight pause*) — You mean you've kept them out of here?

MRS. CRAIG (*turning to him again and looking him straight in the eyes*) — Well, if I did the end justified the means; you at least haven't been in the shadow of the law in the last eighteen months. (*He holds her eye for*

a second, then moves forward to the front of the table.)

CRAIG — You're certainly running true to form, Harriet.

MRS. CRAIG — Well, I'm glad of it if I am.

CRAIG — My aunt said here a while ago that you'd driven all my friends away from this house.

MRS. CRAIG (*with level significance*) — There are ways of getting rid of people without driving them away from the house. (*Craig makes a little sound of bitter amusement.*)

CRAIG — And I thought she was imagining things at your expense.

MRS. CRAIG — Well, you see she probably had better perception than you'd given her credit for. (*He turns and looks at her darkly.*)

CRAIG — Probably she had; for she perceived something else, Harriet, that may be equally true.

MRS. CRAIG — Is that so?

CRAIG — She said you were trying to get rid of me too — (*She darts a look at him.*) without actually driving me away from the house. (*She laughs derisively, and moves across towards the portières. He follows her up, raising his voice.*) And I believe that's true, too.

She does not deny the charge, but advises him to keep his voice down, that everybody in the house may not hear him. He will not be stopped, however. He is beginning to understand a lot of things now. How perfectly Auntie Austen had analyzed her! And he was of a mind to discredit his aunt's story, thinking she probably was getting old and suspicious!

Mrs. Craig does not attempt a defense, except to agree that she had kept his friends from her house because she did not intend to have it turned into a tavern. Perhaps his mother liked that kind of a house. And if it suited his ideas of a home why didn't he stay in it?

"Now you're talking, Harriet," he answers. "Why

didn't I do just that. But don't make any mistake that I think you didn't want my friends here simply because they played cards; you wouldn't have wanted them if they'd come here to hold prayer meetings. You didn't want them because, as my aunt says, their visits implied an importance to me that was at variance with your little campaign — the campaign that was to reduce me to one of those wife-ridden sheep that's afraid to buy a necktie for fear his wife might not approve of it." . . . "I see your game as clearly as my aunt sees it. You've been exploiting me, consistently, in your shifty little business of personal safety. And you'd throw me right now to the suspicion of implication in this double murder — to preserve that safety."

MRS. CRAIG — Well, what if I have fixed up things for myself? You haven't lost anything by it, have you? If I've fixed them for myself I've fixed them for you too. Your home is here. And I wouldn't be the first woman that's lost her home, and her husband too, through letting the control of them get out of her hands. (*She moves up towards the back of the room, in a crying temper.*) I saw what happened to my own mother, and I made up my mind it 'ud never happen to me. (*She turns and comes forward again.*) She was one of those "I will follow thee, my husband" women — that believed everything my father told her; and all the time he was mortgaging her home over her head for another woman. And when she found it out, she did the only thing that women like her can do, and that was to die of a broken heart — within six months; and leave the door open for the other woman to come in as stepmother over Estelle and me. (*She turns to the mantelpiece.*) And then get rid of us both as soon as Estelle was marriageable. (*Turning to him suddenly.*) But the house was never mortgaged over *her* head, I'll promise you that; for she saw to it that it was put in her name before she

ever took him; and she kept it there, too, right to the finish.

He is thoroughly angry now. The presumption of her — the brazen presumption! "What have you ever done, or a million others like you, that would warrant the assumption of such superiority over the men you're married to?"

Mazie is in to announce a dinner that is getting cold, and is inundated in the back wash of Mrs. Craig's irritation. A letter has been propped against Mrs. Craig's most cherished ornament on the mantel. Who dared put that there? Hadn't Mazie been told time and time again never to put anything back of the ornaments?

The girl is in tears, but there is no sympathy excited in Mrs. Craig. A girl who can't obey orders has no place in that house. Let her get her things together and be prepared to leave in the morning.

"... And tell Mrs. Harold to put up the dinner, I'll be down in two minutes. (*She starts for stairs.*) I'm to see what my niece wants for her dinner. (*She goes up the stairs haughtily. Halfway up she turns, but without stopping, and addresses Craig coldly.*) You'd better go out there and get your dinner before it is cold."

(*She disappears at the head of the stairs, and Craig stands looking at the floor. His eyes wander up the stairs after her, and then down the right side of the room. They settle upon the ornament on the mantelpiece, and he looks at it hard; then crosses slowly and picks it up. He holds it in his hand, looking at it curiously; then suddenly lifts it in the air and smashes it on the bricks in front of the mantelpiece. He stands looking at the shattered pieces for a moment; then takes a cigarette from his case and strolls back across the room towards the piano. He taps the cigarette on the case, then takes out a match and lights it, tossing the burned match on to the floor. Then he leans against the piano and smokes,*

thoughtfully. Mrs. Harold hurries in through the portières.

MRS. HAROLD — Did something get broke in here, Mr. Craig? (*He indicates the broken ornament with a nod, and Mrs. Harold looks towards the mantelpiece. She sees the pieces of the shattered ornament and, raising her hands and eyes to heaven, takes a step or two towards them.*) Glory be to God this day and this night, how did that happen, Mr. Craig! Did it fall off the mantelpiece?

CRAIG (*without moving*) — No, I smashed it, Mrs. Harold.

MRS. HAROLD (*puzzled*) — On purpose, do you mean, Mr. Craig?

CRAIG — Yes — I didn't like it.

MRS. HAROLD — I wish you'd tell Mrs. Craig it was you that done it, Mr. Craig; if she sees it she might think it was one of us that broke it.

CRAIG — I'll tell her all about it, Mrs. Harold; don't you worry about that. (*He straightens up and starts across slowly towards the big chair in front of the mantelpiece, and Mrs. Harold moves a step or two towards the portières.*)

MRS. HAROLD (*turning to him*) — Will I get the dust-pan and sweep that up, Mr. Craig?

CRAIG — No, don't bother about it now, Mrs. Harold; go out and get your dinner. (*She moves towards the portières, then stops again.*)

MRS. HAROLD — Ain't you comin' to your dinner, Mr. Craig?

CRAIG (*sitting down*) — No, I don't want any dinner tonight, Mrs. Harold.

MRS. HAROLD — Don't you want nothing at all?

CRAIG — Not a thing. (*She withdraws; and he sits smoking and thinking.*)

MRS. CRAIG (*from the head of the stairs*) — Are you down there, Walter?

CRAIG — Yes.

MRS. CRAIG — Did something fall down there a minute ago?

CRAIG — No.

MRS. CRAIG — Are you sure?

CRAIG — Yes, I'm sure.

MRS. CRAIG — Well, it sounded up here as though the house fell down.

CRAIG (*after a slight pause*) — Maybe it did, Harriet I'm just sitting here wondering. (*He sits smoking. His gaze wanders up, and out, and away off.*)

The curtain descends slowly.

ACT III

At eight-thirty the next morning Craig is still sitting in the big chair, and asleep. Not until the slamming of the screen door awakens him does he realize that he has spent the night there.

Mrs. Harold is surprised to find him, but not as surprised as Mrs. Craig, who first concludes that for some unknown reason her husband has arisen unusually early. He is walking in the garden when Mrs. Craig comes down.

Before the fireplace the pieces of the shattered ornament are mixed with cigarette butts. Mrs. Harold is sweeping them up when Mrs. Craig discovers the accident. Her beautiful statuette broken! One of the dearest of her possessions smashed! And, judging from the size of the pieces, deliberately thrown against the bricks. Probably Mazie did it, out of spite.

It wasn't Mazie, Mrs. Harold tells her. Mr. Craig said he broke it, because he didn't like it.

For the moment the morning paper and news of the Passmore murder case are of more importance. Craig,

having read the account, is pleased to report to Mrs. Craig that she is quite safe. The murder has been cleared up. In a letter written to his brother, Fergus Passmore confesses that he had killed his wife and himself, and the reason for the act is attributed to his discovery of Mrs. Passmore's flirtations. "He did it," says Mr. Craig, significantly, "because she was dishonest."

Whatever the reason Mrs. Craig is very pleased that her husband is not mixed up in the affair. At least his name is not in every paper in the city, as it probably would have been if she had not kept her head. He can thank her for that.

Nor is he poor in thanks. "I can thank you for more than that, Harriet," he says. "I can thank you for having given me a new name last night — that fits me so perfectly that I've decided to continue its use, You called me a romantic fool."

The charge carries no particular significance with Mrs. Craig now. She has other things to think of. First, let him be careful that he continues to keep out of the way of any one or anything that may drag him into the Passmore story. Certainly he should not go to the funeral. Second, what about the broken statuette?

He admits that he broke it; that he did it deliberately, and that for a moment he felt quite heroic about it.

MRS. CRAIG — I don't believe you.

CRAIG (*turning away*) — Very well, that's that.

MRS. CRAIG — Why would you deliberately break a beautiful, expensive ornament like that?

CRAIG (*turning back*) — I didn't break it.

MRS. CRAIG — Well, you said you did.

CRAIG (*bitterly*) — I said I smashed it — into a thousand little pieces, right here on these bricks here. And then I smoked one cigarette after another, till I had your sanctum sanctorum here absolutely littered with ashes and cigarette butts. I was positively a hell of a

fellow around here for about an hour last night; you should have seen me.

MRS. CRAIG — What did you do, go out of your mind or something?

CRAIG — No, I was particularly clear in my mind, strange to say. You made a remark here last night, Harriet, that completely illuminated me; and illuminated you. And suddenly I saw for the first time — everything — just as one sees an entire landscape at midnight in a flash of lightning. But, unfortunately, the lightning struck my house — and knocked it down; and I sat here all night wondering how I might build it up again.

MRS. CRAIG — What remark are you talking about?

CRAIG — You said that a woman might lose her husband but not her home, if she knew how to secure it.

MRS. CRAIG — Well, hasn't many a woman lost her husband?

CRAIG — And many a man has lost his life, too, Harriet, because his wife has never made a sufficiently illuminating remark — when you said there were ways of getting rid of people without driving them away from the house (*he smiles bitterly*), I saw your entire plan of life, Harriet, and its relationship to me. And my instinct of self-preservation suggested the need of immediate action — the inauguration of a new regime here: so I smashed the little ornament there — as a kind of opening gun. And I was going to smash all the other little ornaments — and gods you had set up in the temple here, and been worshipping before me. I was going to put my house in order, including my wife; and rule it with a rod of iron. (*Mrs. Craig turns away, faintly amused.*) I don't wonder that amuses you; it amused me; particularly when I suddenly remembered the truth of what you called me last night; and in view of that, the absurdity of my trying to sustain such a rôle indefinitely. It made me laugh — But I'm rather

sorry you couldn't have seen me, anyway; I think you would at least have appreciated the sincerity of my attempt to continue here as your husband. (*He turns slowly and moves towards the portières.*)

MRS. CRAIG — What do you mean, your attempt to continue here as my husband?

CRAIG — The rôle is not for me, Harriet; I can only play a romantic part.

They face each other for a moment, but neither speaks. The doorbell rings. It is the baggageman for Miss Austen's trunks. Miss Austen is going to the Ritz-Carlton for the present, Mrs. Harold reports, and later expects to travel.

Ethel Landreth is wearing her coat and hat when she comes from her room. She, too, is ready to leave. She has not slept all night, worrying about her mother and about Mr. Fredericks. She should really call Mr. Fredericks; he probably has been trying to locate her and may be terribly worried, too.

Mrs. Craig does not consider that at all likely. Mr. Fredericks has probably not given Ethel a thought. Let her take off her things and at least have a cup of coffee. And, when she does get home, let her consider well what her Aunt Harriet has advised concerning that young man.

They are in the breakfast room when Miss Austen appears. She is all packed and ready for the taxi. And Mrs. Harold is packed and ready to go with her. Which, when she hears it, is rather a shock to Mrs. Craig, though she gives as little evidence of it as possible.

"She (Miss Austen) was tellin' me last night she was goin' to leave here," explains Mrs. Harold; "and I said I thought I'd be leavin' pretty soon myself; so she said if I was goin' anyway soon, she'd like very much to have me go with her."

Nor is Mrs. Harold inclined to be apologetic about

leaving without notice. She at least is giving Mrs. Craig as much notice as Mrs. Craig gave Mazie. And she is not at all worried about Mrs. Craig's report to Miss Hewlitt, the employment agent. Miss Hewlitt will not be at all surprised. In fact she has been more surprised that Mrs. Harold hadn't left long ago, like most of the others that have worked for Mrs. Craig. And, if Mrs. Craig should ask her, Mrs. Harold would suggest that she do her own work for awhile seeing that she often has said she is compelled to do over everything that is done. It would be a saving. But Mrs. Craig is in no mood at the moment to receive suggestions.

Again the doorbell. This time it is young Mr. Fredericks, come to see what has happened to Ethel. Sight of him is a great relief to Miss Landreth, as soon as she knows he is not bringing alarming news from her mother.

It is news of Ethel that Mr. Fredericks is after. Having the room to themselves, she is in his arms now, crying a little, and confessing the mistake of ever having left mother. She has been most unhappy. And her Aunt Harriet's advice against her marrying Mr. Fredericks has upset her all the more.

And what has Aunt Harriet to urge against their getting married? Mr. Fredericks would be pleased to know.

FREDERICKS — What *is* there to consider, darling, in a thing of this kind — except that we love each other.

ETHEL — But she said a thing like marriage should be considered more practically.

FREDERICKS — I don't accept that argument, Ethel; I've seen too many carefully reasoned marriages turn out badly. It's simply a chance that one has to take, more or less. And I have a good way of getting along.

ETHEL — As a single man, yes.

FREDERICKS — And even as a married man.

ETHEL — You don't know that yet, Gene, whether you have or not.

FREDERICKS — But other fellows marry, darling, and get along, on a great deal less salary than I'm getting.

ETHEL — I know that, Gene; but, as Aunt Harriet says, their wives are not living the way I've been accustomed to living. Not that I'd mind that in the least, dear; only I wouldn't want you to feel that I was making any sacrifices. And she says you might feel that in your present circumstances.

FREDERICKS — But haven't you any faith in my ability to improve those circumstances?

ETHEL — Of course; but I wouldn't want to be a burden to you in the meantime.

FREDERICKS — But you're the kind of burden I need, Ethel. You know I've had three promotions since I've known you.

ETHEL — Yes, I know you have.

FREDERICKS — Well, I attribute it to nothing but the incentive that the thought of marrying you has given me. I've worked like a dog these past two years, with just that in mind; and if it were removed,—well, I just don't think beyond that, that's all. *(He turns away to the left a few steps and stands looking straight out. She crosses and lays her hand on his arm.)*

ETHEL — I hadn't thought of not marrying you, Gene; I was just thinking whether or not it would be wise to postpone it.

FREDERICKS — It wouldn't be wise, Ethel; it isn't a good thing to postpone a thing like marriage — so many things can happen. *(He suddenly takes her in his arms.)* And I don't want anything to happen.

ETHEL — What else have I got, Gene, if anything happened to Mother? *(She buries her face in his shoulder and cries hard.)*

FREDERICKS — Nothing's going to happen to her, sweetheart. And if it should, you wouldn't feel any

worse than I would feel if anything happened to this.

The young people have their Uncle Walter's approval, at any rate. And he is not the least impressed with Aunt Harriet's arguments against a practical weighing of the subject. "The only thing I think you need to consider really seriously," he tells them, "is whether or not you are both absolutely honest with each other. It doesn't seem to me that there is very much else to worry about."

Mr. Craig has gone for the car and Mr. Fredericks is waiting for him on the porch when Ethel says good-bye to her aunt. And she takes occasion to ask Mrs. Craig why she had not called her when Mr. Fredericks was on the phone the evening before.

Because she was sleeping, Mrs. Craig replies. Or at least Mazie had said her door was closed. Nor does Mrs. Craig consider the matter of vital importance one way or the other, even if she did hang up the phone.

She has nothing against Mr. Fredericks specifically. She has enough other things to worry about.

And so she has. A moment later her husband has told her that he, too, is leaving and that he has come to give her his keys. For the next week or two his address will also be the Ritz.

For a moment Mrs. Craig is impatient with him. How dare he pretend to be serious about so ridiculous a decision? The idea of any man calmly walking out and leaving his wife and his home!

He suggests that he has no wife to leave, seeing that she has never either loved or honored him. To which she answers with spirit that whether she did or not he married her.

"And you," he answers, "married a house. If it's agreeable to you I'll see that you have it; and that you can go on having it, just as though I were here."

He will be back within the week; that is her opinion. She knows him well enough for that. But he is quite

as confident that so far as they are concerned, the end of their marriage is at hand.

CRAIG — We've shown our hands, Harriet, and the game is up.

MRS. CRAIG — What did I do last night that was so terrible?

CRAIG — You simply showed your hand, that was all.

MRS. CRAIG — I simply kept you from making a fool of yourself; that was all I did.

CRAIG — But you also showed me how I could keep from making a fool of myself in the future.

MRS. CRAIG — Well, you're certainly not beginning very auspiciously, I can tell you that.

CRAIG — But I shall at least be a self-respecting fool; and that's something in a man, Harriet, that I suppose is his essential manhood; and you insulted that last night. And I should be too embarrassed here, under your eye, knowing that you had no respect for that manhood. I should remember my lover's ardors and enthusiasms for our future; and you bearing with me contemptuously, for the sake of *your* future. I couldn't stand it.

MRS. CRAIG — You're not telling the truth; I always respected you; and I never had anything but respect for your plans, either.

CRAIG — Don't try to soften the blow, Harriet; I assure you it isn't necessary. (*He turns towards the door, and she makes a move towards him.*)

MRS. CRAIG — Where are you going when you leave here? (*He turns and looks at her.*)

CRAIG — That 'ud be rather interesting to know, where a lot like me are going. Out of fashion, possibly.

MRS. CRAIG — Well, what about your things? Aren't you going to take anything with you?

CRAIG — You may send them to me, if you like.

MRS. CRAIG (*turning away*) — Well, I won't send them to you; for you'll very likely be back again in a week.

CRAIG — Perhaps it will be just as well if you don't send them to me, Harriet — for I'm rather sentimental about things; and I might look back, and be turned into a romantic fool.

MRS. CRAIG — Oh, I suppose you'll never forgive me for calling you that.

CRAIG — No, there isn't a thing in the world I don't forgive you for, Harriet; that's the reason it won't be necessary for me to come back here any more; there's nothing to adjust. I guess possibly I'm just a bit of an old-fashioned man — I must be trusted — and you never trusted me.

MRS. CRAIG — I wouldn't trust any man after what I've seen.

CRAIG — I don't blame you. But I wonder that, with all your wisdom, it never occurred to you that one cannot play a dishonest game indefinitely.

MRS. CRAIG — I haven't played any dishonest game.

CRAIG — Possibly not, according to your standards; but I think you have. And I think you know you have. And that's the rock that you and I are splitting on, Harriet. If this affair at Passmore's hadn't revealed you, something else would; so my going may as well be today as tomorrow. Good-bye, Harriet.

He goes out and the screen door slams after him. "She moves over to the bay window and watches him get into the automobile; then she comes forward to the window at the right and watches him down the street. After he has passed beyond her vision, her gaze wanders into the room again, and she becomes conscious of two tiny pieces of the broken ornament near the mantelpiece. She stoops and picks them up, flicking away with her foot any other invisible particles that may be about. Then she looks at the two remaining ornaments on the mantelpiece and tries to come to some conclusion about their arrangement. She places them

equi-distant from each other and the ends of the mantelpiece, and stands off to observe the effect. The front doorbell rings sharply.

A messenger boy has brought a telegram. Mrs. Craig reads it, stares blankly ahead for a moment and then, sinking into a chair, bursts into tears. She is still trying, a little pitifully, to understand all that the wire means when Mrs. Frazier appears timidly in the door with an armful of white roses. She has brought them, she explains, for Miss Austen, and she hopes she may be excused for walking right in.

"I was telling her (Miss Austen) yesterday I'd bring her over some," she explains; "she was saying she admires white roses so much; and I have so many of them over there just now."

MRS. CRAIG — I haven't seen her yet this morning.

MRS. FRAZIER (*preparing to go*) — Well, if you'll just tell her I left them.

MRS. CRAIG — Yes, I shall; thanks ever so much.

MRS. FRAZIER (*turning back*) — Oh, have you had any word about your sister this morning, Mrs. Craig? Miss Austen was telling me yesterday she was quite ill.

MRS. CRAIG (*starting to cry again*) — She died this morning at six o'clock.

MRS. FRAZIER — Oh, dear me, how sad.

MRS. CRAIG — I just had this wire.

MRS. FRAZIER — Dear, dear, dear, isn't that too bad!

MRS. CRAIG — I had no idea she was so ill or I should never have come back.

MRS. FRAZIER — Dear, dear, dear, I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have bothered you at all.

MRS. CRAIG — That's quite all right.

MRS. FRAZIER — I'm sure you have my sympathy.

MRS. CRAIG — Thank you.

MRS. FRAZIER — I do hope you'll let me know, Mrs. Craig, if there's any way I can be of any service to you.

MRS. CRAIG — Thank you very much; I don't think there's anything anybody can do.

MRS. FRAZIER — I suppose you'll have to go right back up there again, won't you?

MRS. CRAIG — I don't know whether I shall be able to or not, to tell you the truth, Mrs. Frazier; it's been such a strain.

MRS. FRAZIER — Yes, those long illnesses are dreadful. But I hope you won't hesitate to let me know if there's anything I can do.

MRS. CRAIG — That's very kind of you. I'll give these roses to Miss Austen when I see her.

MRS. FRAZIER — If you will, please. (*She starts for the door.*) I'm terribly sorry. I'll run over again. (*She goes out; and Mrs. Craig stands very still until she hears the screen door close. Then she steps up to the door and clicks the latch. Then she turns, comes forward a few steps into the room again, and stands, holding the roses against her bosom and looking straight out. A clock out in one of the adjoining rooms strikes nine with a mournful gong. After the fourth gong her eyes wander in the direction of the clock and she moves slowly across towards the portières. Then she comes forward at the right, wandering, and crosses below the table to the piano. Several rose petals flutter to the floor. She stands at the piano for a moment, looking out through the bay window, then retraces her steps. She looks unseeingly at the scattered petals, continues up towards the portières, looks out through the deserted rooms, and finally stops. A few more petals drift to the floor. The curtain commences to descend, very, very slowly. She turns desolately and wanders back towards the piano again, clutching the roses close, her eyes wide and despairing.*)

The curtain falls.

THE GREAT GOD BROWN

A Drama in Four Acts

BY EUGENE O'NEILL

THIS was the second O'Neill play of the season. The first, "The Fountain," was tried in December, proved a little too fine-spun to suit the public and was taken off after twenty-eight performances.

"The Great God Brown" followed in January. It revealed an even more fanciful brand of drama than "The Fountain," but there was in it the intangible something that holds the interest of even a mystified following. For four weeks the play attracted good audiences to the Greenwich Village Theatre. At the end of that time it was moved to the Garrick, still controlled by the Theatre Guild, and finally to the Klaw. There it continued a modest but profitable business for several months following.

In "The Great God Brown," O'Neill employs for the first time a modernized form of the Greek mask. Each of his four leading characters represents in effect two individualities. Each carries, at some time during the play, if not all through it, a false face molded in the likeness of the person he or she has become — another self the world knows and accepts as the real person who is shyly or deliberately or it may be unconsciously hidden back of it.

The masks, slipped over the face or removed by the actor as the scene demands, necessarily confuse the action at times, but generally it is possible to follow the author's meaning as closely, at least, as O'Neill expected it to be followed. And the consequent matching of the auditor's thought with that of the playwright

adds an interest to this particular adventure in the theatre that works as definitely in the play's favor as against it. Many found "The Great God Brown" intellectually intriguing and spiritually stimulating. Others dismissed it in a word as the sort of thing to be expected from the persistent highbrows of the drama. Accepted or rejected, it is still one of the significant American plays of the year.

The opening scene, a prologue, shows a cross section of a pier jutting into the sound at New Caledonia, Conn. It is a night in mid-June and bright moonlight. Nearer the shore there is a pavilion, where a commencement dance is being held, and from this there come sounds of a youthful quartet singing "Sweet Adeline," and revelling in its barber shop quavers.

Having left the dance for a moment the Browns — William A. (Billy) Brown and his father and mother — are resting on the pier. "The mother is a dumpy woman of forty-five, overdressed in black lace and spangles," reports the author, "the father is fifty or more, the type of bustling, genial, successful, provincial business man, stout and hearty in his evening dress."

"Billy Brown is a handsome, tall and athletic boy of nearly eighteen. He is blond and blue-eyed, with a likeable smile and a frank good-humored face, its expression already indicating a disciplined restraint. His manner has the easy self-assurance of a normal intelligence."

Mother and Father Brown are discussing their son, and his future, quite as though he were not there. They apparently are conscious and yet unconscious of his presence, addressing their remarks directly to each other.

Billy should go to college, they agree. And after college he must study for a profession of some sort. Architecture, probably. Father had always wanted to be an architect himself and he would like to make Billy one, and then take him into his contracting firm. It would give the firm tone.

"How would Billy like to be an architect?" asks Mother, though she does not look at her son as she speaks.

"All right, Mother," Billy agrees, frankly. And then adds, a little sheepishly; "I guess I've never bothered much about what I'd like to do after college — but architecture sounds all right to me, I guess."

"Billy can do anything," confidently announces Mother, still addressing the world at large. And then, finding the air suddenly chill, she would go back to the Casino. She wants to watch Billy dance.

The Browns gone, there is but a moment of the soft wash of the waves against the pier and the strains of the distant music before the Anthonys appear — Dion Anthony and his father and mother.

"The father is a tall, lean man of fifty-five or sixty, with a grim, defensive face, obstinate to the point of stupid weakness. The mother is a thin, frail, faded woman, her manner perpetually nervous and distraught, but with a sweet and gentle face that had once been beautiful. The father is in an ill-fitting black suit, like a mourner. The mother is in a cheap, plain, black dress. Following them, as if he were a stranger, walking alone, is their son, Dion. He is about the same height as young Brown but lean and wiry, without repose, continually in restless, nervous movement. His face is masked. This mask is a fixed forcing of his own face — dark, spiritual, poetic, passionately supersensitive, helplessly unprotected in its childlike, religious faith in life — into the expression of a mocking, reckless, defiant, gayly scoffing and sensual young Pan."

Having made a bet with his chum, Billy Brown, that he dare come to the dance in flannels, Dion is wearing a grey flannel shirt, open at the neck, sneakers over bare feet and soiled white flannel trousers.

The Anthony family discussion is also concerned with the son's future. But Anthony pere, being self-made,

is against it. "Colleges turn out lazy loafers to sponge on their poor old fathers," says he. "Let him slave like I had to! That will teach him the value of a dollar! College'll only make him a bigger fool than he is already! I never got above grammar school but I've made money and established a sound business. Let him make a man out of himself like I made of myself!"

"This Mr. Anthony is my father," mutters Dion, mockingly, addressing the air, "he only imagines that he is God the father."

Soon, however, the taunting of Mrs. Anthony changes the viewpoint of Mr. Anthony. Either he must give some thought to the advancement of his son or he will live to see the Browns in complete command of the firm of Anthony & Brown, contractors and builders. Already Brown is boasting that it is his progressiveness that has made a success of the business.

"If that is so," storms Anthony, "let Dion prepare for college. And if he doesn't learn to be a better architect than Billy Brown, let him prepare to be thrown out in the gutter without a penny!"

"You ought to make a wonderful architect, Dion," agrees his mother, proudly. "You always painted pictures so well ——"

"Why must she lie?" demands Dion, resentfully, through his staring mask. "Is it my fault? She knows I only try to paint. But I will, some day," he adds, passionately. And then the mocking spirit again: "On to college! Well, it won't be home, anyway, will it?"

He is laughing as he turns to them. His father stands up defensively, and Dion bows elaborately. "I thank you, Mr. Anthony, for this splendid opportunity to create myself ——" he pauses to kiss his mother, who bows "with a strange humility, as if she were a servant being saluted by the young master" —— "to create myself in my mother's image, so she may feel her life comfortably concluded."



Photo by Frances Bruguere, N. Y.

"THE GREAT GOD BROWN"

Dion: "Why can't you love me, Margaret?"

Margaret: "Don't! Please! I don't know you! You frighten me!"

(Leona Hogarth and Robert Keith)

They observe him dumbly for a moment and then go in. Mrs. Anthony also feels the chill of the evening — so unlike the June nights she used to know — and Mr. Anthony has been conscious of a warning twinge of rheumatism. There is mocking laughter on the lips of Dion, cavorting like a harlequin as he leads them back to the dance. . . .

"Then Margaret comes in, followed by the humbly worshipping Billy Brown. She is almost seventeen, pretty and vivacious, blonde with big romantic eyes, her figure lithe and strong, her facial expression intelligent but youthfully dreamy, especially now in the moonlight. She is in a simple white dress. On her entrance, her face is masked with an exact, almost transparent reproduction of her own features, but giving her the abstract quality of a Girl instead of the individual, Margaret."

Billy is desperately in love with Margaret. He has brought her out on the pier now to tell her so. But no sooner are they there than Margaret, slipping off her mask, is in another world. She does not even hear Billy's protestations. She loves Dion, and tells the moon so.

MARGARET — Dion's so different from the others. He can paint beautifully and write poetry and he plays and sings and dances so marvelously. But he's sad and shy, too, just like a baby sometimes, and he understands what I'm really like inside — and — and — and I'd love to run my fingers through his hair — and I love him! Yes, I love him! (*She stretches out her arms to the moon.*) — Oh, Dion, I love you!

BILLY — I love you, Margaret.

MARGARET — I wonder if Dion — I saw him looking at me again tonight — Oh, I wonder. . . !

BILLY (*takes her hand and blurts out*) — Can't you love me? Won't you marry me — after college —

MARGARET — Where is Dion now, I wonder?

BILLY (*shaking her hand in an agony of uncertainty*) — Margaret!

MARGARET (*her dream broken, puts on her mask and turns to him — matter-of-factly*) — It's getting chilly. Let's go back and dance, Billy.

BILLY (*desperately*) — I love you! (*He tries clumsily to kiss her.*)

MARGARET (*with an amused laugh*) — Like a brother! You can kiss me if you like. (*She kisses him.*) A big brother kiss. It doesn't count. (*He steps back crushed, with head bowed. She turns away and takes off her mask — to the moon.*) I wish Dion would kiss me again!

BILLY (*painfully*) — I'm a poor boob. I ought to know better. I'll bet I know. You're in love with Dion. I've seen you look at him. Isn't that it?

MARGARET — Dion! I love the sound of it!

BILLY (*huskily*) — Well, he's always been my best friend — I'm glad it's him — and I guess I know how to lose — (*He takes her hand and shakes it.*) — so here's wishing you all the success and happiness in the world, Margaret — and remember I'll always be your best friend! (*He gives her hand a final shake — swallows hard — then manfully.*) Let's go back in!

MARGARET (*to the moon — faintly annoyed*) — What is Billy Brown doing here? I'll go down to the end of the dock and wait. Dion is the moon and I'm the sea. I want to feel the moon kissing the sea. I want Dion to leave the sky for me. I want the tides of my blood to leave my heart and follow him. (*She whispers like a little girl.*) Dion! Margaret! Peggy! Peggy is Dion's girl — Peg is Dion's little girl. (*She sings laughingly, elfishly.*) Dion is my Daddy-o! (*She is walking toward the end of dock, off left.*)

BILLY (*who has turned away*) — I'm going. I'll tell Dion you're here.

MARGARET (*more and more strongly and assertively, until at the end she is a wife and a mother*) — I'll be Mrs. Dion — Dion's wife — and he'll be my Dion — my own Dion — my little boy — my baby! The moon is

drowned in the tides of my heart, and peace sinks deep through the sea! (*She disappears off left, her upturned unmasked face like that of a rapturous visionary.*)

"There is silence again, in which the dance music is heard. Then this stops and Dion comes in. He walks quickly to the bench at centre and throws himself on it, hiding his masked face in his hands. After a moment he lifts his head, peers about, listens huntedly, then slowly takes off his mask. His real face is revealed in the bright moonlight, shrinking, shy and gentle, full of a deep sadness."

DION (*with a suffering bewilderment*) — Why am I afraid to dance, I who love rhythm and grace and song and laughter? Why am I afraid to live, I who love life and the beauty of flesh and the living colors of earth and sky and sea? Why am I afraid of love, I who love love? Why am I afraid, I who am not afraid? Why must I pretend to scorn in order to pity? Why must I hide myself in self-contempt in order to understand? Why must I be so ashamed of my strength, so proud of my weakness? Why must I live in a cage like a criminal, defying and hating, I who love peace and friendship? (*Clasping his hands above in supplication.*) Why was I born without a skin, O God, that I must wear armour in order to touch or to be touched? (*A second's pause of waiting silence — then he suddenly claps his mask over his face again, with a gesture of despair and his voice becomes bitter and sardonic.*) Or rather, Old Graybeard, why the devil was I ever born at all?

The reverie is interrupted by Billy Brown, come to tell Dion of Margaret's decision, and to congratulate him. "You're the original white-headed boy," he admits to his friend. "Go on in and win! We've been chums

ever since we were kids, haven't we? And I'm glad it's you, Dion."

But there are two Dions now — the masked Dion who listens to Billy's ramblings, and the real Dion who comments a little cynically upon this strange situation. Billy does not hear the comments and accepts the silence as a happy acquiescence on his chum's part.

Now Billy has gone, and Dion, happy in the knowledge that at last he is loved as Dion, not as his mask, is exultant. "Oh, God in the moon, did you hear?" he cries, taking off his mask. "She loves me. I am not afraid! I am strong! I can love! She protects me! Her arms are softly around me! She is warmly around me! She is my skin! She is my armour! Now I am born — I — the I! — one and indivisible — I who love Margaret! (*He glances at his mask triumphantly — in tones of deliverance.*) You are outgrown! I am beyond you! (*He stretches out his arms to the sky.*) O God, now I believe!"

His joy is shortlived. When Margaret returns, calling eagerly to him, she finds him unmasked and does not know him. He is a stranger to her, it may be he is also drunk! She is about to run from him when he claps on the mask again and laughs mockingly at her. "That's one on you, Peg!"

"Dion! How did you ever — why I never knew you!"

"How? It's the moon — the crazy moon — the monkey in the moon — playing jokes on us!" (*He puts his arm around her boldly. He kisses her with his masked face with a skilled romantic actor's passion again and again. His passion is wild, exultant and she trembles ecstatically in the sweep of it.*)

MARGARET (*in ecstasy*) — Oh, Dion, I do! I do love you!

DION (*with ironic mastery*) — And I love you! Oh

madly! Oh, forever and ever, amen! You are my evening star and all my Pleiades! Your eyes are blue pools in which gold dreams glide, your body is a young white birch leaning backward beneath the lips of spring. So! (*He has bent her back, his arms supporting her, his face above hers.*) So! (*He kisses her.*)

MARGARET (*with overpowering passionate languor*) — Oh Dion! Dion! I love you!

DION (*with more and more mastery in his tone*) — I love, you love, we love! Come! Rest! Relax! Let go your clutch on the world! Dim and dimmer! Fading out in the past behind! Gone! Death! Bow! Be born! Awake! Live! Dissolve into dew — into silence — into night — into earth — into space — into peace — into meaning — into joy — into God — into the Great God Pan! (*While he has been speaking, the moon has passed gradually behind a black cloud, its light fading out. There is a moment of intense blackness and silence. Then the light gradually comes on again. Dion's voice, at first in a whisper, then increasing in volume with the light, is heard.*) Wake up! Time to get up! Time to exist! Time for school! Time to learn! Learn to pretend! Cover your nakedness! Learn to lie! Learn to keep step! Join the procession! Great Pan is dead! Be ashamed!

MARGARET (*with a sob*) — Oh Dion, I am ashamed!

DION (*mockingly*) — Ssssssh! Watch the monkey in the moon! See him dance! His tail is a piece of string that was left when he broke loose from Jehovah and ran away to join Charley Darwin's circus!

MARGARET — I know you must hate me now! (*She throws her arms around him and hides her head on his shoulder.*)

DION (*deeply moved*) — Don't cry! Don't — I — (*He suddenly tears off his mask — in a passionate agony.*) Hate you? I love you with all my soul! Love me! Why can't you love me, Margaret? (*He*

tries to kiss her but she jumps to her feet with a frightened cry.)

MARGARET — Don't! Please! I don't know you! You frighten me!

DION (*puts on his mask again — quietly and bitterly*) — All's well. I'll never let you see again. (*He puts his arm around her — gently mocking.*) By proxy, I love you. There! Don't cry! Don't be afraid — Dion Anthony will marry you some day. (*He kisses her.*) "I take this woman —" (*Tenderly joking.*) Hello, woman! Do you feel older by aeons? Mrs. Dion Anthony, shall we go in and maybe have the next dance?

MARGARET (*tenderly*) — You crazy child! (*Then, laughing with joy.*) Mrs. Dion Anthony! It sounds wonderful, doesn't it?

They go out as the curtain falls.

ACT I

Seven years later, in Mrs. Dion Anthony's half of a two-family house in "one of those one-design districts that daze the eye with multiplied ugliness" — "Dion Anthony is sitting behind a table, staring before him. His mask hangs on his breast below his neck, giving the effect of two faces. His real face has aged greatly, grown more strained and tortured, but at the same time, in some queer way more selfless and ascetic, more fixed in its resolute withdrawal from life. The mask, too, has changed. It is older, more defiant and mocking, its sneer more forced and bitter, its Pan quality become more Mephistophelian. It has already begun to show the ravages of dissipation."

Dion is reading from the New Testament. "Come unto me all ye who are heavy laden and I will give you rest." He stares before him in a sort of trance, his face lighted up from within, but painfully confused.

"I will come — but where are you, Saviour?" The shutting of an outer door disturbs him and he claps on the mask, tossing the testament aside contemptuously. "Blah!" he sneers. "Fixation on old Mama Christianity! You infant blubbering in the dark, you!"

It was Margaret at the door. The experiences of the seven years have told on her, too. "Her pretty face is still fresh and healthy, but there is the beginning of a permanently worried, apprehensive expression about the nose and mouth — an uncomprehending hurt in her eyes."

There are domestic worries for Margaret. She tries to keep the children away from Dion, that he may not be irritated by them, but she wishes heartily that he would take more interest in them.

Family finances are at low ebb, too. There is only a hundred dollars left in the bank. Despite his promises Dion's gambling and drinking have dissipated the rest of the money. It is time for a serious understanding. And something must be done.

Margaret believes that Billy Brown would help, if he knew. She has talked with him and he has suggested that Dion come to see him. But the suggestion hurts and irritates Dion.

"He's bound, heaven-bent for success," he sneers. "It's the will of Mammon. Anthony & Brown, contractors and builders — death subtracts Anthony and I sell out — Billy graduates — Brown & Son, architects and builders — old man Brown perishes of paternal pride — and now we have William A. Brown, architect! Why his career itself already has an architectural design! One of God's mud pies!"

Margaret is willing to give way. If it will hurt Dion to seek help from Billy she will not ask it of him. Let him return to his painting. She will try to get a position in the library. She loves Dion, and understands —

But Dion, too, is sacrificially inclined. His pride is

dying. "Blessed are the meek," he quotes. "Blessed are the poor in spirit . . . Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit graves. Blessed are the poor in spirit for they are blind . . . All right! Then I ask my wife to go and ask Billy Brown — that's more deadly than if I went myself ——"

DION (*with wild mockery*) — Ask him if he can't find an opening for a talented young man who is only honest when he isn't sober — implore him, beg him in the name of old love, old friendship — to be a generous hero and save the woman and her children! (*He laughs with a sort of diabolical, ironical glee now, and starts to go out.*)

MARGARET (*meekly*) — Are you going up street, Dion?

DION — Yes.

MARGARET — Will you stop at the butcher's and have them send two pounds of pork chops?

DION — Yes.

MARGARET — And stop at Mrs. Young's and ask the children to hurry right home?

DION — Yes.

MARGARET — Will you be back for dinner, Dion?

DION — No. (*He goes, the outer door slams. Margaret sighs with a tired incomprehension and goes to the window and stares out.*)

MARGARET (*worriedly*) — I hope they'll watch out, crossing the street.

Curtain.

The scene changes to Billy Brown's office. Billy is at the desk. "He has grown into a fine-looking, well-dressed, capable, college-bred American business man, boyish still and with the same engaging personality."

Margaret has come to see him, and guardedly approaches the object of her visit. Loyal she defends

Dion against any of the rumors Billy may have heard concerning him. It is true that he has been — well, overgenerous with his money. But he does draw well. And he paints wonderfully. He just hasn't the knack of getting on as Billy has. He won't push himself.

Billy understands. And he is really eager to help, if he can, without seeming officious.

BILLY — I've got a proposition to make to Dion — if I could ever get hold of him. It's this way: Business has been piling up on me — a run of luck — but I'm short-handed. I need a crack chief draughtsman darn badly — or I'm liable to lose out. Do you think Dion would consider it — as a temporary stop-gap — until he felt in the painting mood again?

MARGARET (*striving to conceal her eagerness and relief — judicially*) — Yes — I really do. He's such a good sport and Billy and he were such pals once. I know he'd be only too tickled to help him out.

BROWN (*diffidently*) — I thought he might be sensitive about working for — I mean, with me — when, if he hadn't sold out to Dad he'd be my partner now — (*Earnestly.*) and by jingo, I wish he was! (*Then, abruptly.*) Let's try to nail him down right away, Margaret. Is he home now? (*He reaches for the phone.*)

MARGARET (*hurriedly*) — No, he — he went out for a long walk.

BILLY — Perhaps I can locate him later around town somewhere.

MARGARET (*with a note of pleading*) — Please don't trouble. It isn't necessary. I'm sure when I talk to him — he's coming home to dinner — (*Getting up.*) Then it's all settled, isn't it? Dion will be so glad to be able to help an old friend — he's so terribly loyal, and he's always liked Billy Brown so much! (*Holding out her hand.*) I really must go now!

BROWN (*shakes her hand*) — Goodbye, Margaret. I hope you'll be dropping in on us a lot when Dion gets here.

MARGARET — Yes. (*She goes.*)

BROWN (*sits at his desk again, looking ahead in a not unsatisfying melancholy reverie. He mutters admiringly but pityingly.*) — Poor Margaret! She's a game sport. but it's pretty damn tough on her! (*Indignantly.*) By God, I'm going to give Dion a good talking to one of these days!

The curtain falls.

The scene changes again to Cybel's parlor, a room cheaply papered in a dull yellow-brown. There is an automatic, nickel-in-the-slot player piano "groggily banging out a sentimental medley." There is a cheap clock on top of the piano and beside it a mask.

"Dion is lying on his back, fast asleep on the sofa. His mask has fallen down on his chest. His pale face is singularly pure, spiritual and sad . . . Cybel is seated on the stool in front of the piano. She is a strong, calm, sensual blonde girl of twenty or so, her complexion fresh and healthy, her figure full-breasted and wide-hipped, her movements slow and solidly languorous like an animal's, her large eyes dreamy with the reflected stirring of profound instincts. She chews gum like a sacred cow forgetting time with an eternal cud. Her eyes are fixed, incuriously, on Dion's pale face."

In his sleep Dion stirs, muttering "And he laid his hands on them and healed them ——"

Cybel wakens him, and as he comes to with a start, realizing his strange surroundings, he claps on his mask. "What — where — who are you?" he demands, wildly.

"Only another female," she answers him placidly. "You was camping on my steps sound asleep. I didn't

want to run any risk of getting into more trouble with the cops pinching you there and blaming me, so I took you in to sleep it off."

DION (*mockingly*) — Blessed are the pitiful, Sister! I'm broke — but you will be rewarded in Heaven.

CYBEL (*calmly*) — I wasn't wasting my pity. Why should I? You were happy, weren't you?

DION (*approvingly*) — Excellent! You're not a moralist, I see.

CYBEL (*going on*) — And you look like a good boy, too — when you're asleep. Say, you better beat it home to bed or you'll be locked out.

DION (*mockingly*) — Now you're becoming maternal, Miss Earth. Is that the only answer — to pin my soul into every vacant diaper? (*She stares down at his mask, her face growing hard. He laughs.*) But please don't stop stroking my aching brow. Your hand is a cool mud poultice on the sting of thought!

CYBEL (*calmly*) — Stop acting. I hate ham fats. (*She looks at him as if waiting for him to remove his mask — then turns her back indifferently and goes to the piano.*) Well, if you simply got to be a regular devil like all the other visiting sports, I s'pose I got to play with you. (*She takes her mask and puts it on — then turns. The mask is the rouged and eye-blackened countenance of the hardened prostitute. In a coarse, harsh voice:*) Kindly state your dishonorable intentions, if any! I can't sit up all night keeping company! Let's have some music! (*She puts a plug in the machine. The same sentimental medley begins to play. The two masks stare at each other. She laughs.*) Shoot! I'm all set! It's your play, Kid Lucifer!

DION (*slowly removes his mask. She stops the music with a jerk. His face is gentle and sad — humbly*) — I'm sorry. It has always been such agony for me to be touched!

CYBEL (*taking off her mask — sympathetically as she comes back and sits down on her stool*) — Poor kid! I've never had one, but I can guess. They hug and kiss you and take you on their laps and pinch you and want to see you getting dressed and undressed — as if they owned you — I bet you I'd never let them treat one of mine that way!

DION (*turning to her*) — You're lost in blind alleys, too. (*Suddenly holding out his hand to her.*) But you're strong. Let's be friends.

CYBEL (*with a strange sternness, searches his face*) — And never nothing more?

DION (*with a strange smile*) — Let's say, never anything less!

There is a ring at the doorbell. Quickly Cybel and Dion replace their masks. The caller is Billy Brown come in search of Dion. The interruption is not pleasing to Cybel, but she accepts it professionally.

"When you got to love to live, it's hard to love living," she observes, mockingly. "I better join the A. F. of L. and soap-box for the eight-hour night. Got a nickel, baby? Play a tune." As Dion drops a nickel in the player piano she leaves them. "He's hunting for you," she says to Dion. "Put out the lights when you go. I'm going to sleep. So long, kid." At the door she "flashes a trade smile at Billy." "Now you know the way, Hand-son, call again."

Awkwardly, but earnestly, Billy admits that he has been searching the town for Dion and that he has come with a proposition. He needs help in the office, and he wants Dion to agree to work with him.

Dion knows the history of that request. His wife has been a-begging! But Billy resents his tone. "On the contrary, I had to beg her to beg you to take it," he declares angrily . . . "What in hell has come over you, anyway? You didn't use to be like this! What

the devil are you going to do with yourself — sink into the gutter and drag Margaret with you? If you heard her defend you, lie about you, tell me how hard you were working, what beautiful things you were painting, how you stayed at home and idolized the children! — when everyone knows you've been out every night sousing and gambling away the last of your estate. . . .”

“She was lying about her husband — not me, you fool,” Dion answers. “But it's no use explaining. What do you want? I'll agree to anything — except the humiliation of yelling secrets at the deaf.”

And so it is agreed that Dion is to take the job. “One must do something to pass away the time while one is waiting — for one's next incarnation,” he agrees, resignedly . . . “Is my father's chair still there?”

BILLY (*embarrassedly*) — I — I don't remember, Dion — I'll look it up. (*He turns away.*)

DION (*taking off his mask — slowly*) — I'd like to sit where he spun what I have spent. What aliens we were to each other! When he lay dead, his face looked so familiar that I wondered where I had met that man before. Only at the second of my conception. After that, we grew hostile with concealed shame. And my mother? I remember a sweet, strange girl, with affectionate, bewildered eyes as if God had locked her in a dark closet without any explanation. I was the sole doll, our ogre, her husband, allowed her, and she played mother and child with me for many years in that house until at last through two tears I watched her die with the shy pride of one who has lengthened her dress and put up her hair. And I felt like a forsaken toy and cried to be buried with her, because her hands alone had caressed without clawing. She lived long and aged greatly in the two days before they closed her coffin. The last time I looked, her purity had forgotten me, she was stainless and imperishable. and I know my sobs were

ugly and meaningless to her virginity; so I shrank away, back into life, with naked nerves jumping like fleas, and in due course of nature another girl called me her boy in the moon and married me and became three mothers in one person, while I got paint on my paws in an endeavor to see God! (*He laughs wildly, puts on mask.*) But that Ancient Humorist had given me weak eyes, so now I'll have to forswear my quest for Him and go in for the Omnipresent Successful Serious One, the Great God Mr. Brown, instead! (*He makes him a sweeping, mocking bow.*)

BROWN (*repelled, but cajolingly*) — Shut up, you nut! You're still drunk. Come on! Let's start! (*He grabs Dion by the arm and switches off the light.*)

DION (*from the darkness — mockingly*) — I am thy shorn, bald, nude sheep! Lead on, Almighty Brown, thou Kindly Light! (*They can be seen going out together.*)

The curtain falls.

ACT II

Another seven years have elapsed. The scene is again Cybel's parlor. The wall paper is now brilliant and the new furnishings are of a garish but more expensive type. The automatic piano remains and on top of it now are both Cybel's and Dion's masks. Cybel's mask shows no change, but Dion's mask "has become prematurely aged, its expression horrible, embittered, sneering and diabolically mocking. The former Pan quality has become altogether Mephistophelian."

Dion and Cybel are facing each other across a card table, playing solitaire. "Dion is now prematurely gray. His face is that of an ascetic, a martyr, furrowed by pain and self-torture, yet lighted from within by a spiritual calm and human kindliness. Cybel has grown stouter and more voluptuous, but her face is still unmarked

and fresh, her calm more profound. She is like an unmoved idol of Mother Earth."

The game goes on. There is a mention of Brown in their talk. "Dion trembles as if suddenly possessed," and hurriedly claps on his mask.

Dion is jealous of Brown it transpires. It is Billy who is responsible for the new furnishings. He is now Cybel's keeper. And her lover, Dion charges. A charge that she refutes, and tries to explain.

CYBEL (*affectionately*) — You'll never grow up! We've been friends, haven't we, for seven years? I've never let myself want you nor you me. Yes, I love you. It takes all kinds of love to make a world! Ours is the living cream, I say, living rich and high! (*A pause. Coaxingly.*) Stop hiding. I know you.

DION (*taking off his mask, wearily comes and sits down at her feet and lays his head in her lap — with a grateful smile*) — You're strong. You always give. You've given my weakness strength to live.

CYBEL (*tenderly, stroking his hair maternally*) — You're not weak. You were born with ghosts in your eyes and you were brave enough to go looking into your own dark — and you got afraid. (*After a pause.*) I don't blame your being jealous of Mr. Brown sometimes. I'm jealous of your wife, even though I know you do love her.

DION (*slowly*) — I love Margaret. I don't know who my wife is.

CYBEL (*after a pause — with a queer broken laugh*) — Oh God, sometimes the truth hits me such a sock between the eyes I can see the stars! — and then I'm so damn sorry for the lot of you, every damn mother's son of a gun of you, that I'd like to run out naked into the streets and love the whole mob to death, like I was bringing you all a new brand of dope that'd make you forget everything that ever was for good! (*Then with a*

twisted smile.) But they wouldn't see me, any more than they see each other. And they keep right on moving along and dying without my help anyway.

DION (*sadly*) — You've given me strength to die.

CYBEL — You may be important but your life's not. There's millions of it born every second. Life can cost too much even for a sucker to afford it — like everything else. And it's not sacred — only the you inside is. The rest is earth.

DION (*gets to his knees and with clasped hands looks up rapidly and prays with an ascetic's fervor*) — "Into Thy hands, O Lord . . ." (*Then, suddenly, with a look of horror.*) Nothing! To feel one's life blown out like the flame of a cheap match . . . ! (*He claps on his mask and laughs harshly.*) To fall asleep and know you'll never, never be called to get on the job of existence again! "Swift be thine approaching flight! Come soon — soon!" (*He quotes this last with a mocking longing.*)

CYBEL (*pats his head maternally*) — There, don't get scared. It's born in the blood. When the time comes, you'll find it's easy.

DION (*jumps to his feet and walks about excitedly*) — It won't be long. My wife dragged in a doctor the day before yesterday. He says my heart is gone — booze — He warned me, never another drop or — (*Mockingly.*) What say? Shall we have a drink?

CYBEL (*like an idol*) — Suit yourself. £

For days Dion has been on this particular spree. Disgust started him. Disgust with his work in Brown's office. It is Dion who puts the artistic touches to the plans that sell. "He hands me one mathematically correct barn after another and I doctor them up with cute allurements so that fools will desire to buy, sell, breed, sleep, love, hate, curse and pray in them! I do this with devilish cleverness to their entire delight."

And now Brown has bought Cybel because he knew she loved Dion and felt himself cheated. "He wanted what he thought was my love of the flesh. He feels I have no right to love. He'd like to steal it as he steals my ideas — complacently — righteously — Oh, the good Brown!"

She sends him home, but as he is about to leave a change comes over her. There is deep grief in her manner and she speaks strangely in a deep far-off voice, like a mother talking to her little son.

"You mustn't forget to kiss me before you go, Dion," she says, as she takes off his mask. "Haven't I told you to take off your mask in the house? Look at me, Dion. I've — just — seen — something. I'm afraid you're going away a long, long ways. I'm afraid I won't see you again for a long, long time. So it's goodbye, dear. (*She kisses him gently. He begins to sob. She hands him back his mask.*) Here you are. Don't get hurt. Remember, it's all a game, and after you're asleep I'll tuck you in."

"Mother!" he cries, with a choking, heart-broken cry. Then he claps on his mask with an effort of will and cries mockingly: "Go to the devil, you sentimental old pig! See you tomorrow!" 19105

And as she, like an idol again, looks after him she sighs: "What's the good of bearing children? What's the use of giving birth to death?"

Brown passes Dion outside and is in the room before Cybel has time to put on her mask again. He does not recognize her. She lets him think she is Cybel's sister, and that Dion had been to see her.

Dion again! What is it about Dion that makes him attractive to women? "Is it his looks — or because he's a violent sensualist — or because he poses as artistic and temperamental — or because he's so wild — or just what is it?" demands Brown.

"He's alive," Cybel answers.

BROWN (*suddenly takes one of her hands and kisses it — insinuatingly*) — Well, don't you think I'm alive, too? (*Eagerly.*) Listen. Would you consider giving up Dion — and letting me take care of you under a similar arrangement to the one I've made with Cybel? I like you, you can see that. I won't bother you much — I'm too busy — you can do what you like — lead your own life — except for seeing him. (*He stops. A pause. She stares ahead unmoved as if she hadn't heard. He pleads.*) Well — what do you say? Please do!

CYBEL (*her voice very weary*) — Cybel said to tell you she'd be back next week, Mr. Brown.

BROWN (*with queer agony*) — You mean you won't? Don't be so cruel! I love you! (*She walks away. He clutches at her pleadingly.*) At least — I'll give you anything you ask! — Please promise me you won't see Dion Anthony again!

CYBEL (*with deep grief*) — He will never see me again, I promise you. Goodbye!

BROWN (*jubilantly, kissing her hand politely*) — Thank you! Thank you! I'm exceedingly grateful. (*Tactfully.*) I won't disturb you any further. Please forgive my intrusion, and remember me to Cybel when you write. (*He bows, turns, and goes off left.*)

The curtain falls.

In the draughting room of Brown's office later that evening, Dion Anthony is sitting on a stool back of the draughting table reading aloud to his mask, propped up before him, from the "Imitation of Christ." His face is gentler, more spiritual, more saintlike and ascetic than before. His voice is that of a priest offering up prayers for the dying.

"Quickly must thou be gone from hence," he reads. "See then how matters stand with thee. Ah fool — learn

now to die to the world that thou mayst begin to live with Christ! Do now, beloved, do now all thou canst because thou knowst not when thou shalt die; nor dost thou know what shall befall thee after death. Keep thyself as a pilgrim, and a stranger upon earth, to whom the affairs of this world do not — belong! Keep thy heart free and raised upwards to God because thou hast not here a lasting abode. Because at what hour you know not the Son of Man will come! Amen. (*He raises his hand over the mask as if he were blessing it, closes the book and puts it back in his pocket. He raises the mask in his hands and stares at it with a pitying tenderness.*) Peace, poor tortured one, brave pitiful pride of man, the hour of our deliverance comes. Tomorrow we may be with Him in Paradise . . . !”

A noise on the stairs outside suddenly sets Dion in a panic. He grabs up his mask, slips it over his face, and calls to Margaret to enter.

“In one hand behind her, hidden from him, is the mask of the brave face she puts on before the world to hide her suffering and disillusionment and which she has just taken off. Her own face is still sweet and pretty, but lined, drawn and careworn for its years, sad, resigned, but a bit querulous.”

For two days she has been searching for Dion, and is relieved to have found him. It grows increasingly hard for her to forgive him these lapses, though she admits her love for him is still a bond. Yet, if it were not for her three strong sons —

Suddenly a great longing and a great torture sweep over Dion and he sinks to his knees before Margaret, crying out his need of her. She, believing she knows the cause of his hysteria, would put him off with a pat on the head and the advice that he needs sleep. But he will not be put off.

“Look at me, Mrs. Anthony,” he cries, desperately. “It’s the last chance! Tomorrow I’ll have moved on to

the next hell! Behold your man — the sniveling, cringing, life-denying Christian slave you have so nobly ignored in the father of your sons! Look! (*He tears the mask from his face which is radiant with a great pure love for her and great sympathy and tenderness.*) O woman — my love — that I have sinned against in my sick pride and cruelty — forgive my sins — forgive my solitude — forgive my sickness — forgive me.” (*He kneels and kisses the hem of her dress.*)

Margaret does not know the face that stares so wildly up at her. It is like that of a ghost. Suddenly she seems to see Dion dead, and falls fainting across the bench.

For a moment he looks down upon her, and then at the mask that she still holds in her hand. “And now I am permitted to see and understand and love you, too,” he says, gently, kissing the mask first and then her face. “And you, sweetheart! Blessed thrice are the meek!”

Outside there is a great commotion, as of men running. Dion quickly puts on his mask as his three sons rush into the room — “healthy, normal, likeable boys” aged fourteen, thirteen and twelve. They stop short and stiffen all in a row, staring from the woman on the bench to their father, accusingly.

ELDEST — We heard some one yell. It sounded like Mother.

DION (*defensively*) — No. It was this lady — my wife.

ELDEST — But hasn’t Mother come yet?

DION (*going to Margaret*) — Yes. Your mother is here. (*He stands between them and puts her mask over Margaret’s face — then steps back.*) She has fainted. You’d better bring her to.

BOYS — Mother! (*They run to her side, kneel and rub her wrists. The Eldest smooths back her hair.*)

DION (*watching them*) — At least I am leaving her well provided for. (*He addresses them directly.*) Tell your mother she'll get word from Mr. Brown's house. I must pay him a farewell call. I am going. Goodbye. (*They stop, staring at him fixedly, with eyes a mixture of bewilderment, distrust and hurt.*)

ELDEST (*awkwardly and shamefacedly*) — Honest, I think you ought to have. . . .

SECOND — Yes, honest you ought. . . .

YOUNGEST — Yes, honest. . . .

DION (*in a friendly tone*) — I know. But I couldn't. That's for you who can. You must inherit the earth for her. Don't forget now, boys. Goodbye.

BOYS (*in the same awkward, self-conscious tone, one after another*) — Goodbye — goodbye — goodbye. (*Dion goes.*)

The curtain falls.

That night, in the library of William Brown's house, Brown sits reading in his comfortable leather chair alongside his expensive centre table. At the outside door there is a loud thumping, followed by a visitor's voice raised mockingly in reply to a servant's query:

"Tell him it's the devil come to conclude a bargain."

The visitor is Dion and he is in a wild state. "His clothes are dishevelled, his masked face has a terrible death-like intensity, its mocking irony become so cruelly malignant as to give him the appearance of a real demon, tortured into torturing others."

Tauntingly Dion sums up his case against Brown. "Listen," he commands. "One day when I was four years old, a boy sneaked up behind when I was drawing a picture in the sand he couldn't draw and hit me on the head with a stick and kicked out my picture and laughed when I cried. It wasn't what he'd done that

made me cry, but him! I had loved and trusted him and suddenly the good God was disproved in his person and the evil and injustice of Man was born! Every one called me cry-baby, so I became silent for life and designed a mask of the Bad Boy Pan in which to live and rebel against that other boy's God and protect myself from His cruelty. And that other boy, secretly he felt ashamed but he couldn't acknowledge it; so from that day he instinctively developed into the good boy, the good friend, the good man, William Brown!"

Brown admits the charge, admits it was a dirty trick, and would have an end of the reminiscence. But Dion will not be stilled. For a week he has been celebrating — celebrating the acceptance of his design for a great cathedral. And he refuses to go home.

He is going to tell William Brown something more about himself and his soul and his failure. Which he proceeds to do until he finally has lashed himself into a fury and stung Brown to a deep, but controlled anger.

BROWN (*placatingly*) — Go home. Be a good scout. It's all well enough celebrating our design being accepted but —

DION (*in a steely voice*) — I've been the brains! I've been the design! I've designed even his success — drunk and laughing at him — laughing at his career! Not proud! Sick! Sick of myself and him! Designing and getting drunk! Saving my woman and children! (*lie laughs.*) Ha! And this cathedral is my masterpiece! It will make Brown the most eminent architect in God's country. I put a lot into it — what was left of my life! It's one vivid blasphemy from sidewalk to the tips of its spires! — but so concealed that the fools will never know. They'll kneel and worship the ironic Silenus who tells them the best good is never to be born! (*He laughs triumphantly.*) Well, blasphemy is faith, isn't it? In self-preservation the devil must believe!

But Mr. Brown, the Great Brown, has no faith! He couldn't design a cathedral without it looking like the First Supernatural Bank! He only believes in the immortality of the moral belly! (*He laughs wildly — then sinks down in his chair, gasping, his hands pressed to his heart.*) (*Then suddenly becomes deadly calm and pronounces like a cruel malignant condemnation.*) From now on, Brown will never design anything. He will devote his life to renovating the house of my Cybel into a home for my Margaret!

BROWN (*springing to his feet, his face convulsed with a strange agony*) — I've stood enough! How dare you!

DION (*his voice like a probe*) — Why has no woman ever loved him? Why has he always been the Big Brother, the Friend? Isn't their trust — a contempt?

BROWN — You lie!

DION — Why has he never been able to love — since my Margaret? Why has he never married? Why has he tried to steal Cybel as he once tried to steal Margaret? Isn't it out of revenge — and envy?

BROWN (*violently*) — Rot! I wanted Cybel, and I bought her!

DION — Brown bought her for me! She has loved me more than he will ever know!

BROWN — You lie! (*Then furiously.*) I'll throw her back on the street!

DION — To me! To her fellow creature! Why hasn't Brown had children — he who loves children — he who loves *my* children — he who envies me *my* children?

BROWN (*brokenly*) — I'm not ashamed to envy you them! They're fine children.

DION — Like their mother, eh? They like Brown, too — as a friend — as an equal — as Margaret has always liked him —

BROWN (*brokenly*) — And as I've liked her!

DION — How many million times Brown has thought

how much better for her it would have been if she'd chosen him instead!

BROWN (*torturedly*) — You lie! (*Then with sudden frenzied defiance.*) — All right! If you force me to say it, I do love Margaret! I always have loved her and you've always known I did!

DION (*with a terrible composure*) — No! That is merely the appearance, not the truth! Brown loves me! He loves me because I have always possessed the power he needed for love, because I am love!

BROWN (*frenziedly*) — You drunken bum! (*He leaps on Dion and grabs him by the throat.*)

DION (*triumphantly, staring into his eyes*) — Because Brown hates himself! Ah! Now he looks into the mirror! Now he sees his face! (*Brown lets go of him and staggers back to his chair, pale and trembling.*)

BROWN (*humbly*) — Stop, for God's sake! You're mad!

DION (*sinking in his chair, weakly and more weakly*) — I'm done. My heart, not Brown — (*Mockingly.*) My last will and testament! — I leave Dion Anthony to William Brown — for him to love and obey — for him to become me — then my Margaret will still love me — my children will love me — Mr. and Mrs. Brown and sons, happily ever after! (*Staggering to his full height and looking upward defiantly.*) Nothing more — but Man's last gesture — by which he conquers — to laugh! Ha — (*He begins, stops as if paralyzed, and drops on his knees by Brown's chair, his mask falling off, his Christian martyr's face at the point of death.*) Forgive me, Billy. Bury me, hide me, forget me for your own happiness! May Margaret love you! May you design the Temple of Man's Soul! Blessed are the meek and the poor in spirit! (*He kisses Brown's feet — then more and more weakly and childishly.*) What was the prayer, Billy. I'm getting so sleepy. . . .

BROWN (*in a trance-like tone*) — Our Father who art in Heaven.

DION (*drowsily*) — Our Father. . . .
(*He dies.*)

Stunned by the death of Dion, Brown is suddenly aware of a great relief at a rival's passing. And as he contemplates the face of the dead man and that of the mask that has fallen off he is excited by the discovery. There is contempt in his tone now as he gazes at the real Dion.

"So that's the poor weakling you really were!" he sneers. "No wonder you hid! And I've always been afraid of you — yes, I'll confess it now, in awe of you! Paugh! (*He picks up the mask from the floor.*) No, not of you! Of this! Say what you like, it's strong if it is bad! And this is what Margaret loved, not you! Not you! This man! — This man who willed himself to me! (*Struck by an idea, he jumps to his feet.*) My God!"

There is a knocking at the door. Margaret calls out that she is looking for her husband. Quickly Brown picks up the body of Dion and carries it from the scene. Then he admits Margaret and her three sons and bids them wait until he can call Dion, who has been resting upstairs. And Margaret will be glad to see him this time, Brown assures her, because Dion has just said that he has sworn off drinking for her sake and the kids!

Margaret is pleased, and so are the boys. But they are not at all sanguine. The younger Anthonys have no faith in their father's promises nor great love for him. Brown is really the more popular of the two with them.

Now the boys have gone on ahead and Brown, dressed in Dion's clothes and wearing Dion's mask, has come hesitantly to greet Margaret. At first she stares wonderingly at him and then goes to him and puts an arm about him.

MARGARET — Poor dear, do you feel sick? (*He nods.*) But you look — (*Squeezing his arms.*) why you

actually feel stronger and better already! Is it true what Billy told me — about your swearing off forever? (*He nods.*) (*She exclaims intensely.*) Oh, if you'll only — and get well — we can still be so happy! Give Mother a kiss. (*They kiss. A shudder passes through both of them. She breaks away laughing, with aroused desire.*) Why Dion? Aren't you ashamed! You haven't kissed me like that in ages!

BROWN (*his voice imitating Dion's and muffled by the mask*) — I've wanted to, Margaret!

MARGARET (*gayly and coquettishly now*) — Were you afraid I'd spurn you? Why Dion, something has happened. It's like a miracle! Even your voice is changed! It actually sounds younger, do you know it? (*Then solicitously.*) But you must be worn out. Let's go home. (*With an impulsive movement she flings her arms wide open, throwing her mask away from her as if suddenly no longer needing it.*) Oh, I'm beginning to feel so happy, Dion — happy!

BROWN (*stifledly*) — Let's go — home. (*They walk to the door. She puts her arm around him.*)

The curtain falls.

ACT III

A month later, in the offices of William Brown, two of his draughtsmen are discussing the strange disappearance of Dion Anthony since Brown fired him, and the somewhat eccentric behavior of Brown himself.

Not only has Brown fired Anthony, who is reported sobered up and living quietly and decently at home, but he also has fired all his house servants and seldom appears at his old quarters.

Presently Margaret Anthony comes in search of her husband, which mystifies the draughtsmen more than ever. They haven't seen Dion, and they have no idea where he

is. But Margaret insists that he left home at eight-thirty that morning to go to the Brown offices!

Nor will Brown himself produce Dion. Coming in a moment later he is plainly disturbed by Margaret's surprise visit. "Brown is now wearing a mask which is an exact likeness of his face as it was in the last scene — the self-assured success."

Ushering Margaret into an inner office (on a divided stage) Billy explains to her that it is very important Dion should not be disturbed. He is at work on a design for a new state capitol and he must not be distracted. It is for Dion's own good. With the acceptance of the capitol design it is Brown's intention to take Dion into partnership, and then to leave him in charge of the office while he (Brown) takes a long vacation in Europe.

Margaret is greatly pleased at Dion's new success, which she feels he has earned. "He has been like a new man lately, so full of ambition and energy. It's made me so happy."

BROWN (*deeply moved, takes her hand impulsively*) — And it has made me happy too!

MARGARET (*confused — with an amused laugh*) — Why, Billy Brown! For a moment, I thought it was Dion, your voice sounded so much. . . !

BROWN (*with sudden desperation*) — Margaret, I've got to tell you . . . I can't go on like this any longer. . . ! I've got to confess. . . ! There's something. . . !

MARGARET (*alarmed*) — Not — not about Dion?

BROWN (*harshly*) — To Hell with Dion! (*He tears off his mask and reveals a suffering face that is ravaged and haggard, resembling in the quality of its expression a combination of the ascetic of Dion's real face and the demon of his mask, the tortured and torturer in one*) — Think of me! I love you, Margaret! Leave him! I've

(always loved you! Come away with me! I'll sell out here! We'll go abroad and be happy!

MARGARET (*amazed*) — Billy Brown, do you realize what you're saying? (*With a shudder.*) Are you crazy? Your face is — terrible! You're sick! Shall I phone for a doctor?

BROWN (*turning away slowly and putting on his mask — dully*) — No. I've been on the verge of a breakdown — for some time. I get spells . . . I'm better now. (*He turns back to her.*) Forgive me! Forget what I said! But for all our sakes, don't come here again.

MARGARET (*coldly*) — After this — I assure you. . . ! (*Then looking at him with pained incredulity.*) Why Billy — I simply won't believe — after all these years!

BROWN — It won't happen again. Goodbye.

MARGARET — Goodbye. (*Then, wishing to leave on a pleasant change of subject — forcing a smile.*) Don't work Dion to death! He's never home for dinner any more. (*She goes out past the draughtsmen and off right, rear.*) (*Brown sits down at his desk, taking off the mask again. He stares at it with bitter, cynical amusement.*)

BROWN — You're dead, William Brown, dead beyond hope of resurrection! It's the Dion you buried in your garden who killed you, not you him! It's Margaret's husband who . . . (*He laughs harshly.*) Paradise by proxy! Love by mistaken identity! God! (*This is almost a prayer — then fiercely defiant.*) But it is paradise! I do love!

A customer appears with plans he hopes may be altered and Brown has again assumed the mask of the successful architect. . . .

"People tell me you had an assistant, Anthony, who was a real shark on these details, but that you fired him —"

"Gossip," answers Brown, suavely. "He's still with

me but, for reasons of his own, doesn't wish it known. Yes, I trained him and he's very ingenious. I'll turn this right over to him and instruct him to carry out your wishes. . . ."

The curtain falls.

The scene changes to the library of Brown's home. It is eight o'clock the same night. On a table, directly under the reading lamp that Brown switches on as he enters the room is Dion's mask. Flinging himself wearily into a chair beside the table Brown takes off his own mask and puts it alongside.

"Listen," he commands, staring into the eyes of Dion's mask. "Today was a narrow escape for us. We can't avoid discovery much longer. We must get our plot to working! We've already made William Brown's will, leaving you his money and business. We must hustle him off to Europe now — and murder him there! (*A bit tauntingly.*) Then you — the I in you — I will live with Margaret happily ever after! (*More tauntingly.*) She will have children by me! (*He seems to see or hear some mocking denial from the mask. He bends toward it.*) What? (*Then with a sneer.*) Anyway, that doesn't matter! Your children already love me more than they ever loved you! And Margaret loves me more! You think you've won, do you — that I've got to vanish into you in order to live? Not yet, my friend! Never! Wait! Gradually Margaret will love what is beneath — me! Little by little I'll teach her to know me, and then finally I'll reveal myself to her, and confess that I stole your place out of love for her, and she'll understand and forgive and love me! And you'll be forgotten! Ha!"

But there is doubt in the mind of Brown. Doubt that Margaret will believe and understand, and a prayer for God's mercy that she may. "He reaches out for the

mask of Dion like a dope fiend after a drug. As soon as he holds it he seems to gain strength . . . ” “Now I am drinking your strength, Dion,” he says, “strength to love in this world and die and sleep and become fertile earth as you are becoming now in my garden . . . Come with me while Margaret’s bridegroom dresses in your clothes, Mr. Anthony. I need the devil when I’m in the dark . . . Come with me and tell her again I love her. Come and hear her tell me how she loves you . . . Out by the backway! I mustn’t forget I’m a desperate criminal, pursued by God, and by myself.”

He is laughing with amused satisfaction as he goes out and the curtain falls.

A half hour later Brown lets himself into the sitting room of Margaret’s home. Margaret has been waiting for him “with the anxious, impatient expectancy of one deeply in love.” And she is a little hurt when at first he does not return her impassioned kisses in kind.

Margaret is happily reminiscent this night. She wants to remember away back to the evening on the pier that was her engagement night. She is happier now than she ever has been since then; happier than she ever expected to be again, thanks to the great change in Dion.

Perhaps, thinks Brown, Margaret’s confessed happiness justifies everything that has happened. She is quite sure that it does. Both for herself and the boys who have quite fallen in love with the changed Dion. . . .

And now she must tell him, before he goes to his room to work for that old Billy Brown, of her visit to the office and of Billy’s curious attack of love for her. It really was very silly, and she was much too astounded to be angry. Of course he apologized and she was terribly sorry for him. But really it was too disgusting for words to hear him. Poor Billy!

BROWN (*with a show of tortured derision*) — Poor Billy! Poor Billy the Goat! (*With mocking frenzy.*)

I'll kill him for you! I'll serve you his heart for breakfast!

MARGARET (*jumping up — frightenedly*) — Dion!

BROWN (*waving his pencil knife with grotesque flourishes*) — I tell you I'll murder this God-damned disgusting Great God Brown who stands like a fatted calf in the way of our health and wealth and happiness!

MARGARET (*bewilderedly, not knowing how much is pretending, puts an arm about him*) — Don't, dear! You're being horrid and strange, again. It makes me afraid you haven't really changed, after all.

BROWN (*unheeding*) — And then my wife can be happy! Ha! (*He laughs. She begins to cry. He controls himself — pats her head — gently.*) All right, dear. Mr. Brown is now safely in hell. Forget him!

MARGARET (*stops crying — but still worriedly*) — I should never have told you — but I never imagined you'd take it seriously. I've never thought of Billy Brown except as a friend, and lately not even that! He's just a stupid old fool!

BROWN — Ha-ha! Didn't I say he was in hell? They're torturing him! (*Then controlling himself again — exhaustedly.*) Please leave me alone now. I've got to work.

MARGARET — All right, dear. I'll go into the next room and anything you want, just call. (*She pats his face — cajolingly.*) Is it all forgotten?

BROWN — Will you be happy?

MARGARET — Yes.

BROWN — Then it's — dead, I promise! (*She kisses him and goes out. He stares ahead, then shakes off his thoughts and concentrates on his work — mockingly.*) Our beautiful new capitol calls you, Dion! To work! We'll adroitly hide old Silenus on the cupola! Let him dance over their law-making with his eternal leer! (*He bends over his work.*)

The curtain falls.

ACT IV

A month later, in his draughting room, William Brown, wearing the mask of Dion Anthony, finishes the drawing of the state capitol and is moved to wild joy at its contemplation. Outside his door — the stage being divided — his draughtsmen whisper to each other that Brown is drunk as a fool and that, unlike the discharged Anthony, he has not the decency to stay away from the office.

Laying aside the Dion mask and "becoming respectable again" Brown stands for a moment as his unmasked self looking down at the finished drawing. "His real face is now sick, ghastly, tortured, hollow-cheeked and feverish-eyed."

"Ugly! Hideous! Despicable!" he mutters. "Why must the demon in me pander to cheapness — then punish me with self-loathing and life hatred? Why am I not strong enough to perish or blind enough to be content? (*To Heaven, bitterly but pleadingly.*) Give me the strength to destroy this! — and myself! — and him! and I will believe in Thee!"

When Margaret comes, again in search of Dion, it is the masked Brown who greets her. But a different, slightly hysterical Brown. People may be saying that he is drinking, says he, but she need have no fear. He will never make love to her again, and soon there will be no more of William Brown.

Her demand to see Dion starts him again talking wildly of an age of miracles, and of streets that are filled with Lazaruses, but he goes to call Dion. . . .

Returning as Dion, Brown is able to talk a little more calmly to Margaret, and to promise her that now the capitol drawing is finished they will soon have sent Brown to Europe and be able to take the second honeymoon of which they have so often spoken.

Now the committeemen are in to see the drawing, and it is Brown who welcomes them, still a bit hysterical and

plainly disturbed because Margaret has told them that the design is really the work of Dion Anthony, her husband, and they have endorsed it with enthusiasm.

That is true, Brown admits. The plans are Anthony's. But what of that? "You damn fools, can't you see this is an insult?" he cries, shaking the blue prints under their noses. "A terrible, blasphemous insult! — that this embittered failure, Anthony, is hurling in the teeth of our success! — an insult to you, to me, to you Margaret — and to Almighty God!" His frenzy increases in fury as he tears the plans into pieces. "If you are weak and cowardly enough to stand for it I'm not!" he shouts.

Then he dashes out to call Dion back, leaving Margaret gathering together the torn design and clasping it to her bosom.

He is back again, almost immediately, wearing now the mask of Dion and evidently under strain to keep himself from capering and laughing.

"Everything is all right," he assures them, with mock gravity. "All for the best — you mustn't get excited! A little paste, Margaret! A little paste, gentlemen! And all will be well! Life is imperfect, Brothers! Men have their faults, Sister! But with a few drops of glue much may be done! A little dab of pasty resignation here and there — and even broken hearts may be repaired to do yeoman service!" He starts for the draughting room door and turns. "Ssssss!" he whispers; "this is Daddy's bedtime secret for today! Man is born broken! He lives by mending! The grace of God is a glue!"

He is through the door, which he closes after him. He is by the side of the now petrified draughtsmen, as one imparting a great secret: "They will find him in the little room. Mr. William Brown is dead!" Then he slips through the outer door.

Led by the draughtsmen the committeemen go in search of Brown, and soon return bearing his mask be-

tween them as though they also were supporting a body, which they lay on the couch.

"He's dead, all right," admits the third committeeman.

"Dion's innocent!" shrieks Margaret.

"I'll phone for the police, sir," announces the younger draughtsman.

A few hours later the tortured and hysterical Brown is in his own library. From his body he has stripped most of his clothes and he is bowed in silent prayer by the side of a table on which stands the mask of Dion Anthony, now become "more than ever like a head of Pan. Its features have taken on the remote, objective quality of a God done in stone."

There is agonized supplication in the prayer of Brown. "Mercy, Compassionate Saviour of Men! Out of my depths I cry to you! Mercy on my poor clod, thy clot of unhallowed earth, thy clay, the Great God Brown! Mercy, Saviour!"

But there is seemingly no answer, and a bitter, mocking despair follows. The suppliant sneers "I am sorry little children, but your kingdom is empty. God has become disgusted and moved away to some far ecstatic star where life is a dancing flame. We must die without Him."

He turns to the mask of Anthony, a note of triumphant anger in his voice. "Together, my friend! You, too! Let Margaret suffer! Let the whole world suffer as I am suffering!"

Suddenly Cybel comes to him. She is wearing her mask and a black kimono robe. "Her yellow hair hangs down in a great mane over her shoulders. She has grown stouter, has more of the deep objective calm of an idol."

It is the first time that Cybel has understood that Brown has assumed the mask of Anthony. The discovery explains much to her. It was Dion that she had come to warn. There are men looking for the murderer of

William Brown; hunters who must find a victim to absolve themselves. To escape them he must run.

But Brown is of no mind to run, and the pack that seeks him is soon in the garden. It is a crisis he finds the strength to meet. Hastily he adjusts the mask of Dion and stands before the window. "Welcome, dumb worshippers!" he calls. "I am your Great God Brown. I have been advised to run from you, but it is my almighty whim to dance into escape over your prostrate souls!"

There is a volley of shots. Brown falls back, mortally wounded. Before the men can enter Cybel has laid him upon the couch and lifted from his face the mask of Dion. "You can't take this to bed with you," she says, as to a child. "You've got to go to sleep alone."

The police crash into the room. Margaret follows them. They both spy the mask of Anthony on the table. "Got him!" exults the captain. "Dion! Dion!" wails Margaret, taking the mask in her arms and sobbing over it.

Now the police are gone, having left Cybel to get the name of Brown, who evidently was some bystander struck by a stray bullet; probably an accomplice. Cybel, taking off her mask, is holding Billy's head against her shoulder and he is comforted.

CYBEL (*soothingly, looking before her like an idol*) — Ssshh! Go to sleep, Billy.

BROWN — Yes, Mother. (*Then explainingly.*) It was dark and I couldn't see where I was going and they all picked on me.

CYBEL — I know. You're tired.

BROWN — And when I wake up. . . ?

CYBEL — The sun will be rising again.

BROWN — To judge the living and the dead! (*Frightenedly.*) I don't want justice. I want love.

CYBEL — There is only love.

BROWN — Thank you, Mother. (*Then feebly.*) I'm getting sleepy. What's the prayer you taught me — Our Father —?

CYBEL (*with calm exultance*) — Our Father who art!

BROWN (*taking her tone — exultantly*) — Who art! Who art! (*Suddenly — with ecstasy.*) I know! I have found Him! I hear Him speak! "Blessed are they that weep, for they shall laugh!" Only he that has wept can laugh! The laughter of Heaven sows earth with a rain of tears and out of Earth's transfigured birth-pain, the laughter of Man returns to bless and play again in innumerable dancing gales of flame upon the knees of God! (*He dies.*)

CYBEL (*gets up and fixes his body on the couch. She bends down and kisses him gently — she straightens up and looks into space — with a profound pain*) — Always spring comes again bearing life! Always again! Always, always forever again! Spring again! — life again! — Summer and Fall and earth and peace again! (*With agonized sorrow.*) But always, always, love and conception and birth and pain again — Spring bearing the intolerable chalice of life again! (*Then with agonized exultance.*) Bearing the glorious, blazing crown of life again! (*She stands like an idol of Earth, her eyes staring out over the world.*)

MARGARET (*lifting her head adoringly to the mask — triumphant tenderness mingled with her grief*) — My lover! My husband! My boy! (*She kisses the mask.*) Goodbye. Thank you for happiness! And you're not dead, sweetheart. You can never die till my heart dies! You will live forever! You will sleep under my heart! I will feel you stirring in your sleep, forever under my heart! (*She kisses the mask again.*)

(*There is a pause.*)

CAPTAIN (*comes just into sight at left and speaks front without looking at them — gruffly*) — Well, what's his name?

CYBEL — Man!

CAPTAIN (*taking a grimy notebook and an inch long pencil from his pocket*) — How d'yuh spell it?

The curtain falls.

EPILOGUE

Four years later Margaret and her three sons are at the New Caledonia pier. Again it is mid-June and moonlight. Again there is the sound of dancing from the Casino.

Around Margaret the boys are grouped protectingly. "They are all dressed in the height of correct prep-school elegance. Margaret wears her mask of the proud, indulgent mother. Her hair is now a beautiful gray; there is about her manner and voice the sad, but contented, feeling of one who knows her life purpose well accomplished, but is at the same time a bit empty and comfortless with the finality of it."

Margaret has told her boys that it was at this spot on the pier on just such a night, that their father had first proposed to her — though the night was much warmer than it is now. The Junes are not what they used to be. Now she has sent them back to their girls and to the dance, that she may be alone.

MARGARET (*slowly removes her mask, laying it on the bench, and stares up at the moon with a wistful, resigned sweetness*) — So long ago! And yet I'm still the same Margaret. It's only our lives that grow old. We are where centuries only count as seconds and after a thousand lives our eyes begin to open — (*She smiles around her with a rapt smile.*) — and the moon rests in the sea! I want to feel the moon at peace in the sea! I want Dion to leave the sky for me! I want to sleep in the tides of my heart! (*She slowly takes from under her cloak, from her bosom, as if from her heart, the mask*

of Dion as it was at the last and holds it before her face.) My lover! My husband! My boy! You can never die till my heart dies! You will live forever! You are sleeping under my heart! I feel you stirring in your sleep, forever under my heart. *(She kisses him on the lips with a timeless kiss.)*

The curtain falls.

THE GREEN HAT

A Drama in Four Acts

BY MICHAEL ARLEN

MR. ARLEN'S famous play "about decency," extracted from his equally famous novel, had already achieved triumphs of popular acclaim in Detroit and Chicago before New York was given a peek at it. Which, in considerable measure, bespeaks a national appeal.

The New York attitude, however, assumes that no play has really been produced in America until Broadway has seen it, which means exactly nothing to any one except the professional New Yorker. The fact is stated here merely to cover what may appear to be the belated appearance of this fascinating drama in this particular year book.

"The Green Hat" was first presented in New York at the Broadhurst Theatre the night of September 15, 1925. With the exception of the substitution of Margalo Gillmore for Ann Harding in the role of Venice, Miss Harding having been drafted to play the heroine in a Nicodemus melodrama called "Stolen Fruit," the cast was the same as that employed in the West, with Katherine Cornell as its shining light.

The reception of the play in New York was enthusiastic without being at all exciting. The reviews echoed the tone of that reception. The performance counted for more than the play with most of the writers. The drama was accepted, but with definite reservations.

The play, going back of the novel to the incident of Boy Fenwick's death, opens in the sitting room of a third floor suite in the Hotel Vendome, Deauville. It is an

ordinary French hotel room, with tall windows opening from its right wall, as one enters at back, onto a balcony, and double doors letting into a bedroom at the left.

It is the summer of 1913, and late afternoon. The maid, who has been packing the great wardrobe trunk at the back, has stepped into the bedroom for more of her mistress' clothes. As she returns with these over her arm she encounters a prying young person who has surreptitiously climbed the stairway uniting the outside balconies and boldly entered the suite.

He is a reporter, and he is in search of facts that have been denied him in the hotel office. There is, he believes, there must be something back of the story as given out, and he refuses to be "shucked" out again, as the maid threatens to have him, until he has the facts.

"At the present moment all London is plastered with placards announcing 'A Society Tragedy,' 'Honeymoon Death,' 'Was It a Suicide?'" he reports. "So you had better tell me the truth or I'll be adding 'Was It Murder?'"

He is a very persistent young pressman, and neither the maid nor the hotel manager can do much with him. It takes Dr. Masters, who shortly arrives, "a feverish, charming, abrupt, absent-minded" sort of person, finally to be rid of the intruder, which the doctor accomplishes by promising to meet him later in the lobby and tell him all he wants to know.

But the reporter is not the only curious person in that group. Now that they are alone the manager himself would like Dr. Masters to confide a few facts to him. Isn't there really something behind all this mystery?

"Please don't misunderstand me, Doctor," the manager hurriedly adds. "Look at it from my angle. All the English society papers have been writing for weeks past of the approaching marriage of the Honorable Mr. Fenwick and Miss Iris March, the most popular young man and the most beautiful girl in society. (*Dr. Masters*

makes an impatient gesture — moves up and down right.) Please don't misunderstand me, Doctor! Let me continue. These lovely young people arrived here last night to pass their honeymoon in my hotel. For weeks this suite has been reserved for them. And here last night this hotel was on tiptoe and upside-down to see them. And then — (*Dr. Masters stops.*) — at three o'clock this morning, the night porter was brought out of his lodge by a scream. He says he will hear that scream all his life. The scream of a soul in agony. What did he see? Looking up he sees an angel of loveliness staring at the ground as though she was looking into hell. And on the stones of the courtyard was the bridegroom, dead where he fell. Doctor, that is the story. That is all we know."

It is all very mystifying and terribly, terribly tragic for the beautiful young lady. "Such an accident to happen on the loveliest night of her life!" And there must be some explanation. People do not fall out of hotel windows — not just fall out.

"What shall I say to my directors?" persists the manager. "Was he drunk? Did he get dizzy and fall out? Doctor, do you think the poor young man was drunk?"

"My dear Monsieur Cavelle," answers the doctor, "I know no more about it than you do; except, of course, that I have examined the body. Death was instantaneous, I should say — and that is all there is to say. I saw Mrs. Fenwick for the first time in my life this morning when you yourself called me in — and I can tell you, Cavelle, I wasn't pleased at being called in — for I am here on a holiday from my practice in Paris . . . perhaps he *had* taken half a glass of champagne too much — young men do, on memorable nights. But it is unthinkable to press Mrs. Fenwick too closely with questions at the moment. She is almost very ill —"

The doors at back burst open "to admit a lean, dark, passionate-looking young man. He looks ill, excited, dangerous, reckless, and angry. He wears a felt hat, of which the brim in front is turned down over his left eye."

They think he is another reporter, but they discover a moment later that he is Mrs. Fenwick's brother, Gerald March. A wildly excited brother come to demand an explanation of his sister and determined to have it. Nor does he pay much heed, in his hysterical, slightly alcoholized condition, to Dr. Masters' warning.

DR. MASTERS — Your sister in that room, is very near a nervous breakdown; and if you don't pull yourself together before she comes into this room, I'll just fire you out of it.

MARCH (*with smothered rage*) — And I'll tell you something, Doctor. This morning I picked up a paper in London and read of Boy's death —

DR. MASTERS — Boy?

MARCH (*rises furiously, crosses left with jerky hysterical movement*) — Boy Fenwick, you fool — my sister's husband — my *friend!* (*Turns, almost threateningly.*) Look here, I want you to understand something — Boy and I were friends. Got that? Friends, friends, friends! And now he's dead! He marries my sister and within twenty-four hours he's dead! (*Masters tries to calm him.*) Look here, I don't know what I'm saying. I know that, but I'd be saying just the same if I did know what I was saying.

MASTERS — Steady, March!

MARCH — Listen, Doctor! You *must* listen! I never wanted Iris to marry Boy, I knew it wouldn't do. Boy Fenwick was the best and cleanest man in the world, while all we Marches are rotten, just rotten, and Iris is the worst of us. Oh, I know Iris! Damn it all, we're twins. (*Masters moves towards him.*) Listen, Doctor,



Photo by White Studio, N. Y.

"THE GREEN HAT"

Iris: "I know who you are— You're Napier's pretty wife—
you're pretty Venice."

(Margalo Gillmore and Katherine Cornell)

I tried to stop her marriage, but they just called me a silly baby. Iris never loved Boy ——

MASTERS (*up to March left very quietly*) — Steady, March, steady.

MARCH (*eager to explain, nothing can stop his words*) — No, listen! She never loved him. I know she didn't. She just took Boy on the rebound after some one else had given her the chuck. Oh, I know all about it! He's downstairs now, Napier Harpenden — the man Iris loves — loves hell! Iris never loved any one! She and Napier were going to be married till his snob of an old father squashed it. Wouldn't let Napier marry one of the rotten Marches. (*Almost proud.*) And so she married Boy — and now Boy's dead. (*Appeals to doctor, gets no help; passes to sofa helplessly.*) Oh, God, Boy isn't dead. It's like a waking hell to think that he's dead. (*Sinks down.*) I say, Doctor, what's all this about? I don't understand.

DR. MASTERS (*crosses to sofa, hand on March's shoulder. Gently*) — It's quite simple and very sad, March. Your friend was looking out of the window and just fell out. That is all. (*Pats his shoulder, turns away.*)

MARCH (*rapidly, eagerly*) — But look here, Doctor, one doesn't fall out of windows — I mean, you read in papers of people falling out of windows — but it never happens to one's friends. I say, I don't understand — (*Helplessly.*) God, I wish you'd speak slowly!

DR. MASTERS (*turns, a very professional attitude covering his awkward attempt at lying*) — March, I'm afraid Boy Fenwick must have had a glass too much ——

MARCH (*jumps up — shouting*) — I knew it, I knew it! I've been waiting for something like that, I knew there was a dirty lie somewhere. Look here, this is Iris' doing; she put you up to saying that. Do you mean to stand there and tell me Boy was drunk? Boy? (*Dangerous.*) I say, if Iris says that to me, I'll ——

DR. MASTERS (*sharply*) — Mrs. Fenwick has said

nothing of the sort. It was merely that I and the hotel manager —

MARCH (*leaning over chair; heedless, determined, wild*) — Look here, Boy never touched more than a glass of anything. He hated drink. He thought it unclean. I say, I don't understand this. (*Screamingly.*) I can smell lies — I can simply smell them —

There are other callers. They are the Harpendens and Hilary Townshend — Napier Harpenden, "young, handsome, serious, feverish." His father, Sir Maurice, "taunt, neat, white-haired." Townshend, "tall, elderly, grey."

They are all friends of Mrs. Fenwick. They have come from England, Sir Maurice explains, immediately on hearing the news. Napier and Townshend are especially anxious. And they are distressed at the hysteria of Gerald and his wild mutterings, charging them with their several personal interests in his sister, Iris, or their lack of them, and defying them to keep him quiet.

Dr. Masters is trying to tell them such facts relating to Fenwick's death as will satisfy their inquiry and has just reached a statement that in his estimation there has not been, and is not now, any question of suicide, when Iris Fenwick, quietly entering the room at back, denies his authority for that statement.

She does not move as they turn and look at her. "Her attitude is of one weary beyond enduring, older than her years, unconscious of personalities at the moment."

She is thankful for Dr. Masters' intended kindness. Grateful for the interest of Napier and Hilary. Resentful of the presence of her old enemy, Sir Maurice. Distressed at the condition of mind and body in which she finds Gerald, who is twin to her, "both part of the same beastly, pitiful thing" as he says, and once so fond of her.

There is no love in Gerald's attitude now. Again and again, wildly and insistently he demands to know how Boy Fenwick died. Nor will he be put off, either by the others or by the painfully apparent reluctance of Iris to answer him. And finally he has his way.

MARCH (*looking up suddenly — desperately*) — You people have got to let me talk in peace for a moment or two. I know you're nearly all older than I am and much too old to be able to bear the truth — but this beastly business *must* be settled. You see, I don't like any of you people. You've all got Alma Maters instead of minds, and Union Jacks instead of hearts, and so I want to leave you as soon as I can. (*Fiercely, noticing no one is listening.*) Oh, damnation! Listen a moment! (*Sir Maurice turns from window, Napier sits chair left.*) (*More calmly again; almost as though speaking of God.*) The only person I ever met in my life for whom I had any admiration was Boy Fenwick. That's why I'm so excited now, but you mustn't think I'm mad, I'm not a bit mad. Look here, I admired Boy because he was the only person I've ever met who had really clean ideals and wasn't a bit of a prig or anything like that. And another thing: Boy was like a god in his contempt for shoddiness, mental (*Suddenly pauses, looking at Iris, intent and inquisitorial.*) and physical shoddiness. He wouldn't put up with things, Boy wouldn't. All we people put up with things, but Boy wasn't like that. He tried to fight what he couldn't bear, and, if he couldn't fight it, he — Iris, are you listening?

IRIS (*with difficulty*) — Yes —

MARCH (*pursuing his point pitilessly*) — Look here, if Boy couldn't fight it, if the thing he didn't like was too big for him to fight or too dirty —

IRIS — Gerald! Don't hate me too much!

MARCH — Boy would throw himself out of the window — any window would do, the first that came to hand.

Wouldn't he, Iris? (*Annoyed.*) I say, don't look so sulky when I ask you a civil question!

NAPIER (*bitterly*) — Shut up, Gerald!

MARCH — Iris, why did Boy die? (*A deep pause.*)

IRIS (*with difficulty*) — Boy died — he died for — (*Suddenly in a clear voice, turning away from Gerald.*) — for purity — (*Masters and Sir Maurice turn.*) (*They stare at her astounded, shocked. Napier gives her an agonized, pleading look.*) (*Gerald March awakes first and shivers in silence.*)

MARCH (*wildly — a cheer*) — Bravo Boy! Hurrah, hurrah! (*Falls back sobbing and laughing hysterically.*)

(*Townsend and Dr. Masters, together.*)

TOWNSHEND (*low*) — Iris are you mad!

DR. MASTERS (*jerkily*) — Gentlemen, I don't think you —

(*But Iris looks at him, as though to command his silence.*)

SIR MAURICE (*sternly*) — Iris, take care of what you are saying! Do you want to drive your brother quite crazy?

IRIS (*contemptuously — not bothering to look at him*) — You know very well, Sir Maurice, that you are thanking God for this moment, for its driving Napier and me even further apart.

SIR MAURICE (*harshly*) — It's of Boy you should be thinking now — not of Napier!

MARCH (*more calmly — but still not normal*) — Then I was right — Boy killed himself. (*A pause. The brother and sister stare at each other.*)

IRIS — Yes, Boy killed himself.

MARCH (*shouting, with a gesture*) — For purity! (*Weakly — brokenly.*) Yes, Boy would kill himself for that. It's the only thing he would kill himself for — for purity!

NAPIER (*jumping up and crossing to Iris*) — Iris,

you don't know what you're saying! Don't let Gerald bully you, he's mad. (*March jumps up rudely, crosses right to window.*) Iris, don't crucify yourself just to let Gerald preserve his hero-worship intact. (*Pleading.*) Of course Boy didn't kill himself — It's madness to say that. (*Takes her hand. She draws it away, rises quickly — afraid.*)

IRIS (*her back to Napier*) — No, Napier, no! Don't make it any harder for me! (*Seeing Sir Maurice.*) Take your son away, Sir Maurice — quickly, quickly! Remember the rotten Marches! I might still snatch him from you even now!

TOWNSHEND — Iris, for pity's sake don't be so bitter!

IRIS (*helplessly*) — Oh, I'm not bitter! (*Turns and looks at the men.*) But I see I'm going to be very lonely. You're all looking at me with such cruel eyes.

Gerald is exultant. His friend has died for a principle. Boy's great spirit was crushed, probably by the soiled confessions of his bride — that she had known other lovers before him. Even Napier couldn't forgive that —

NAPIER (*low to Iris*) — Did you expect me to forgive you?

IRIS (*tonelessly*) — There's no question of forgiveness in these things. There never is. One loves or one doesn't love. It's quite simple, really.

NAPIER (*rapidly, feverishly. Hilary stands uncomfortably*) — I did love you, Iris! I thought we could wait, I thought you would have time to prove to my father that you weren't just another of the rotten Marches. But you didn't wait, did you? Why? Why couldn't you wait? I can understand your marrying Boy — not two years after you and I parted — but I can't — I can't understand how even before you married him, you took — Oh God! (*Rises and turns back left. The idea is more than he can bear.*)

IRIS (*to Napier, as though there was no one else in the room*) — Napier, didn't I say to you, eighteen to eighteen, that day when you told me your father wouldn't let you marry me: "Napier, I think I have a body that burns for love. I shall burn it with love, but I shall never say, 'I love you' to any man but you." And I never have, Napier, and I never will.

MARCH (*across desk, triumphantly*) — So you didn't love Boy then ——?

IRIS — No, I didn't love Boy, but Boy loved me as Napier never loved me. Boy loved me terribly. (*A little bitterly.*)

NAPIER (*turns and advances towards Iris. Scowling as he always does when suffering*) — You can't have anything cleaner than love — this love, anyway, the love I had for you. And now, Iris, you've thrown dirt all over my love. I thought fine things, fine sacrifices — for you — and you've made my love as dirty as all Sodom and Gomorrah. (*Intensely.*) I will never forgive you, Iris.

IRIS (*rises.*) (*Low to Napier*) — Go now — please, at once! (*Wearily.*) There is nothing more to say.

There is a note of rebellion in Dr. Masters' tone as he asks the right to speak, to tell them the truth of Boy Fenwick's death, but Iris silences him.

And now they are gone — Gerald as wildly as he entered, cruelly flinging into the face of his sister the charge of harlotry. All gone save Napier and Masters, over by the windows. Napier has lingered, still bewildered, still in search of an explanation from Iris that will in effect explain. He approaches her now.

NAPIER — What is it you want, Iris?

IRIS (*she does not look at him*) — Now, nothing. Or everything. It's the same thing. (*Suddenly she looks at him.*) You wouldn't understand, Napier. I want decency.

NAPIER (*down centre.*) (*Appears astonished*) — You — want — decency?

IRIS (*with a small laugh*) — Oh, I knew you wouldn't understand! I don't mean your kind of decency. I'm not sure what kind of decency I do mean, but it's not your kind or your father's kind. The decency I mean has nothing to do with the playing fields of Eton, the Battle of Waterloo or the Silent Navy — it has nothing to do with how to behave when people are watching you, but it has something to do with how to behave when no one is watching you. (*With a cry.*) That's what I want, Napier! The final, the ultimate decency! (*Helplessly, as he moves to say something.*) Oh, don't say anything! Goodbye my dear one. My love goes with you. God bless you! He's blessed me — with my love for you! (*Napier scowling, is about to say something, but Iris suddenly covers her face with her hands.*) For pity's sake, just go, go ——!

NAPIER (*bitterly, his hand over his eyes*) — If you knew how I've loved you! Iris, I'd have died for you!

IRIS (*very low*) — Yes, like Boy ——

NAPIER (*helplessly, bitterly*) — Oh, God! you sneer at everything! (*Exit centre back.*)

(*Iris has not looked at him for some time. She realizes he has gone.*)

IRIS (*blankly*) — He's gone.

MASTERS (*advances right back of desk*) — Yes. Didn't you tell him to?

IRIS (*wildly*) — He's gone — there he was and he's gone! Napier! Napier! My dear! My dear! (*Starts up centre to door, but stops, dropping into chair.*)

MASTERS (*gently but sternly.*) (*A little bewildered*) — Why have you lied? — Mrs. Fenwick, why have you lied?

IRIS (*almost accusingly*) — You know why Boy died?

MASTERS — Yes, I know. I examined the body.

IRIS (*shivering*) — He must have loved me ter-

ribly to have — (*Eagerly.*) But Doctor, he wasn't so bad as you think — really, he wasn't — the marriage was never — is there a word?

MASTERS — Consummated. But I ask you, Mrs. Fenwick, why have you ruined yourself by lying about it?

IRIS (*with a cry, with a sob, with a laugh*) — For purity, Doctor, for purity! Let's all do *one decent* thing in life!

The curtain falls.

Ten years later, in Napier Harpenden's bachelor apartment in Mayfair, a small dinner party is just breaking up. It is "a bachelor's room, but not austere so," and "it is in an agreeable state of confusion." The guests, with their cigarettes and liquor, are talking in groups. Hilary Townshend is there, and Venice Pollen. Venice and Napier are to be married and the dinner is one of the pre-nuptial celebrations.

Venice is young and radiant in her blonde beauty. She is much in love with Napier, and a little worried about his love for her. As he kisses her now he meets her reproaches of the matter-of-factness of the salute with smiling assurance of his devotion. "Letters of gold could not express my love for you, sweet," he says, "nor letters of fire my passion."

Still she is not convinced that he loves her "deep down." "I want no quibbling, Napier," she says, quite seriously. "Do you really love me so much that you think of me before breakfast? That's the real test of love, whether or not one thinks of some one before breakfast."

Napier's reassurances are playful, but earnest, and Venice is content. She would feel better, however, if he would solemnly promise her that nothing, "not even a better offer from an American," would stop him from marrying her in three days' time.

The other guests, including Sir Maurice Harpenden,

are in from the dining room and the talk turns to Gerald March. That unhappy young man, from the latest reports any of them have of him, is dying of drink, and double-pneumonia, in a slum.

Of Iris March little has been seen but much has been heard in the last ten years. She has been in England very little, spending her time in Paris, Rome and the Riviera. They are all a little reluctant to discuss Iris before Venice, and this is a reluctance Venice resents.

"It seems she goes about in a yellow Hispano-Suiza car and breaks men's hearts," Venice reports. "Oh, why don't people tell me anything? Why are people so beastly to virgins? . . . You see, I'm terribly interested in this legendary Iris Fenwick (*a*) because of the terrible death of her husband — Oh, years before my time, and (*b*) because Napier adored her, also years before my time, else I'd scratch her eyes out."

But there is little satisfaction in any of their replies. Sir Maurice, for one, finds the subject distasteful. Why should they stand about discussing the sort of mess Iris has made of her life? Which irritates Napier.

"It seems to me, sir," he checks his father, "that as neither you nor I know anything about Iris for the last ten years, except by hearsay, that we have no particular right to discuss her."

Now the party has broken up and the guests are gone. All except Hilary. It is while he and Napier are having a last drink that Napier's man announces the arrival of a lady. A lady who gives no name, but who wears a green hat and is driving a yellow car.

Their astonishment is complete and Townshend is worried. He questions the advisability of Napier's seeing Iris again. It doesn't impress him as a discreet thing to do under the circumstances, considering that the hour is late — past midnight in fact. But to Napier, Hilary is a good deal of an old woman.

Iris is dressed for motoring. "For a few seconds she stands framed in the doorway looking at Napier. She is impersonal, calm, grave." Her greetings are effusive. She has seen neither of them for so long a time. She has not changed, Hilary thinks. But Napier is not so sure. She seems more beautiful to him. That pleases her.

Iris has come to ask their help. She has just heard of Gerald's illness and has motored immediately from Paris. But now Gerald refuses to see her. Perhaps one of them would see him for her, and see if there is anything she can do.

Napier can do little. Gerald has outlawed him, too. But he might see Hilary. That's an idea. Let Hilary find Gerald while Iris waits for him there.

Again Hilary is doubtful. Should he leave them there alone? "I am not sure that I want you and Napier to make friends again," he warns Iris, quite frankly. But Napier makes light of his objections. There is a taxi outside and he will be back in a minute. In an hour or two at most. He can take a key to the flat and will not have to call the man when he returns.

Hilary goes finally, but not before he has told Iris of Napier's wedding arrangements. He is to be married in three days. "Iris does not move, does not look up, does not speak," at this announcement. "But she seems to take one deep breath."

When Napier and she are alone there is an awkward silence between them, broken as she wishes him happiness, a very great happiness, in his approaching marriage.

Nervously, his voice even and toneless, he accepts her good wishes. Soon he is telling her of Venice. There is a picture of her published in a recent issue of the *Tatler*.

Venice is beautiful, Iris agrees. She's everything, Napier insists, gaily.

"She has such clean eyes," Iris admits, turning suddenly from the picture. "They frighten me ——"

"Sometimes they frighten me," he mutters. Impulsively she turns and faces him, her attitude almost maternal.

IRIS — Aren't you the lucky and successful man altogether! I've heard about you, Napier. You did well in the war — and as I know how frightened you must have been I admire you frightfully for your D.S.O. And now you are doing well in the Foreign Office, you've begun well on what may be a great career — and now you are marrying a beautiful and good girl! Ah, Napier, beloved of the gods!

NAPIER (*staring into her eyes; low*) — Iris, don't forget that those whom the gods love die young!

IRIS (*wincing pitifully*) — Are you taunting me with Boy's death? (*Dropping her arms, looking swiftly about.*) — I thought we might be friends — after ten years! (*She starts to go — Napier stops her — she stands back to audience.*)

NAPIER (*catching her by the arm; feverishly. As soon as he touches her he draws away frightened saying*) — I'm sorry, Iris. God, I'm a beast! But I couldn't help it somehow — I've thought about that so often — that awful evening at Deauville ——

IRIS (*low — the comprehension which her life alone could teach — kindly cynical*) — I know — and I've learnt one thing on my travels, Napier; that there's a nasty little beast lurking in every heart.

NAPIER (*a little away; he dares be persistent*) — But I was right, Iris, when I said that those whom the gods love die young.

Of course I mean that something *in* them dies young ——

IRIS (*turns on him unhappy for him*) — But what are you saying, Napier! Do you mean that something

has died in you—in you with your luck and your looks and your love!

NAPIER (*scowling, low, not looking at her*) — Somehow — Well, it's as though one didn't feel the same about things — not so deeply. (*Iris stares at him for a moment. He is taunting her, for he knows he loves her.*)

IRIS (*up to him, determined to find the truth*) — What is it, Napier?

NAPIER (*scowling, hesitating*) — This love business — it changes — and yet it doesn't change.

IRIS (*not accepting the evasion*) — You've got your Venice — your pretty Venice!

NAPIER (*protesting*) — Oh, of course I love Venice — Heavens, she's a darling! (*Suddenly right to Iris — as though it had for long been a hidden secret*) — But — it isn't the same as when we were very young — that's what I meant when I said something dies — the fire seems to die!

IRIS (*dreaming — sad*) — That first playmate love — that dear playmate love!

NAPIER (*softly*) — Your old word, Iris — you know, I think you must be the only grown-up person left in the world who uses the word "playmate."

IRIS (*trying to recover*) — One might as well say phoenix! — Teach the word "playmate" to your young wife, Napier. Tell her it's a wedding gift from Iris March — Just the word "playmate." I think there are only two really beautiful words in the world: "playmate" and "purity" —

(*Napier passes a hand over his eyes as though to break the spell. But the spell is strong. They speak as in a dream.*)

NAPIER (*a step towards Iris*) — Enchantment —

IRIS (*bitterly*) — I have been enchanted all my life — by a mirage of happiness — (*Turning on him.*) — Napier, what is happiness? Do you know?

NAPIER (*staring at her, he turns the thrust back*) — What's love? Do you know, Iris? (*Always they stare, absorbed into each other.*)

IRIS — Love? Love's a hurricane of pain. That's love.

NAPIER (*intensely*) — Iris, you do something very strange, very — unholy to me.

IRIS (*low*) — Unholy? Unholy! (*Suddenly, violently, bringing her clenched hands to her breast.*) — Shall I scratch my face — and make myself ugly? Shall I, Napier? I've had no fun for my beauty — only hell. And — now you call me unholy! (*She throws herself onto sofa, leaning against the upstage arm.*)

NAPIER (*staring at her*) — When I look at you it is as though this world, this England, the laws and the land of England, fade and pass from me like phantoms. They can't be phantoms, Iris. (*Drops on down stage edge of sofa.*)

IRIS (*desperately*) — They are — cruel, bullying phantoms!

NAPIER (*the words drifting out of a mood, meaningless and meaning everything*) — Yes. And when I look at you, it's as though everything but you was unreal — Iris, who are you? You're Iris, my first playmate, and then you're Iris, a woman with magic eyes and a soft white body that beats at my mind like a whip. Iris, it's as though you came from an undiscovered country, where the stars stream over a sky wider than ours, where the men are strange and strong, where the women wear their souls like masks on their faces, and their souls know not the truth nor lying, not honor nor dishonor — not good nor evil. Iris, in the land you come from, the women are just themselves — towers of delight in the twilight of the world. Iris, you are a dark angel!

IRIS (*dreaming*) — Listen! When I was very young, I was very wise —

NAPIER (*quickly*) — And now, now aren't we very young?

IRIS (*weary — sad. She says mere words — but her body speaks*) — Now we are as old — as old as sand! Listen. When I was very young I knew that to every man and woman in this world, there is appointed an inheritance — if we can but find it, and having found it, if we can but claim it! And I found my appointed inheritance, but I wasn't strong enough to claim it. Napier, I knew our lives to be coiled together, in love and friendship and understanding, I knew it! And beyond you there was nothing I wanted. And I loved you, and you loved me, and we were playmates. Weren't we playmates, Napier? And then one day you stood before me with a white face and you said your father would not let a Harpenden marry a March. That's all my story. And that's all I know of love.

NAPIER (*whispering, fiercely, not daring to believe*) — That's all you know of love? You to say that, whom men have touched! You to say that who have let men touch you!

IRIS (*quietly, calmly*) — Yes.

NAPIER (*violently*) — You have made your name infamous in Europe — and you say "Yes!" When Boy died — like that — we judged you an outlaw. And since then you've proved pretty thoroughly that we were right. (*Contemptuously.*) — Did you enjoy your lovers, Iris?

IRIS (*calmly*) — No. I always felt unfaithful to you.

NAPIER (*sneering*) — And so you always felt unfaithful to me!

IRIS (*dreaming — collecting a thought*) — That was my punishment. You see I'm not really bad — I'm not even bad — I only misbehave.

NAPIER (*suddenly, his hand to his eyes*) — Oh, God, how you torment!

IRIS (*bitterly — wisely, not altogether calm*) — This is a world of a thousand delights. I have known them all but one, the one worth knowing, the delight of being

allowed to love. This is a world of a thousand punishments! I have known them all.

NAPIER (*harshly*) — And whose fault was that but yours?

IRIS — Whose fault but mine that I have given myself to men as I wished in desire, in disdain, in disgust.

NAPIER (*his head in his hands*) — For pity's sake!

IRIS (*continuing*) — But I've never said "I love you" to any man but you. I married Boy because he loved me and because I wanted love, because my body, this body, was hungry for love and born to love and must love. And I thought I would destroy my body with love's delight. (*For the first time she herself seems to realize the truth.*) But this moment is proving to me that I haven't quite done that yet.

NAPIER (*raising his head and looking at her, a plea*) — Iris, is there no difference between right and wrong? Tell me. You must tell me! For when I look at you I seem to think there is no difference. (*Slowly Iris nods, thoughtfully, and she smiles a small smile.*)

IRIS — There is. Who should know that better than I? (*A pause. They stare into each other. Then Iris awakes. She jumps up in terror, backing away.*) I must go. Why did I come! Why did you make me take my hat off! (*Napier rises.*) (*Her eyes again catch Napier's intent look and she cries sharply, her hand on her breast, desperate.*) But this is hell! (*And Napier takes her and kisses her. Then it is as though she pushes him away and falls backwards, sideways, to catch against the sideboard, to rest against the sideboard, the palm of one hand pressed against the edge, the other to her breast, tightly; and she shivers, with closed eyes.*)

IRIS (*whispering*) — It hurts!

NAPIER (*follows her feverish, tormented, reckless*) — I've thought of you, thought of you, thought of you. Then I thought I'd forgotten you but you were always

there, white and soft and remote — you were always there, in my blood, and in lonely moments I've heard your voice, whispering — whispering dreams of better things. (*Iris is still, like a dark flower in a room, her eyes closed, her hand tight pressed to one breast.*)

IRIS (*whispering, crying*) — I am weak, weak!

NAPIER (*feverishly*) — What is it, Iris? What do you want?

IRIS — What do I *want*! You, darling! (*She takes his head in her hands, drawing him to her. As they kiss she reaches for light switch, and presses it.*)

The lights go out and in the blackness the curtain falls. When it rises again a moment later the room is in a half light — a clock is striking. It is two o'clock.

There is the sound of someone entering the door. It is Hilary letting himself in. He calls Napier's name in muffled tones, switches on the lights and sinks, a little wearily into a chair. Napier comes from the adjoining room, quietly, a little stealthily. He is about to pick up Iris' green hat from the sofa when he sees Hilary.

Evasively he tries to cover his confusion. Iris has gone, he assures Hilary, "knowing it is a useless lie, but forced to say something."

Townshend thinks it strange that she should have left her car behind. The battery was run down, Napier explains. But Hilary is of no mood to be made a fool of.

Gerald is dead, he reports. He had helped the charwoman take care of the body and notify the authorities. And now, what of them? "Other things have died tonight, too, Napier," he says, bitterly.

"I don't understand. What?"

"Honor. That's all."

He will not be put off. "You don't think, do you, that I *want* to stay another minute in this vile atmosphere of treachery? I have something to do here, Napier. I have

known you, Iris and Gerald all your lives. Gerald is gone. Iris is what she is. But I think you are still worth saving."

Then Iris comes from the inner room, and faces them. "She does not flinch. She speaks in a tired, low voice, mocking as though at herself, God, everything."

She has heard Hilary accuse them of robbing Venice of her inheritance. "And I, Hilary — am I without an inheritance? Please, Hilary, mayn't I have the tiniest bit of inheritance — a moment's worth, a second's worth? Would Venice, who is so rich, miss such a little bit?"

She calms Napier when he would defend her against Hilary's taunting reminder of what she is and has been. She is a little stunned by Gerald's death, and yet wonders if Gerald has not finally broken the March curse — perhaps he has been let off a lot by dying.

As for herself, she is quite free now. "I've done the one thing I've always wanted to do, and I'm free, Hilary. Do you know what freedom means to a woman? It means that no one in particular wants her very much."

TOWNSHEND (*still a man*) — I understood from the common gossip of the day that you had your lovers. (*Napier jumping up in, what is for him, a rage.*)

NAPIER (*furiously*) — Shut up! (*Crosses left to Iris.*) I am your lover, Iris.

IRIS (*softly, giving him her hand*) — I am glad of what we have done, Napier, glad!

NAPIER (*suddenly desperate*) — You mustn't go, you can't go!

TOWNSHEND (*turning on them sharply*) — Have you no shame, Iris! And you, Napier —

NAPIER (*turning to him, savagely*) — Hilary, for pity's sake be quiet! (*He drops into armchair.*)

IRIS (*drops on to her knees on floor beside him.*) (*Smiling, broken voiced, very wise.*) — Sweet, of course I must go! Think, Napier! Close your eyes and think,

for you won't be able to think with them open, for my eyes love you so. Are you thinking now? What use am I to you, what use are you to me, with the burden of your broken promise and your Venice's broken heart always on my mind? What use, dear, what use? Shall I whisper enchantments in your ear, shall I whisper to you of magic joys, of love's surrender and love's delight — and drag you after me like a phantom under a spell? Oh, I don't want you like that, I won't have you like that! Dear Napier, you aren't the sort of man who can break promises and live happily ever after. Your eyes are like dark ruins, and about the ruins I can see Venice walking.

Shall we run away together so that I can always see sad Venice walking about in the ruins of your eyes? It's too late for me now, sweet, too late! (*Sudden outburst of bitterness.*)

IRIS — Oh, why didn't you love me enough when we were children?

NAPIER (*desperately — clutching her hand*) — There must be some way out of this — there must be! I can't bear you to sacrifice yourself again. I love you!

TOWNSHEND (*coming down to them, at first persuasive*) — Napier, you are bound to Venice by the strongest bond that can hold a decent man — her love for you. As I look at you now, I see standing beside you Venice and Venice's children!

IRIS (*stiffens, rises in agony*) — Dear Jesus!

TOWNSHEND (*bitterly, angrily*) — Iris, when I look at you, I see the squalid glitter of Deauville and the Riviera. You are not of our life — Iris. I don't think you want to be. At any rate, you have forfeited your place. You must leave Napier and Venice to make their peace with each other, to make their good life together — the life they and I understand, Iris. You must leave Napier in peace to be worthy of Venice's children! (*Iris looks at Napier, then draws her hand away desperately and*

moves to table, grabbing her coat, she strikes out, slamming door.) (As Iris reaches door the curtain falls.)

ACT III

Nine months later, in a convent-nursing home on one of the outer boulevards of Paris, the attendants are putting things straight for the night. It is a quiet, gray place, "austere and cold, but not ill-lit." Through stone arches the doors letting into sick rooms along a corridor are seen, and through the center one of these nuns pass from time to time, quietly. One carries in a huge bouquet of red roses, and emerges a moment later with a chart on which she is finishing her report.

Dr. Conrad Masters bustles in, plainly irritated, the same "restless, testy, abrupt" Masters that he was in Deauville the night he attended Iris Fenwick ten years before.

In the inner room Iris March lies desperately ill, yet the chart convinces Masters that all she needs is sleep, a little normal sleep. And she won't sleep, Sister Virginia reports. She is waiting for someone—waiting and hugging the roses. "I've never seen anyone look at roses with such hungry eyes," she says.

Masters' orders are that Iris shall see no one. From downstairs Hilary Townshend sends an eager plea to be admitted. But Masters is reluctant to let him come up.

And when he does let him come he refuses to permit him to go farther than the entrance hall.

Townshend is anxious and curious. What is the nature of Iris' illness? Is it true she has had an operation? Hasn't he some rights as an old friend? "I've known her since she was a child," he reasons.

But Masters is unmoved. "Your knowing her since she was a child simply means that you know her well enough to disprove of her, but not well enough to understand her," he counters.

Hilary is persistent, and finally Masters tells him. After all, Iris had scribbled instructions on a paper that if Hilary should call they were to be "nice" to him.

Iris is ill of septic poisoning, following the birth of a child, Masters testily admits. She wanted the child above everything, even when Masters warned her that her constitution would not stand it. It was the only thing she did want. And now she has been very ill for ten days. And the child is dead.

"We beat the septic poisoning in spite of her," Masters reports. "But can we make her want to live! Nothing left to live for, see? She wanted that child. Child dead — why live? Can't have either the child or her young man —"

"Young man?"

"Oh, you remember — feverish-looking boy at Deauville. Napier — Napier Harpenden. . . . Good Lord, women! What's the difference between one man and another? Silly asses! But it's him she wants — all the time — 'Napier, Napier!' — Keeps on at it. I wired him to come over yesterday."

"You wired him! But he's married! Been married nearly a year!"

"Well, I can't help *his* troubles. My duty is to my patient. And she's got to be given something to live for." . . .

When Napier arrives Venice is with him. He is terribly nervous and rushes to Masters for news of Iris, and Masters leads him away to explain the cause of the telegram.

Venice is anxious, too, and bewildered. What is it all about?

Why, she demands of Townshend, is Napier so worried about Mrs. Fenwick? They are very old friends, she knows that. But why has he sat all day, so white and worried? Why has he made her come with him? Is Napier in love with Mrs. Fenwick?

TOWNSHEND (*a little sarcastic*) — Naps is in love with you, my dear.

VENICE (*impatiently*) — Oh, I know that! But can a man be in love with two women at the same time quite differently. I'm not an idiot.

TOWNSHEND — No, dear, you're certainly not an idiot.

VENICE (*dangerously*) — But you're treating me like one, Hilary! (*Bitterly.*) — As far as I can see every man treats a woman like an idiot until she's had at least four children or seven lovers. A woman with just a husband is looked on as a joke. (*Suddenly saying with all her heart*) — Oh, how I hate the very idea of Iris Fenwick! (*She turns away; almost ready for tears.*)

TOWNSHEND (*rebuking her*) — Venice, that's not like you. She is lying in that room ill almost to death.

VENICE (*turning back recklessly*) — I don't care, I don't care! It's the truth — I hate that kind of woman! (*More calmly; she has a reason.*) What chance have I with a man against an Iris Fenwick? She *knows* — Oh, everything! She knows how to make love, how to let men make love to her — how to make a man feel like a god! Married life has taught me one thing, Hilary — men love feeling like gods when they're in pajamas! But girls like me can't do *that* — we don't know how — we're not brought up to know how — we don't know how to hold a man against the competition of women like Iris Fenwick — (*A pregnant pause.*) Unless we have children!

TOWNSHEND (*gently but severely*) — Venice, you are being very, very silly.

VENICE (*looking at him — calmly*) — I am being sensible for the first time in my life. I am seeing things as they are. And what I see is that the Iris Fenwick type of woman can hold a man *without* having children — she's got some beastly magic! (*Sister Virginia enters left and goes into Iris' room.*) But I *must* have children

or there's no excuse for me in a man's life — for I've got no beastly magic! Oh, I wish I had! (*Enter Napier and Masters left, down through center arch.*) What an attractive bad woman I could make if only I knew how! (*Helplessly, turning away.*) Oh, damn!

TOWNSHEND (*laying his hand on her shoulder*) — You're just tired, my dear. That's what it is.

VENICE (*turning, trying to get control of herself*) — Well, what is the matter with Mrs. Fenwick? Is it something serious?

DR. MASTERS (*interrupting Townshend*) — Ptomaine poisoning!

Venice turns her questioning to Napier, but there is no satisfactory answer from him, either. His replies are evasive, but his tone is pleading. Her trust in him is all he asks. Let her remember that they are friends as well as husband and wife. Let them be just friends now. "For God's sake, Venice," he pleads, "don't mistrust me. Don't! Don't mistrust me!"

Suddenly she turns and takes him in her arms. "Oh, I don't, you sweet, I don't," she says softly. "But I think beastly things. Sometimes I suppose we all do. I've been thinking beastly things — just now. Ah, Naps, my very dear, will you forgive me?"

"Forgive you!" he answers, almost violently, but whispering the words, huskily. "Venice, I'm not worthy to touch you!"

They are standing very close together as the door of Iris' room opens. Masters and Sister Virginia come out, Masters with word that Iris is sleeping now. If Napier could come again in the morning —

But before he can finish Iris herself is standing in the doorway, a little cry on her lips. Now she is out of her room standing, wild and delirious, in the archway. They have taken her roses and she wants them. She sees the flowers on the table and sweeps them into her

arms before the nurse can reach her. And then, with the flowers crushed to her breast she sees Napier. Now she is laughing — and sobbing. Weakly she staggers toward Napier and clasps him wildly.

NAPIER (*low, trembling*) — Iris, you must get back to bed — at once — please!

TOWNSHEND — Iris! — For God's sake, Masters! (*Masters gives him a sign to let her be.*)

IRIS (*sobbing and laughing*) — Napier! Ah it's like a gift from God you're here! How did you know I was ill? (*Napier is trying to soothe her. His back is to Venice.*) Did you dream it? Oh, I've had such dreams — and your face above me in the clouds all the time — looking at me, as though it were a crime to love you! Ah my dear one, don't leave me — I've been so ill, and I want you so! (*Now she is kissing him, sobbing, laughing, raving wildly. Sister Virginia leans down and picks up roses.*) Conrad, tell him he mustn't go! Tell him I'll die if he goes. Tell him — (*She sees Venice for the first time — Venice staring at her with curiously calm eyes. And Iris asks, quietly almost normally.*) Who is she? Who is this girl? What's she staring at me for?

TOWNSHEND (*approaching and touching her*) — Iris, you must try and —

MASTERS — Now, Iris, I am going to carry you —

NAPIER (*low, feverishly*) — Iris, you *must* be good now!

SISTER VIRGINIA — Vient, mon enfant! (*But Iris has never taken her eyes from Venice, staring at Venice as though transfixed. Iris staring at her, pushes them away.*)

IRIS — No!

VENICE (*softly, smiling comes up to Iris*) — You must go back to bed now. Quick, quick, quick!

IRIS (*throwing her head back as though to look at Venice better*) — I know who you are — You're Napi-

er's pretty wife — you're pretty Venice. I saw a photograph of you once — and I said: "She has such clean eyes. They frighten me." But they don't frighten me any more. I'm too ill to be frightened of anything now. Listen, Venice — I was talking nonsense a minute ago when I told Napier he must stay with me. I didn't mean a word of it, not a word. I'm only very ill — and when people are ill they say things they don't mean. I'm not the least bit in love with Napier really — we're only old, old friends —

VENICE (*quietly — smiling*) — Yes — playmates.

IRIS (*eagerly*) — That's it — playmates — but it's you Napier's in love with, he's in love with your clean brave eyes. (*Staring at her.*) What's there to stop my kissing you if I want to very much?

VENICE (*laughing like a boy*) — You darling! (*And she kisses Iris.*) Come along now. Bed for you. (*She starts to lead Iris back center to center arch.*)

IRIS (*stopping and turning to Napier*) — Goodbye, Napier — (*She moves a step; then to Venice.*) It's all right, Venice. Don't you go worrying your head about Napier being in love with me — because he isn't. (*Earnestly, secretly.*) But don't let him come to see me again. Not ever again! (*She stops, turning again to Napier.*) Goodbye — Napier. (*She is smiling — but the smile dies in a sad, weak expression. She makes weak, aimless gestures.*) Where are my roses?

TOWNSHEND — Here they are. (*He hands them to her.*)

IRIS (*taking roses and holding them like a child in her arms*) — He must be worthy of Venice's children, mustn't he?

VENICE (*sharply, almost a cry*) — I haven't any children.

IRIS (*turns to Venice — very old, very kind, very wise*) — You baby! At your age! But you'll have lots and lots of them later. (*Sobbing suddenly.*) Not

like me — Not like me. (*And breaking down, she is taken back into her room by Venice and Sister Virginia — Masters following them in.*) (*A considerable pause. Napier turns, burying his face in his hands.*)

TOWNSHEND (*suddenly crossing right to Napier*) — What the devil did you bring Venice here for?

NAPIER (*turning on him almost fiercely*) — Because it was the only decent thing to do. I will not do things behind people's backs. I will not live a life of dirty lies.

TOWNSHEND (*angrily*) — You're too noble, boy — at the wrong moment.

They're gone now, all of them. And Masters is satisfied. "Saved her life, this flareup," he announces, professionally. "Nothing like a flareup. Keeps my wife in good health, I can tell you."

The life of the convent-nursing home resumes its normal course. The night watchman is in to snuff the candles. A little French doctor, having completed his rounds, recovers his bag and goes on his way. Save for the little light burning at the side of the door to Iris' room the corridor is in darkness.

The curtain falls.

ACT IV

Four months later, in the library of Sutton-Marle, the Harpenden country house, Sir Maurice Harpenden, Hilary Townshend, and Guy De Travest, a neighbor, are awaiting the coming of Iris March. Sir Maurice has sent for her, following reports he has heard that she and Napier have decided to go away together. He has seen Napier who has confirmed the rumor, and it is Sir Maurice's conviction that Iris is responsible for the decision. She has enchanted, bewitched his son.

"All that he would say," Sir Maurice reports, "was

that Iris had come for him and that they had decided to go away together tomorrow morning to South America. Just that! His career gone, his name gone, everything. And you say that isn't enchantment?"

Venice, it appears, has consented to this arrangement. She has no desire to hold Napier against his will. Now there is only one way to save Napier, and that is through an appeal to Iris. Sir Maurice believes that if she can be brought face to face with exact conditions, if she can be made to see what it will mean to Naps. to realize the devastating force of the criticism of their people, her people, the people she grew up with and whose standards of conduct were her standards in the past, she will feel differently about it. "Iris is out to destroy our sort of life," he says. "Are we going to let her?"

Down the road the approach of a car is noted. It is the yellow Hispano-Suiza. A moment later Iris enters, unannounced. In the doorway she pauses, surveying her would-be inquisitors before they see her.

"Messieurs, a lady has called about her morals!" she announces, gaily.

"Optimist, Iris," De Travest answers. "We've just been discussing the fact that you haven't any."

There is a measured formality in the greetings, though it does not relieve the situation of its tenseness. It was good of Iris to come, Sir Maurice admits, but he knew she would. She has always been a "gallant gentleman."

"And is that why I have always been at such a disadvantage with you, Sir Maurice?" she queries, banteringly. Quietly, methodically, defiantly, she demands their reasons for sending for her.

They, her old friends, have sent for her, Sir Maurice explains, that as civilized people, they may talk things over in a civilized manner. And to ask her not to ruin Napier's life. Not only ruin his career, but his life, his happiness.

She resents the implication, resents even more the suggestion that she will soon tire of Napier, as she has tired of other men. If that were true wouldn't she have tired of him before this? Let them remember that she has loved Napier ever since they were babies.

It is true, she admits, that she had sent Napier away and that she had promised Venice never to see him again. It is true that she had not kept that promise. Why? Because she wanted some happiness. Because she grew tired of not being happy.

Defiantly, boldly, she admits the truth of her illness in Paris. If they are to judge her, let them have all the evidence. She was ill of septic poisoning following the birth of a child, and Napier was the father of that child.

"You liar," shouts Sir Maurice, angrily. "You dare to say that of my son?"

IRIS (*dangerously reasonable*) — But I wasn't saying it as anything against him. I love him for it!

TOWNSHEND (*turning to her—disapproving—angry*) — Need you have gone as far as this, Iris? Sir Maurice is an old man.

IRIS (*she has the whip hand — she is using it*) — Then to be told the truth will be a nice change for him. By the way, Napier knows nothing at all about it. Nothing at all. And Sir Maurice, I shouldn't tell him if I were you — for nothing will bind Napier to me more securely than if he hears that I was dying of a child of his — you do see that, don't you! He must never, never know!

DE TRAVEST (*annoyed at her unreasonable attitude*) — But if you say it would bind him to you —

IRIS (*suddenly bitter*) — But that's just it! I don't want Napier like that — I couldn't bear to have him come to me because he thought he had to!

DE TRAVEST (*desperately*) — But my dear Iris —

SIR MAURICE (*he is now ready to strike back*) - - Never mind, Guy! (*De Travest sits on table right, back to audience; he loathes the whole business.*) Iris, we have known you all your life. I think you had forgotten that. That's why I wanted you to come here tonight. I wanted to show you us. This isn't an ordinary elopement. Napier's and yours —

IRIS (*with a suppressed cry*) — Ordinary? It's miraculous!

SIR MAURICE (*deliberately*) -- It's not an elopement. It's a stab in the back.

IRIS (*viciously*) — Maurice, am I stabbing you in the back by coming here to face you tonight?

SIR MAURICE — Yes! (*Hilary tries to calm him. Sir Maurice waves him away. He sits on sofa watching the old man closely. Sir Maurice speaks in deliberate staccato.*) You were always a strange, unfrightened girl, but the stab in the back is made. You're stabbing us, your people, in the back. Venice's people aren't in this as we are. But you are of us. I think you have forgotten that on your travels. I'm not trying to beg Napier from you. I'm not talking of him as my son, my only son. I've taken great pride in his career. I haven't married again for his sake — but let all that go! I'm talking of Napier now as one of us here, the us you were born into, the us from which you have outlawed yourself. Everyone of us in this room, and Napier, were born within fifty miles of here. We are of this soil, of this air, of this England which is still our England. And you've decided that you'll break into our lives and break up our lives? For this is not only the end of Napier's career — it's to all purposes the end of my life.

IRIS (*she is brittle — little things snap inside her. Something snapped with his words*) — Maurice, you said you weren't going to beg him from me!

SIR MAURICE (*the magnificent exponent of caste*) —

Damn it, girl. This is evil. There aren't any words to describe what we think of a woman who comes between a man and his wife. This isn't just your business and Napier's. This strikes at the roots of our life. You and we just don't seem to think in the same language. We think in English.

IRIS (*bitterly — regretfully. It is just a breath*) — I think in English, too — unfortunately for me.

SIR MAURICE (*angrily*) — Oh come, Iris!

IRIS (*this almost to herself. She is trying to see what she really does mean. She is a little afraid*) — Yes. You said a moment ago that I seemed to have come by an entirely different set of ideas from yours. I haven't. I wish I had. One can't get rid of traditions and prejudices as easily as one can of friends. One can be outlawed by decent people and yet still go on having the same ideas as decent people. It's just because I've led such a different life from yours for the past twelve years without coming by a different set of ideas that I've had twelve years' unhappiness. (*A pause.*)

SIR MAURICE (*suddenly not quite a gentleman*) — You have done exactly as you pleased all these years. If you've been unhappy, can you blame anyone but yourself?

IRIS (*she has found herself again; she again holds the whip*) — Yes, I can put the blame on just three words, Sir Maurice Harpenden. (*A pause.*)

SIR MAURICE (*turning her reply with his contempt*) — That boy and girl love!

IRIS (*dreaming*) — You mustn't despise that boy and girl love. I know it isn't supposed to last. But Napier's and mine has —

SIR MAURICE (*to De Travest; again he has no resort but vulgarity*) — Who can think of love in connection with Iris Fenwick!

IRIS (*this throws the game into her hands. Suddenly her emotion begins to control her*) — Look into my eyes,

Maurice! Look into my eyes! You daren't say that my love for Napier isn't the only thing in this room made in the image of God. You talk to me of our England, of us. (*Suddenly things begin to snap inside her — things that have been twisted for a very long time. She slaps the cards down, advancing towards Sir Maurice. Her hatred is greater than anything at the moment.*) — I despise our England! I despise us! We are shams, with patrician faces and peasant minds. You want to bully me with our traditions. May God forgive you the sins committed in their name and me for ever having believed in them!

TOWNSHEND (*uncomfortably*) — Steady, Iris.

IRIS (*with fire*) — Yes! You want Napier to be a success. I want him to be a failure. The kind of success you respect is like a murky sponge wiping out the lines of a man's character.

She faces them calmly, awaiting the next attack. Sir Maurice, desperate and reckless now, denies her charges against him. How dare she put the blame of her unhappiness on him. All he did was to part a girl and a boy. Was it he who murdered Boy Fenwick?

Now the others come to her defense. That is carrying matters too far. Sir Maurice owes Iris an apology, which he weakly admits. He was carried away, he says. The charge of murder was too strong.

But he has not given up. As Iris, hurt and weary turns away, he faces her again. She says she loves Napier. Others may believe her. He doesn't. He can only see the ruin she has made of Nap's life. Can "love" be held responsible for that? What of the other men she has loved? Two years after her parting with Napier she married Boy Fenwick. And there must have been others before him. Had she not herself confessed that Fenwick died for "purity?"

Before she can answer Napier appears in the doorway.

He hears his father's question and advances toward him wildly, and in rage.

"For vice, sir!" he half shouts, slamming his hat down upon the table. "That was why Boy Fenwick died!"

Startled, they turn to Napier and try to check him, Iris more eagerly than the rest. But he will not be checked. He has come to protect Iris from these *men*, even though he had promised her not to interfere. And Venice has come with him. She is out in the car now. Venice understands.

IRIS (*pleading*) — Napier, come! You've no idea what you are saying.

NAPIER (*determined*) — Yes, I have, Iris. But it can't — it can't go on forever, this slandering of you.

IRIS (*She sees the end. It will be ignominious to justify herself before Sir Maurice — her hatred is too strong*) — But, Napier, you promised.

NAPIER (*wildly*) — I don't care, Iris, I'm awfully tired of all these pretences.

SIR MAURICE (*turning away in disgust and heart-broken. He has lost. He had nearly won*) — I've already apologized to Iris for bringing Boy's death against her.

NAPIER — And the first thing I hear as I come into this room is the man I call my father chucking that stone at her.

IRIS (*wildly*) — But, Napier, don't you see it's me you're hurting! You're hurting me, my dear!

NAPIER (*digging at his father*) — Hilary, I know it wasn't your idea or Guy's, to get Iris down here and sling that mud at her.

TOWNSHEND and DE TRAVEST — But, my dear boy, no one's been slinging any mud!

SIR MAURICE (*turning on Napier — terrific. The father who has lost his son*) — It was mine! I have

gambled — for your future! — and I have lost. I'm not sorry I have tried. I'm sorry I have lost. You may be as angry with me as you like — but go!

IRIS — Come, Napier, come! (*A breath. She has no voice.*)

NAPIER (*suddenly he has found courage*) — I will not go! You've always gambled for my future, sir. Years ago you sacrificed my love for Iris for what you thought ought to be my future, my career, my name — and all I can say is, God damn future — career, and name, if they can't bring a man enough to respect himself.

TOWNSHEND — Napier!

NAPIER — I think you ought to apologize to Iris. (*A long pause.*)

SIR MAURICE (*his hatred for Iris overshadows his feeling for his son. For a moment his emotion is too great to allow speech*) — Get out!

NAPIER (*he has courage now — but it is not the courage Iris wants — like her decency*) — I'm damned if I get out before settling this Boy Fenwick business once and for all.

IRIS (*she sees the end*) — Napier, you mustn't — you don't know what you are doing.

NAPIER (*there is no stopping him*) — Iris spread that lie about Fenwick dying for purity, because she didn't care what happened to her, and she wanted Gerald to keep his tin-god hero. It was about all that stood between him and suicide, anyway. Oh yes, Boy died for purity all right. He was mad with love for Iris and when she surprised him by saying she would marry him, instead of the cad admitting he couldn't, he took her while he had the chance, hoping to put it right on the honeymoon by asking her to wait till he was better. (*Iris sinks into chair center back of table.*) Boy had picked up some beastly woman before Iris suddenly accepted him and caught about the foulest disease a man can have.

SIR MAURICE — What!

DE TRAVEST — TOWNSHEND — My God!

NAPIER (*he backs away. He is more quiet, but not less bitter*) — Yes! Then, on the first night of their honeymoon, he had to tell her. I suppose he thought she loved him enough to stand the shock — but when he saw the disgust and horror on her face — well, he was always an unbalanced devil, and he just chucked himself out. That's your Boy Fenwick! That's Iris! (*Turns.*) Come, we'll go now. (*He picks up hat and goes to window left back. He is tired, stands wearily waiting for her.*) (*A long pause.*)

IRIS (*she has been humiliated. Her pride is greater than her love. She is saying her own requiem*) — Yes, let's go. You've taken from me the only gracious thing I've ever done in my life. (*She tears card and tosses the pieces on the table.*) Yes, it's time to go.

They are gone. There is an uncomfortable silence. The men move about uncomfortably. Then a door opens and Venice stands before them, white of face, "terribly restrained." They go to her and help her into a chair. Now she is weeping hysterically, her control of her nerves gone. She has seen Napier and Iris getting into Iris' car. "God, I hope I've done right in letting him go," she sobs. "She loves him so much."

They are quieting her when suddenly Napier "lunges into the room, white, gaunt, desperate." They try to stop him, but he puts them aside.

NAPIER (*accusing, wild, cruel*) — I thought you were my friend, Venice. I was wrong.

TOWNSHEND (*suddenly afraid*) — Where's Iris?

NAPIER (*absently*) — She's gone. (*Then again accusing*) — Iris sent me back!

VENICE (*desperately*) — Why?

NAPIER — God knows I have no opinion of myself but I am not quite such a blackguard as to leave you

when — (*De Travest seeing Townshend exit, goes up into window left back.*)

VENICE (*wildly, fearfully*) — Naps, I don't know what you are talking about. Why are you looking at me like that?

NAPIER — My God, Venice, what do you think I am! Do you think I could leave you when you are going to have a child. You told Iris about it this morning and made her swear not to tell me — but at the last moment, she broke down and —

VENICE (*desperately — sadly*) — But it's a *lie!* She just made it up — I'm not having a child. It's a lie. Don't you see what she's done, Naps? Don't you see, my poor sweet? She's just sent you back to me because she suddenly realized that you weren't worthy of the kind of love she had to give. You cared whether we respected her or not. You couldn't give her enough, my poor sweet Naps.

DE TRAVEST (*he is watching a suicide and cannot move to help*) — Iris, good God! (*Napier, Venice and Sir Maurice rush to window left back.*)

SIR MAURICE — What is it? (*Napier sees. The truth and horror sweep over him. He cannot even stand. He sinks into chair center.*)

DE TRAVEST (*horrified*) — She's driving her car right at it — the tree, Harrods — the headlights are on it now.

VENICE (*a scream*) — Iris, please!

ALL — My God! (*De Travest rushes off left. Sir Maurice turns away weakly. Venice leans against arch.*)

VENICE (*dead-expressionless*) — Dear God! Straight against that huge tree!

NAPIER (*desperate—weak—agonized*) — It must have been an accident —

VENICE (*it is a sharp, cutting reply*) — Don't be a coward, Naps. (*Then with more weariness but still a cold rebuke to Napier.*) It wasn't an accident. The

only accident that ever happened to Iris was to be born⁷⁵ into this world. (*Napier suddenly realizes the truth — what it means. He lets out a weak, agonized cry, and staggers to his feet. Suddenly Venice too realizes the agony for him — and she loves him. She rushes forward and takes him in her arms, tears in her voice.*) Oh no, Napier, no! Naps, I must come with you now. We must be together now. Or else we may hate each other. And, oh dearest, we *mustn't* hate each other.

The curtain falls.

THE DYBBUK

A Play in Four Acts

BY S. ANSKY

(Translated from the original by Henry G. Alsberg
and Winifred Katzin)

JUST before the Christmas holidays there was produced at the Neighborhood Playhouse, one of the smaller, semi-subsidized theatres far over on the east side of New York, a classical folkplay from the Yiddish Theatre called "The Dybbuk."

In its original Yiddish form it had previously been done by the Jewish Art Theatre, but this was its first rendering through the medium of an English translation. With an almost startling suddenness the mood of exalted worship for a masterpiece was transferred to the racially mixed audiences, and for many months "The Dybbuk" was accepted as one of the outstanding dramatic successes of the season. Only the pre-determined policy of the Neighborhood players not to permit any one play, however great its success, to dominate a season interfered with the run of the Ansky drama. Otherwise it could easily have continued indefinitely.

The charm of "The Dybbuk" to those of us unfamiliar with the rites and customs, the religious history and traditions of the Jewish people lies, I suspect, largely in its creation of a mood, in the skill with which its atmospheric content is projected and, in the case of the Neighborhood production, in its perfect staging. There is, however, a very definite dramatic appeal in its action and a basic spiritual appeal in its story that must, I believe, reach any audience.

"Like all works which fly straight for the sublime," writes Gilbert Gabriel in his introduction to the play's printed version, "it is imperilled by numberless invitations into the ridiculous. To have preserved its poetry, its vigor, its village simplicity, its authentic quaintness as well as its deep, pervading mysticism — that was a sum of many deft and loving labors."

And in "A Note on Chassidism," which is "the spiritual sphere in which 'The Dybbuk' lives and has its being," in the same volume Chaim Zhitlowsky explains that "It was Ansky's purpose to draw us a picture of life in a Chassidic community, a life hovering on the boundary between two worlds, the world of reality and the faith-created world of supernatural forces." A Dybbuk, in Jewish religious folklore, is a disembodied spirit.

The scene of the first act is the synagogue at Brainitz, "a wooden synagogue of venerable age, its time-blackened walls streaked as if with the tears of centuries."

"In the center of the wall on the right is the altar, with the Ark containing the holy scrolls. To the right of this, the cantor's desk, upon which burns a thick memorial candle of wax. On either side of the altar, a window. A bench runs the entire length of the wall, and in front of it are several small book-rests. In the wall on the left is a large tile stove, with a bench beside it. In front of the bench, on a long table, are piled tomes."

Chennoch, a student, is studying at a desk near the cantors, and there are five or six other students similarly employed at a long table. Their voices rise in a low, dreamy chant as they study the Talmud. Near them three batlonim, or professional prayermen, are chanting. "Their attitude and the expression of their faces betoken a state of pious ecstasy."

On a bench near the stove one known as the Messenger is lying at full length, with his knapsack for a pillow. And nearby stands Channon, another student, ab-

sorbed in his meditations. "It is evening. A mystic mood lies upon the synagogue. Shadows lurk in the corners."

The prayermen engage in controversy regarding the virtues and greatness of various rabbis, each contending for the honor of an admired wonder-worker, and none willing to be outdone. Only the Messenger interrupts them to challenge quietly an assertion or to set straight an argument. The student Channon listens intently to all that they say.

FIRST BATLON — There's a wonder-worker in the village I come from. He's a terrific fellow, but he *can* work miracles. For instance, he can start a fire with one spell and put it out with another. He can see what's going on a hundred miles away. He can bring wine out of the wall by tapping it with his finger. And a great many other things besides. He told me himself that he knows spells that can create monsters and resurrect the dead. He can make himself invisible, too, and evoke evil spirits — even Satan himself. (*He spits.*) I have his own word for it.

CHANNON (*who has never moved from his place, but has listened attentively to all this discussion, now steps up to the table and gazes first into the face of the Messenger, then at the First Batlon. In a dreamy, remote voice*) — Where is he? (*The Messenger returns Channon's gaze with equal intensity, and thereafter never takes his eyes off him.*)

FIRST BATLON (*astonished*) — Who?

CHANNON — The wonder-worker.

FIRST BATLON — Where could he be but in my own village? That is, if he's still alive.

CHANNON — Is it far?

FIRST BATLON — The village? Oh, very far. A long, long way down into the marshlands of Polesia.

CHANNON — How far?



Photo by Frances Bruguiere, N. Y.

"THE DYBBUK"

The beggars are gathered in Sender's courtyard for the wedding feast. "One must carry the good will of the poor. There's no telling whom a beggar's coat may be hiding" . . . even the Prophet Elijah himself."

FIRST BATLON—A good month, if not more. (*Pause.*) What makes you ask? Do you want to see him? (*Channon does not answer.*) Krasny's the name of the village. And the miracle-worker's name is Rabbi Elchannon.

CHANNON (*in astonishment—as if to himself*)—Elchannon? . . . Elchannon!—that means the God of Channon.

FIRST BATLON (*to the other batlonim*)—And he's a *real* one, I promise you. Why, one day in broad daylight he showed, by means of a spell, that . . .

SECOND BATLON (*interrupting*)—That'll do about such things. They aren't for this time of night, especially in a holy place. You may not mean it, but it might just happen that you'll pronounce some spell or make some sign yourself (God forbid), and then there'll be a disaster. Accidents like that (God forbid) have been known to happen before. (*Channon goes slowly out, the others following him with their eyes. There is a pause.*)

MESSANGER—Who is that youth?

FIRST BATLON—Just a young student in the Yeshiva (a higher religious school).

SECOND BATLON—A vessel beyond price—an Elui.

THIRD BATLON—A brain of steel. He has five hundred pages of the Talmud by heart, at his fingertips.

MESSANGER—Where is he from?

MEYER—Somewhere in Lithuania—in the Yeshiva here, he was famous as their finest scholar. He was granted the degree of Rabbi, and then, all of a sudden, he vanished. No more was heard of him for a whole year, and it was said that he was doing the great penance of the Golos. When he returned—which was not long ago—he had changed entirely, and he has since been going about absorbed in deep meditation, from which nothing ever arouses him. He fasts from Sabbath to Sabbath and performs the holy ablutions con-

tinually. (*Whispering.*) There is a rumor that he is studying the Kabala.

There is much mystery concerning the student Chanon and the prayermen would continue its fathoming in their discussions, but the hour is late and they are wearied. They are hungry, too, but there seems little likelihood of their being fed. Still, as Meyer, the beadle of the synagogue, promises, there is hope for them in the fact that one Sender, a rich merchant, has gone to fetch a bridegroom for his daughter, and once he gets the contract signed there will be feasting and cheer.

The prayermen, however, are less optimistic. They know Sender. Three times has he gone for a bridegroom and returned with none. "Either it's the young man he doesn't like," says one, "or else the family that is not aristocratic enough, or it's the dowry. It's wicked to be as fastidious as all that."

"In the old days," says another, "when a man of wealth and fine family wanted a husband for his daughter, he didn't look for money or blue blood, but only for nobility of character. He went to the big Yeshiva and gave the head a handsome gift to pick out for him the flower of the school for a son-in-law. Sender could have done this, too."

Their speculations are interrupted by an elderly Jewess come with two children to pray for the recovery of her daughter, the children's mother, who lies desperately ill. In her extremity she listens to the suggestion of Meyer that she engage the prayermen and others among the students to say the psalms for her, and they are engaged at a kopec apiece to intercede in the sick woman's behalf. The Messenger grows philosophical.

MESSENGER (*to Third Batlon*) — This morning a woman came to the Ark for her daughter, who had been

in the throes of labor for two days and had not yet given birth. And here comes another for hers, who has been wrestling for two days with death.

THIRD BATLON — Well, what of it?

MESSINGER (*deep in thought*) — When the soul of a human being not yet dead is about to enter a body not yet born, a struggle takes place. If the sick one dies, the child is born — if the sick one recovers, a child is born dead.

FIRST BATLON (*surprised*) — Ei, ei, ei! The blindness of people! Things happen all round them, but they have no eyes to see them with.

MEYER (*at the table*) — See, here's a treat from above! Let's get the psalms over, then we'll have a drop of something. And the Lord will have mercy on the sick woman and send her a quick recovery.

FIRST BATLON (*to the scholars sitting around the big table, half asleep*) — Who wants to say psalms, boys? There's a bit of oat bread for everyone that does. (*The scholars get up.*) Let's go in there. (*The three Batlonim, Meyer and the scholars, except Chennoch, pass into the adjoining prayer-room, whence the chanting of "Blessed be the man" presently emerges. The Messenger remains throughout beside the small table, immovable. His eyes never leave the Ark. There is a long pause. Then Channon comes in.*)

CHANNON (*very weary, walks aimlessly across to the Ark, sunk in meditation. He seems surprised to find it open*) — Open? Who can have opened it? For whom has it opened in the middle of the night? (*He looks in.*) The scrolls of the Law . . . there they stand like comrades, shoulder to shoulder, so calm . . . so silent. All secrets and symbols hidden in them. And all miracles — from the six days of creation, unto the end of all the generations of men. Yet how hard it is to wrest one secret or one symbol from them — how hard! (*He counts the scrolls.*) One, two, three, four, five, six,

seven, eight, nine. That makes the word Truth, according to the Minor system. In each scroll there are four Trees of Life. There again it comes — thirty-six. Not an hour passes but this number faces me in one manner or another. I do not know the meaning of it, but I have the intuition that within it lies the whole essence of the matter. . . . Thirty-six is Leah. Three times thirty-six is Channon. . . . Le-ah — that makes Le-ha, which means not God . . . not through God. . . . (*he shudders.*) A terrible thought . . . and yet it draws me nearer . . . and nearer. . . .

CHENNOCH (*looks up from his book, attentively at Channon*) — Channon! You go about dreaming all the time.

CHANNON (*moves away from the Ark, and slowly approaches Chennoch, standing before him, lost in thought*) — Nothing — nothing but secrets and symbols — and the right path is not to be found. (*Short pause.*) Krasny is the name of the village . . . and the miracle-man's name is Rabbi Elchannon. . . .

CHENNOCH — What's that you're saying?

CHANNON (*as if waking out of a trance*) — I? Nothing. I was only thinking.

Chennoch takes his fellow student to task for his meddling with the weird rites of the Kabala, a system of Hebrew mysticism, and his neglect of his Talmudic studies. It is not good. But Channon is not touched by the argument. Nor will he be frightened by the experiences of others who have sought those ecstatic flights of the soul into the upper regions — flights that are fraught with the utmost peril. He will go his own way.

CHANNON (*after a moment's reflection*) — The service of our holy men consists in cleansing human souls, tearing away the sin that clings to them and raising them to the shining source whence they come. Their work is

very difficult because sin is ever lurking at the door. No sooner is one soul cleansed than another comes in its place, more sin-corroded still. No sooner is one generation brought to repentance than the next one appears, more stiff-necked than the last. And as each generation grows weaker, its sins become stronger, and the holy men fewer and fewer.

CHENNOCH — Then, according to your philosophy, what ought to be done?

CHANNON (*quietly, but with absolute conviction*) — There is no need to wage war on sin. All that is necessary is to burn it away, as the goldsmith refines gold in his powerful flame; as the farmer winnows the grain from the chaff. So must sin be refined of its uncleanness, until only its holiness remains.

CHENNOCH (*astonished*) — Holiness is sin? How do you make that out?

CHANNON — Everything created by God contains a spark of holiness.

CHENNOCH — Sin was not created by God but by Satan.

CHANNON — And who created Satan? God. Since he is the antithesis of God, he is an aspect of God, and therefore must contain also a germ of holiness.

CHENNOCH (*crushed*) — Holiness in Satan? I can't . . . I don't understand. . . . Let me think. . . . (*His head sinks into his hands, propped up by both elbows on the desk. There is a pause.*)

CHANNON (*stands beside him and in a trembling voice, bending down to reach his ear*) — Which sin is the strongest of all? Which one is the hardest to conquer? The sin of lust for a woman, isn't it?

CHENNOCH (*without raising his head*) — Yes.

CANNON — And when you have cleansed this sin in a powerful flame, then this greatest uncleanness becomes the greatest holiness. It becomes "The Song of Songs." (*He holds his breath.*) The Song of Songs. (*Drawing*

himself up, he begins to chant in a voice which, though subdued, is charged with rapture.) Behold thou art fair, my love. Thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks; thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Mount Gilead. Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing; whereof every one bear twins and none is barren among them —

There is a knocking at the door of the synagogue and Meyer admits Leah, Sender's daughter. She is a beautiful young girl, and is accompanied by her nurse, Frade, and her companion, Gittel. Leah has come, she shyly explains, to see the embroidered curtains of the Ark.

At the sound of Leah's voice Channon interrupts his singing and gazes raptly at her. So long as she is in the room he never once takes his eyes from her. And she, though listening to the explanations of Meyer and the comments of Frade, is embarrassed by the intentness of Channon's gaze. She listens but idly to the wonders of the curtains and their significance, and is lost in admiration of their beauties, but still she is held by Channon's gaze.

Presently Gittel, too, notices the student and calls Leah's attention to him.

GITTEL (*takes Leah's hand and whispers*) — Look Leah, dear! There's a student over there staring at you — so strangely!

LEAH (*keeping her eyes still more downcast*) — That is Channon. He was a poor scholar, and he used to be a guest in our house.

GITTEL — It is as if he were calling to you with his eyes, he stares so. He would like to talk to you, but he is afraid to.

LEAH — I wish I knew why he is so pale and sad. He must surely have been ill.

GITTEL — He isn't sad really — his eyes are shining.

LEAH — They always are. He has wonderful eyes, and when he talks to me his breath comes short — and so does mine. It wouldn't be proper for a girl to talk to a strange young man.

FRADE (*to Meyer*) — Won't you let us kiss the holy scrolls? Surely! How could one be a guest in the house of God and leave without kissing His holy scrolls?

MEYER — By all means, by all means! Come! (*He goes ahead, followed by Gittel leading Frade, and Leah behind them. Meyer takes out a scroll and gives it to Frade to kiss.*)

LEAH (*passing Channon, stops for a moment and says in a low voice*) — Good evening, Channon. You have come back?

CHANNON (*scarcely able to speak for agitation*) — Yes.

FRADE — Come, Leah, darling, kiss the holy scrolls. (*Leah goes to the Ark. Meyer hands her a scroll, which she takes in her arms and, pressing her lips against it, kisses passionately.*) Now, now, child! That will do. A holy scroll must not be kissed too long. They are written in black fire upon white fire. (*In sudden alarm.*) How late it is! How very late! Come, children, let us hurry home — come quickly. (*They hasten out. Meyer closes the Ark and follows them.*)

CHANNON (*stands for a while with closed eyes; then resumes his chanting of the "Song of Songs" where he left off*) — Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely. Thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate within thy locks.

Again is Chennoch disturbed by the weird intensity of Channon's mood, and again he tries to divert his fellow student's mind. But it is no use. Channon will not listen.

"What do you do all this for?" demands Chennoch.
"What do you expect to gain by it?"

"I wish," muses Channon, as if to himself, "I wish to attain possession of a clear and sparkling diamond, and melt it down in tears and inhale it into my soul. I want to attain to the rays of the third plane of beauty. I want . . . (*Suddenly and in violent perturbation.*) Yes — there are still two barrels of golden pieces which I *must* get, for him who can count only gold pieces."

"Channon, be careful. You are on a slippery road. No holy powers will help you to achieve these things."

"And if the holy powers will not, then?" demands Channon, defiantly.

"I'm afraid to talk to you! I'm afraid to be near you!" shouts the terrified Chennoch and rushes from the room.

The prayermen have finished the psalms, eighteen of them, and all for a kopec apiece, which isn't much. There is further disappointment, too, in the news that has come respecting Sender. He has failed again — the fourth time — to bring home a bridegroom for Leah. He had insisted that the bridegroom's father should board the couple for ten years, but the other stood out for only five. So they all went home.

It is heartbreaking news — to all save Channon. The student receives the word exultantly. "I have won again!" he cries, and "falls exhausted onto a bench, his face alight with joy."

Now the others have returned. The Messenger is ready to continue his journey. The prayermen and the students are off to spend their ten kopecs for cakes and brandy. Then Sender, the merchant, comes. He is thoroughly happy. He is prepared to stand treat, for he has betrothed his daughter at last. The bridegroom's father has given in. There is rejoicing among those who hear. All save Channon. Wildly the student rises from the bench on which he has been lying.

"Betrothed?" he cries. "Betrothed? How can that be?" And then, despairingly he mutters, "So it was all

of no avail — neither the fasts nor the ablutions, nor the spells, nor the symbols. All in vain. . . . So what remains? What is there still to do . . . by what means . . .”

Wildly he clutches at his cloak, and his face is illumined with ecstasy. “Ah! The secret of the double name is revealed to me,” he cries exultantly. “I see him. I . . . I . . . I have won!” And he falls to the ground.

The synagogue has grown dark. They send for a light. Excitedly Sender gives orders for the preparation of the feast. There is something ominous in the turn of affairs. He resents the presence of the Messenger and his curiosity regarding the contract of marriage. Let everybody be gay. Let one of them recite one of the Rabbi’s parables to fill in the time.

“I’ll tell you one of his proverbs,” responds the Messenger. “One day a Chassid came to the Rabbi — he was rich, but a miser. The Rabbi took him by the hand and led him to the window. “Look out there,” he said. And the rich man looked into the street. “What do you see?” asked the Rabbi. “People,” answers the rich man. Again the Rabbi takes him by the hand, and this time leads him to the mirror. “What do you see now?” he says. “Now I see myself,” answers the rich man. Then the Rabbi says: “Behold — in the window there is glass and in the mirror there is glass. But the glass of the mirror is covered with a little silver, and no sooner is the silver added than you cease to see others but see only yourself.”

SENDER — And now a dance, a round dance. . . . Shall Sender give away his daughter, and not celebrate it with a round dance? Nice Chassidim we’d be! (*Sender, the three Batlonim and Meyer put their arms on one another’s shoulders and start turning in a ring, their eyes dim with ecstasy, chanting a weird, monotonous air.*

They revolve slowly, on the same spot. Then Sender breaks away from the circle.)

SENDER — Now a merry one. Come on — all together!

SECOND BATLON — Yes, come on, boys — let's all join in! (*Several of the scholars join them.*) Chennoch, Channon, where are you? We're going to have a merry dance — come on!

SENDER (*somewhat perturbed*) — Ah, Channon . . . he's here, my little Channon, isn't he? Where is he, eh? Bring him here — I want him.

MEYER (*sees Channon on the floor*) — He's asleep on the floor.

SENDER — Wake him up then. Wake him up.

MEYER (*tries to rouse him. Frightened*) — I can't — (*They all crowd round Channon, and try to wake him.*)

FIRST BATLON (*with a frightened cry*) — He's dead!

THIRD BATLON — The Book of Roziel, the King — look — it's fallen out of his hand! (*There is great consternation as the curtain falls.*)

ACT II

At one side of a square in Brainitz stands Sender's house. Across the way is the synagogue, through the doors of which many worshippers pass carrying prayer-shawls and phylacteries.

It is early evening, and before the porch of Sender's house long tables are set and spread with great dishes of food. Around these the poor people of the village are indulging their promised feast as the preparations for Leah Sender's wedding go on inside. From the courtyard adjoining there come the sounds of music and the shuffling of dancers' feet.

The beggars are eating their food ravenously and are inclined to praise Sender for his generosity. It is as

well, perhaps, that he is generous, they are agreed. One must carry the good-will of the poor, "There's no telling whom a beggar's coat may be hiding" . . . even the Prophet Elijah himself.

Leah, in her white wedding dress, whirls through the gates of the courtyard. She has been dancing with the old women, one after the other, and still there are others to crowd about her and cling to her dress, demanding their turn. One is a hunchback, and especially persistent. And one is lame.

Frade, the nurse, is worried lest Leah tire herself and is eager that she shall come away and rest. But the old women will not let her go. Even the announcement of Meyer, the beadle, that he has kopecs to give away in the courtyard does not draw them all. One half-blind old crone, still insists upon her dance, and, seizing Leah, whirls her about so excitedly that the girl finally has to be assisted to a bench in a state of half-exhaustion.

LEAH (*sits with closed eyes, her head leaning backward, and when she speaks, it is as though in a trance*) — They seized me . . . they kept on turning and turning round me . . . so close . . . and clutched me to them with their cold, withered hands . . . my head swam . . . my heart turned faint. Then someone came and lifted me from the ground and carried me far away, very far away.

BASSIA (*in great anxiety*) — Oh, Leah, look how they've crushed your dress — it's all dirty now. What-ever will you do?

LEAH (*in the same manner as before*) — If the bride is left alone before the wedding, spirits come and carry her off.

FRADE (*alarmed*) — What can have put such ideas into your head, my child? We may not mention the dark people — you know that. They're lurking in every tiny hole and corner and crevice. They see everything

and hear everything — and they're forever on the alert to catch their unclean names on our lips. Then out they spring on top of you. (*She spits three times.*)

LEAH (*opens her eyes*) — My spirits are not evil ones.

FRADE — Don't you believe them, my child. The minute you trust one of the dark people, he becomes unmanageable and begins to do mischief.

LEAH (*with utter conviction*) — Granny — it isn't evil spirits that surround us, but souls of those who died before their time, and come back again to see all that we do and hear all that we say.

FRADE — God help you, child, what is the meaning of all this? Souls? What souls? The souls of the pure and good fly up to heaven and stay there at rest in the bright garden of Eden.

LEAH — No, Granny — they are with us here. (*Her tone changes.*) Grandmother, every one of us is born to a long life of many, many years. If he dies before his years are done, what becomes of the life he has not lived, do you think? What becomes of his joys and sorrows, and all the thoughts he had not time to think, and all the things he hadn't time to do? Where are the children he did not live long enough to bring into the world? Where does all that go to? Where? (*Lost in thought, she continues.*) There was a lad here, Granny . . . his mind was full of wisdom and his soul was set on holy purposes. Long years stretched out before him. Then one day, without warning, his life is destroyed. And strangers bury him in strange earth. (*Desperately.*) What has become of the rest of him? His speech that has been silenced? His prayers that have been cut off? . . . Grandmother — when a candle blows out we light it again and it goes on burning down to the end. So how can a human life which goes out before it has burnt down, remain put out forever? . . . How can it, Granny?

FRADE (*shaking her head*) — Daughter, you must not

think about such things. He who lives above knows the reason for His actions. We are blind and know nothing. (*The Messenger approaches them unnoticed, and remains standing close behind them.*)

LEAH (*not hearing her. With deep conviction*) — No, Granny. No human life goes to waste. If one of us dies before his time, his soul returns to the world to complete its span, to do the things left undone and experience the happiness and griefs he would have known. (*A pause.*) Granny, do you remember you told us how the dead go trooping at midnight into the synagogue? They go to pray the prayers they would have prayed in life, had they not died too soon. (*A pause.*) My mother died in her youth and had no time to live through all that lay in store for her. That is why I go today to the cemetery to ask her to join my father when he leads me under the wedding canopy. She will be with me there, and after the ceremony we shall dance together. It is the same with all the souls who leave the world before their time. They are here in our midst, unheard and invisible. Only if your desire is strong enough, you can see them, and hear their voices and learn their thoughts . . . I can. . . .

From down the road there come the strains of a gay march. It heralds the approach of the bridegroom and his party. At the sound of it Leah screams in terror, and almost falls. It is because she is shy, they think, and two of her friends leave her with Frade while they run ahead to see the bridegroom. Later they will return to report to the bride whether he is fair or dark, as is the custom.

Now the Messenger, who has also returned for the wedding, and has been observing all that has been happening and hearing all that has been said, approaches Leah and speaks as one with a message of importance to deliver.

"Bride," says he, "the souls of the dead do return to earth, but not as disembodied spirits. Some must pass through many forms before they achieve purification. (*Leah listens with ever-increasing attention.*) The souls of the wicked return in the forms of beasts, or birds, or fish — of plants even, and are powerless to purify themselves by their own efforts. They have to wait for the coming of some righteous sage to purge them of their sins and set them free. Others enter the bodies of the newly born, and cleanse themselves by well-doing."

Leah listens in tremulous eagerness.

"Besides these," the Messenger continues, "there are vagrant souls which, finding neither rest nor harbor, pass into the bodies of the living, in the form of a Dybbuk, until they have attained purity."

Now the Messenger is gone and Leah, lost in astonishment, gazes after him. She is still dazed when her father comes to warn her that the bridegroom and his people have arrived and all must be made ready for the ceremony.

Leah is ready, explains Frade, save that she still must go to the graveyard to ask her mother to be with her at her wedding.

That, agrees Sender, is as it should be.

SENDER — Yes, go, my little one — go to mamma. (*He sighs.*) Let your tears fall on her grave and ask her to come to your wedding. Ask her to be with you, so that we may lead our only daughter under the canopy together. Say that I have fulfilled her dying wishes to devote my life to you and bring you up to be a true and virtuous daughter of Israel. This I have done, and am now about to give you in marriage to a learned and God-fearing young man, of good family. (*He wipes away his tears and with bowed head turns back into the house.*)

LEAH — Granny, may I invite others at the graveyard besides mother?

GRADE — Only the near relations. You must ask your grandfather, Rabbi Ephraim, and your Aunt Mirele.

LEAH — There is someone else I want to ask — not a relation.

GRADE — No, daughter — that is forbidden. If you invite one stranger, the others might take offense and do you harm.

LEAH — He is not a stranger, Granny. He was in our house like one of ourselves.

GRADE (*in a voice low with fear*) — Child, child — you fill me with fear. . . . They say he died a bad, unnatural death. (*Leah weeps silently.*) There, there, my little one, don't cry. You shall ask him if you must; Granny will take the sin upon herself. (*Bethinking herself.*) I don't know where they buried him, though, and it would never do to ask.

LEAH — I know where he is.

GRADE (*surprised*) — You know? How?

LEAH — I saw his grave in a dream. (*She closes her eyes in a trance.*) And I saw him, too. He told me his trouble and begged me to invite him to the wedding.

(*Gittel and Bassia enter running.*)

GITTEL and BASSIA (*together, in high excitement*) — We've seen him — we've seen him!

LEAH (*in consternation*) — Whom — whom have you seen?

GITTEL — Why, the bridegroom, of course. And he's dark. . . .

BASSIA — No, he isn't — he's fair. . . .

GITTEL — Come, let's take another look and make sure. . . . (*They run off.*)

LEAH (*rising*) — Come, Granny — let us go to the graveyard.

Now the bridegroom, Menashe, has arrived. He is "a

small, wizened youth who stares about him with wide, terrified eyes." He is accompanied by his father, Nachmon, and his adviser Rabbi Mendel, and followed by relatives in holiday garb.

They have had a hard journey, Nachmon reports, but they are there and prepared to conclude the negotiations.

"Remember, now," the Rabbi Mendel counsels the bridegroom, "you are to remain perfectly quiet at the table. Keep your eyes downcast, and make no movement of any sort. The moment the supper is over, the master of ceremonies will call out: "The bridegroom will now deliver his oration." Then you will rise immediately and stand on the bench. Begin intoning loudly — the louder the better. And you are not to be bashful — do you hear?"

But Menashe is thoroughly frightened and has been ever since he left home. People have stared at him and he has been afraid of their eyes. Nothing terrifies Menashe so much as do the eyes of strangers — unless it be the thought of the bride. Nor can the Rabbi Mendel dispel these fears. Menashe is still clutching at Mendel's hand as they pause to read the inscription on an ancient gravestone standing near the church door. "Here lies a pure and holy bridegroom and bride," it reads, "murdered to the glory of God in the year 5408. Peace be with them."

Dusk is falling. Lights are beginning to appear in Sender's house and in the synagogue. The beggars have shouldered their bags and gone on. It is time for the wedding ceremony, but there is no sign of Leah. Sender grows anxious.

SENDER (*worried*) — Where is Leah? Where is old Frade? How is it they aren't back from the graveyard all this time? Can they have met with an accident, God forbid?

GITTEL and BASSIA — We'll go and meet them. (*From the alley on the right, Fraide and Leah come hurrying.*)

FRAIDE — Hurry, child, hurry! Ei-ei — how long we've been! Oh, why did I let you have your way? I am so afraid something dreadful is going to happen, God forbid!

SENDER — Oh, here they are. What can have kept you all this time? (*Women come out of the house.*)

WOMEN — Bring in the bride to pray before the candles. (*Leah is led into the house.*)

FRAIDE (*whispering to Gittel and Bassia*) — She fainted. I'd a hard time bringing her round. I'm shaking all over still.

BASSIA — That's because she's been fasting . . . it weakens the heart.

GITTEL — Did she cry much at her mother's grave?

FRAIDE — Better not ask what happened there. I'm still shaking all over. . . . (*A chair is set near the door and Leah is led out. They seat her. Music. Nachmon, Menashe, Rabbi Mendel and the guests approach from the alley on the left. Menashe carries a cloth over his outstretched hands, and crosses to Leah in order to cover her face with it. The Messenger comes out of the synagogue.*)

LEAH (*tears the cloth away, and springing up, thrusts Menashe from her, crying out*) — No! You are not my bridegroom! (*General consternation. They all crowd around Leah.*)

SENDER (*overwhelmed*) — Little daughter, what is it, my darling? What has come over you? (*Leah breaks away from them and runs to the grave, reaching out her arms.*)

LEAH — Holy bridegroom and bride, protect me — save me! (*She falls. They flock round her, and raise her from the ground. She looks wildly about, and cries out, not in her natural voice, but in the voice of a man*) — Ah! Ah! You buried me. But I have come back —

to my destined bride. I will leave her no more! (*Nachmon crosses to Leah, and she shrieks into his face*) — Chamilouk!

NACHMON (*trembling*) — She has gone mad!

MESSENGER — Into the bride has entered a Dybbuk.

Amid the tumult the curtain falls.

ACT III

At Miropol, in the large house of Rabbi Azrael, certain members of the Chassidic cult are gathered for the services attendant upon the passing of the Sabbath.

It is a large room, barely furnished. There is a cupboard for the scrolls of the law, and near it an altar. At one side there is a long table, on which are slices of Sabbath bread which the elder Michoel distributes.

The Messenger is there, surrounded by a group of Chassidim listening to his account of strange tales concerned with the spiritual order and sustenance of the world. From an inner room there comes the sound of chanting.

Now the Rabbi Azrael has come and the Chassidim have risen to meet him. "He is a man of great age, dressed in a white kaftan and high fur cap. Very slowly and wearily, deep in thought, he crosses to the table and sinks into the armchair at its head." With the Chassidim grouped about him for the ceremony of blessing the Sabbath bread, the wearied Rabbi Azrael slowly lifts his head and begins the chant. His voice is low and quavering.

RABBI AZRAEL — The feast of David, the King, the Messiah . . . (*The others make the response and say grace over the bread. They begin chanting in low tones, a sad, mysterious air without words. There is a pause.*

Rabbi Azrael sighs deeply, rests his head on both hands, and in that position remains seated, lost in meditation. An atmosphere of suspense pervades the silence. At last, Rabbi Azrael again raises his head, and begins to intone.) It is told of the holy Balshem — may his merits hover over us. . . . *(There is a momentary pause.)* One day there came to Meshibach a troupe of German acrobats who gave their performance in the streets of the town. They stretched a rope across the river and one of them walked along the rope to the opposite bank. From all sides the people came running to behold this ungodly marvel, and in the midst of the crowd of onlookers stood the holy Balshem himself. His disciples were greatly astonished, and asked him the meaning of his presence there. And the holy Balshem answered them thus: I went to see how a man might cross the chasm between two heights as this man did, and as I watched him I reflected that if mankind would submit their souls to such discipline as that to which he submitted his body, what deep abysses might they not cross upon the tenuous cord of life!

For some moments the discourse is eloquently continued, reaching its conclusion with this significant message: "Wherever a man stand to lift his eyes to heaven, that place is a holy of holies," intones the rabbi. "Every human being created by God in His own image and likeness is a High Priest. Each day of a man's life is the Day of Atonement; and every word he speaks from his heart is the name of the Lord. Therefore the sin of any man, whether of commission or of omission, brings the ruin of a whole world in its train. *(His voice becomes weaker and trembles.)* Through many transmigrations, the human soul is drawn by pain and grief, as the child to its mother's breast, to the source of its being, the Exalted Throne above. But it happens sometimes that a soul which has attained to the final state of purification

suddenly becomes the prey of evil forces which cause it to slip and fall. The higher it had soared, the deeper it falls. And with the fall of such a soul as this, a world plunges to ruin. And darkness overwhelms the spheres. The ten spheres bewail the world that is lost."

Briefly the Rabbi Azrael pauses "and seems to awaken to consciousness." Then he announces that the usual ceremony will be shortened on this occasion and the Chassidim are dismissed.

Now word is brought that Sender, of Brainitz, has come, seeking help in a terrible misfortune that has befallen him. "A Dybbuk — God's mercy be upon us — has entered into his daughter," Michoel reports, excitedly, and Sender has brought the girl to the Rabbi Azrael.

But the aged Rabbi protests the honor. He is wearied of his ministry. "For forty years I have sat in the Rabbi's chair, and yet, to this very day I am not convinced that I am indeed the appointed deputy on earth of Him whose Name be praised. At times I am conscious of my nearness to the All. Then I am free of doubts, and feel the power within me — then I know I am master over the high worlds. But there are other times when that certainty abandons me, and then I am as small and feeble as a child, then I myself, and not those who come to me, need help."

With artful insistence Michoel urges the Rabbi on. Let him remember the generations of righteous and holy men of God from whom he is descended before he declines this plea for help. And gradually the Rabbi regains his self-control and is spiritually refreshed and eager. "Michoel," he cries, "do you know that my grandfather would drive out Dybbuks without either spells or incantations — with a single word of command, only one, he expelled them. In times of stress I always turn to him, and he sustains me. He will not forsake me now. Call in Sender."

Sender is tearfully pleading, as he recites the circumstances of Leah's curse, and can himself find no sin in the lives of either his daughter or himself that would justify the visitation.

They know who the Dybbuk is, Sender insists. Know him by his voice as the student that had stayed at Sender's house, and know of his meddling with the Kabala. But that he had ever put any slight upon the student or mistreated him in any way Sender denies.

Now Leah is sent for and stands at the door reluctant or afraid to enter until the Rabbi Azrael commands her presence. She comes in then, and sits at the table, as he bids her. But suddenly she rises and cries out defiantly in a voice that is not her own.

"Let me be! I will not be here!"

RABBI AZRAEL — Dybbuk! Who are you? I command you to answer.

LEAH (*in the voice of the Dybbuk*) — Miropol Rabbi — you know very well who I am. I do not wish the others to know.

RABBI AZRAEL — I do not ask your name — I ask: Who *are* you?

LEAH (*as before*) — I am one of those who sought other paths.

RABBI AZRAEL — He only seeks other paths who has lost the straight one.

LEAH (*as before*) — The straight one is too narrow.

RABBI AZRAEL — That has been said before by one who did not return. (*Pause.*) Why did you enter into this maiden?

LEAH (*as before*) — I am her predestined bridegroom.

RABBI AZRAEL — According to our Holy Scriptures, a dead soul may not stay in the realms of the living.

LEAH (*as before*) — I have not died.

RABBI AZRAEL — You left the world, and so are forbidden to return until the blast of the great trumpet shall

be heard. I command you therefore to leave the body of this maiden, in order that a living branch of the imperishable tree of Israel may not be blasted.

LEAH (*shrieks in the Dybbuk's voice*) — Miropol Rabbi — I know your almighty power. I know that angels and archangels obey your word. But me you cannot command. I have nowhere to go. Every road is barred against me and every gate is locked. On every side, the forces of evil lie in wait to seize me. (*In a trembling voice.*) There is heaven and there is earth — and all the countless worlds in space, yet in not one of these is there any place for me. And now that my soul has found refuge from the bitterness and terror of pursuit, you wish to drive me away. Have mercy! Do not send me away — don't force me to go!

RABBI AZRAEL — I am filled with profound pity for you, wandering soul! And I will use all my power to save you from the evil spirits. But the body of this maiden you must leave.

LEAH (*in the Dybbuk's voice, firmly*) — I refuse!

RABBI AZRAEL — Michoel. Summon a Minyen from the synagogue. (*Michoel returns at once with ten Jews who take their places on one side of the room.*) Holy Community, do you give me authority to cast out of the body of a Jewish maiden, in your behalf and with your power, a spirit which refuses to leave her of its own free will?

THE TEN — Rabbi, we give you authority to cast out of the body of a Jewish maiden, in our behalf and in our name and with our power, a spirit which refuses to leave her of its own free will.

RABBI (*rises*) — Dybbuk! Soul of one who has left the world in which we live! In the name and with the power of a holy community of Jews, I, Azrael, son of Itzele, order you to depart out of the body of the maiden, Leah, daughter of Channah, and in departing, to do no injury either to her or to any other living being. If you

do not obey me, I shall proceed against you with malediction and anathema, to the limit of my powers, and with the utmost might of my uplifted arm. But if you do as I command you, then I shall bend all my strength to drive away the fiends and evil spirits that surround you, and keep you safe from them.

LEAH (*shrieks in the voice of the Dybbuk*) — I'm not afraid of your anathema. I put no faith in your promises. The power is not in the world that can help me. The loftiest height of the world cannot compare with this resting-place that I have found, nor is there in the world an abyss so fathomless as that which waits to receive me if ever I leave my only refuge. I will not go.

RABBI AZRAEL — In the name of the Almighty, I adjure you for the last time. Leave the body of this maiden — If you do not, I shall utter the anathema against you and deliver you into the hands of the fiends of destruction. (*An ominous pause.*)

LEAH (*in the voice of the Dybbuk*) — In the name of the Almighty, I am bound to my betrothed, and will remain with her to all eternity.

RABBI AZRAEL — Michoel, have white shrouds brought for all who are here. Bring seven trumpets . . . and seven black candles. . . . Then seven holy scrolls from their place.

But before anathema may be pronounced against a Jewish soul the permission of the City Rabbi is necessary. Pending his coming Leah is sent away with Frade. When the City Rabbi, who is the Rabbi Samson, is summoned, he brings a new complication into the proceedings.

Three times the night before, the Rabbi Samson reports, one who may be remembered to the Rabbi Azrael as a young Chassid from Brainitz, Nissin ben Rifke by name, now dead, had appeared to Rabbi Samson in his

dreams and demanded that he summon Sender of Brainitz before the Rabbinical court and order his trial for a mortal injury done another.

The Dybbuk that has entered the body of Sender's daughter it now appears was Nissin ben Rifke's only son and there are rumors that there had been a pact that has not been kept.

RABBI AZRAEL (*after a moment's reflection*) — This being the case, I shall postpone the exorcising of the Dybbuk until tomorrow midday. In the morning after prayers, you shall summon the dead man to court, and God willing, we shall discover the reason for his visitations to you. And then, with your permission, I shall cast out the Dybbuk by anathema.

RABBI SAMSON — In view of the difficulty of a trial between a living man and a dead one, which is as rare as it is difficult, I beg that you will preside over the Court, Rabbi, and conduct the proceedings.

RABBI AZRAEL — Very well . . . Michoel. (*Enter Michoel.*) Bring in the maiden. (*Sender and Frade bring Leah into the room. She sits down before the Rabbi with her eyes closed.*) Dybbuk! I give you respite until noon tomorrow. If at that hour you persist in your refusal to leave this maiden's body of your own accord, I shall, with the permission of the City Rabbi, tear you away from her with the utmost force of the cherem. (*Sender and Frade lead Leah towards the door.*) Sender, you are to remain. (*Frade takes Leah out.*) Sender, do you remember the bosom friend of your youth — Nissin ben Rifke?

SENDER (*frightened*) — Nissin ben Rifke? He died, didn't he?

RABBI AZRAEL — Know then that he appeared three times last night before the Rabbi of the City (*indicating Rabbi Samson*) as he slept. And Nissin ben Rifke demanded that you be summoned to stand trial by the

Rabbinical Court for a wrong that you have done him.

SENDER (*stunned*) — Me? Trial? Is there no end to my misfortunes? What does he want of me? Rabbi, help me! What shall I do?

RABBI AZRAEL — I do not know the nature of his charge. But you must accept the summons.

SENDER — I will do whatever you say.

RABBI AZRAEL (*in a different tone*) — Let the swiftest horses be sent immediately to Brainitz, to fetch the bridegroom and his people. Have them here before midday tomorrow, in order that the wedding may take place as soon as the Dybbuk has been expelled. Have the canopy set up.

SENDER — Rabbi! What if they no longer wish to be connected with my family, and refuse to come? (*The Messenger appears in the doorway.*)

RABBI AZRAEL (*with dignity*) — Tell them I have commanded them to come. Let nothing prevent the bridegroom from arriving in time.

MESSENGER — The bridegroom will be here in time. (*The clock strikes twelve.*)

The curtain falls.

ACT IV

In Rabbi Azrael's room, which has been prepared for the ceremony, the Rabbi Azrael, the Rabbi Samson, Michoel and two judges are at prayer. They pray that Rabbi Samson's evil dream may be turned into good. At the conclusion of the prayer preparations are made for the summoning of the dead man, Nissin ben Rifke, that he may attend the trial. Michoel is to be the messenger. He is to take Rabbi Azrael's staff, go to the graveyard, close his eyes and knock three times upon the first grave his staff touches. Then he is to repeat in all solemnity these words:

"Pure dead, I am sent by Azrael, son of the great sage, Rabbi Itzele of Miropol, to beg you to pardon him for disturbing your peace, and to deliver his command that you inform the pure dead, Nissin ben Rifke, by means known to you as follows: That the just and righteous Rabbinical Court of Miropol summons him to be present immediately at a trial at which he shall appear in the same garb as that in which he was buried."

Three times is Michoel to repeat this message, and then return to the court without once looking behind him, no matter what cries, or calls or shrieks may pursue him. "Go and God will protect you," says the Rabbi Azrael, "for no harm can come to him who is bound on a virtuous errand."

A sheet is hung which will screen the dead man from the living and a holy circle drawn by Azrael's staff beyond which he may not pass.

Sender is summoned, informed of the preparations, and questioned as to his willingness to abide by the verdict of the court.

"Very soon there is personally to appear in our midst a man from the True World in order to submit to our judgment a case between himself and a man of our Untrue World," announces the Rabbi Azrael. "A trial such as this is difficult and terrible. The eyes of all the worlds are turned toward it, and should this court deviate from the law by so much as a hair's breadth tumult would ensue in the Court on High. It is with fear and trembling, therefore, that we are to approach the trial at issue . . ."

Now it is apparent that the dead man, Nissin ben Rifke, is present. Solemnly he is warned by the Rabbi Azrael not to advance beyond the sheet or the circle assigned to him and to restate his charge.

There is an awesome silence during which the judges listen as though they had been turned to stone. In whispers one admits that he hears a voice but no

words. Another that he can hear words but no voice.

RABBI SAMSON (*to Sender*) — Sender ben Henie, the pure dead Nissin ben Rifke makes demand saying that in the years of your youth you and he were students in the same *Yeshiva*, comrades, and that your soul and his were bound together in true friendship. You were both married in the same week, and when you met at the house of the Rabbi, during the Great Holidays, you made a solemn pact that if the wife of one of you should conceive and bear a boy and the other a girl, those two children should marry.

SENDER (*in a tremulous voice*) — It was so.

RABBI SAMSON — The pure dead Nissin ben Rifke makes further demand, saying that soon afterwards he left for a place very far away, where his wife bore him a son in the same hour as your wife gave you a daughter. Soon thereafter he was gathered to his fathers. (*Short pause.*) In the True World, he found that his son had been blest with a noble and lofty soul, and was progressing upwards from plane to plane, and at this his paternal heart overflowed with joy and pride. He also found that his son, growing older, had become a wanderer from province to province, and from country to country and from city to city, for the soul to which his soul had been predestined was drawing him ever onward. At last he came to the city in which you dwell, and you took him into your house. He sat at your table, and his soul bound itself to the soul of your daughter. But you were rich, while Nissin's son was poor, and so you turned your back on him and went seeking for your daughter a bridegroom of high estate and great possessions. (*Short pause.*) Nissin then beheld his son grow desperate and become a wanderer once more, seeking now the New Paths. And sorrow and alarm filled his father's soul lest the dark powers aware of the youth's extremity, spread their net for him. This they did, and

caught him, and tore him from the world before his time. Thereafter the soul of Nissin ben Rifke's son roamed amidst the worlds until at last it entered as a Dybbuk into the body of his predestined. Nissin ben Rifke claims that the death of his son has severed him from both worlds, leaving him without name or memorial, since neither heir nor friend remains on earth to pray for his soul. His light has been extinguished forever — the crown of his head has rolled down into the abyss. Therefore, he begs the just and righteous court to pass sentence upon Sender according to the laws of our Holy Scriptures, for his shedding of the blood of Nissin's son and of his son's sons to the end of all generations.

Bidden to make such answer as he can to the charges of Nissin ben Rifke, Sender begs of his old comrade forgiveness for his sin, which was not committed in malice. Soon after the sealing of the pact, he says, Nissin had gone away and he had no other word of him, or of his family. Later there was word of his death and gradually the agreement had faded from his mind. Sender had not made further inquiry because of the custom that the bridegroom's father shall make the advances and he had expected Nissin ben Rifke, if he had a son, to let the fact be known. When Nissin's son had come to his house, Sender was conscious of something that urged him to take Channon as son-in-law. Three times he had listened to that urge and made such hard conditions that three other bridegrooms had become discouraged. But the last time the father of Menashe would not be put off.

To this defense Nissin ben Rifke makes reply that in his heart of hearts Sender was aware of Channon's identity, but was ambitious that his daughter should live in ease and riches, and for that reason he thrust Channon into the abyss.

There is again a solemn pause, during which Sender weeps silently. The judges whisper together and then Rabbi Azrael announces the verdict of the court.

RABBI AZRAEL — This just and righteous court has heard both parties and delivers its verdict as follows: Whereas it is not known whether, at the time Nissin ben Rifke and Sender ben Henie shook hands upon their agreement, their wives had already conceived; and whereas, according to our Holy Scriptures, no agreement whatsoever which involves anything not yet in existence can be held valid in law, we may not therefore find that this agreement was binding upon Sender. Since, however, in the Upper World, the agreement was accepted as valid and never canceled; and since the belief was implanted in the heart of Nissin ben Rifke's son that the daughter of Sender ben Henie was his predestined bride; and whereas, Sender ben Henie's subsequent conduct brought calamity upon Nissin ben Rifke and his son; Now, therefore, be it decreed by this just and righteous court, that Sender give the half of his fortune in alms to the poor, and each year, for the remainder of his life, light the memorial candle for Nissin ben Rifke and his son as though they were his own kindred, and pray for their souls. (*Pause.*) The just and righteous court now requests the holy dead, Nissin ben Rifke, to forgive Sender unreservedly, and to command his son in filial duty to leave the body of the maiden, Leah, daughter of Channah, in order that a branch of the fruitful tree of Israel may not be blighted. In return for these things, the Almighty will make manifest his grace to Nissin ben Rifke and to his lost son.

ALL — Amen!

RABBI AZRAEL — Pure dead Nissin ben Rifke, have you heard our judgment? Do you accept it? (*Pause.*) Sender ben Henie, have you heard our judgment? Do you accept it?

SENDER — I accept.

RABBI AZRAEL — Pure dead Nissen ben Rifke, the trial between you and Sender ben Henie is now ended. Do you return therefore to your resting place, and in going we command you to do no harm to man nor other living creature whatsoever. (*Pause.*) Michoel, water. . . . And have the curtain taken away.

The bridegroom and his people have not arrived, and riders are sent to bid them hurry. Meantime the Rabbi Azrael orders that the wedding canopy be spread and the musicians summoned. The moment the Dybbuk is cast out the wedding shall proceed.

Quietly the judges withdraw. Rabbi Samson would follow them, but Rabbi Azrael calls him back. It is his wish that the Rabbi Samson shall perform the ceremony. When all is in readiness Rabbi Azrael orders that Leah be called.

Leah is wearing a black coat over her wedding dress. She is pale and defiant. They summon her to a seat on the sofa and the Rabbi Azrael faces her.

RABBI AZRAEL — Dybbuk, in the name of the Rabbi of this City, who is present, in the name of a holy community of Jews, in the name of the great Sanhedrin of Jerusalem, I, Azrael ben Hadassah, do for the last time command you to depart out of the body of the maiden Leah, daughter of Channah.

LEAH (*Dybbuk*) (*firmly*) — I refuse!

RABBI AZRAEL — Michoel, call in people to witness the exorcism — bring the shrouds, the horns and the black candles. (*Michoel goes out and shortly returns with fifteen men, among them the Messenger. The shrouds, trumpets and candles are brought.*) Bring out the scrolls. (*Michoel gives a scroll each to seven, and a trumpet each to seven others.*) Stubborn spirit — inasmuch as you have dared to oppose our power, we deliver you into the hands of the Higher Spirits which

will pull you out by force. Blow Tekiah! (*The horns are blown.*)

LEAH (*Dybbuk*) (*leaves her seat and struggles violently as against invisible assailants*) — Let me alone — you shall not pull me away — I won't go — I can't go —

RABBI AZRAEL — Since the Higher Spirits cannot overcome you, I surrender you to the Spirits of the Middle Plane, those which are neither good nor evil. I now invoke *their* power to drag you forth. Blow Shevarim. (*The horns are blown again.*)

LEAH (*Dybbuk*) (*her strength beginning to fail*) — Woe is me! The powers of all the worlds are arrayed against me. Spirits of terror wrench me and tear me without mercy — the souls of the great and righteous too have arisen against me. The soul of my own father is with them — commanding me to go. But until the last spark of strength has gone from me, so long shall I withstand them and remain where I am.

RABBI AZRAEL (*to himself*) — It is clear that One of Great Power stands beside him. (*Pause.*) Michael, put away the scrolls. (*Michael does so.*) Hang a black curtain over the altar. (*This is done.*) Light the black candles. (*This, too, is done.*) Let every one now put on a shroud. (*All, including the two Rabbis, do so. Rabbi Azrael stands with both arms upraised, an awe-inspiring figure.*) Rise up, O Lord, and let Thine enemies be scattered before Thee; as smoke is dispersed so let them be scattered. . . . Sinful and obstinate soul, with the power of Almighty God and with the sanction of the Holy Scriptures, I, Azrael ben Hadassah, do with these words rend asunder every cord that binds you to the world of living creatures and to the body and soul of the maiden, Leah, daughter of Channah. . . .

LEAH (*Dybbuk*) (*shrieking*) — Ah! I am lost!

RABBI AZRAEL — . . . And do pronounce you excommunicated from all Israel. Blow Teruah.

MESSENGER — The last spark has been swallowed up into the flame.

LEAH (*Dybbuk*) (*defeated*) — Alas! I can fight no more. . . . (*They begin to sound the horns.*)

RABBI AZRAEL (*hastily raising his hand to silence the horns*) — Do you submit?

LEAH (*Dybbuk*) (*in a dead voice*) — I submit —

RABBI AZRAEL — Do you promise to depart of your own free will, from the body of the maiden, Leah, daughter of Channah, and never return?

LEAH (*Dybbuk*) (*as before*) — I submit —

RABBI AZRAEL — Dybbuk — by the same power and sanction which deputed me to place you under the ban of anathema, I now lift from you that ban. (*To Michoel.*) Put out the candles — take down the black curtain. (*Michoel does so.*) Put away the horns. (*Michoel collects them.*) And dismiss the people — let them take off their shrouds before they go. (*Exeunt the fourteen with Messenger and Michoel.*) (*Rabbi Azrael prays with upraised arms.*) Lord of the world, God of charity and mercy, look down upon the suffering of this homeless, tortured soul which the errors and misdeeds of others caused to stray into the bypaths. Regard not its wrongdoing, O Lord, but let the memory of its virtuous past and its present bitter torment and the merits of its forefathers rise like a soft, obscuring mist before Thy sight. Lord of the world — do Thou free its path of evil spirits, and admit it to everlasting peace within Thy mansions. Amen.

ALL — Amen.

LEAH (*Dybbuk*) (*trembling violently*) — Say Kadish for me! The hour of my going was predestined — and it has come!

Slowly Sender begins the prayer for the dead as a clock strikes twelve. With a cry Leah springs to her feet and then falls in a swoon upon the sofa.

Michael rushes in to report that the bridegroom and his party have suffered the loss of a wheel from their wagon, and are obliged to walk. They are already at the foot of the hill, however, and will soon be there.

Rabbi Azrael orders that Frade shall remain with Leah and leaves them, but not before he has drawn a protective circle about the form of the girl with his staff.

For a moment Leah remains in the swoon, and then gradually awakens. She is weak and frightened. She begs that Frade rock her in her arms and comfort her.

There is the sound of the wedding march in the distance, and Leah clings the more closely to her old nurse. Frade has drifted into a chant.

“Soon they’ll lead you under the canopy —
What should I do but sorrow, on this day that my
daughter’s a bride,
For she’s led to the altar by strangers, while I must
stand mourning aside?”

Under the canopy stands the bride, and old and
young bring her their greetings and good
wishes.

And there stands the Prophet Elijah,
The great goblet of wine in his hand,
And the words of his holy blessing
Roll echoing over the land.”

Now Frade has fallen asleep. Slowly Leah awakes as from a dream. Her eyes open wide. She sighs deeply. Faintly she speaks.

LEAH — Who sighed so deeply?

VOICE OF CHANNON — I.

LEAH — I hear your voice, but I cannot see you.

VOICE OF CHANNON — Because you are within a magic circle which I may not enter.

LEAH — Your voice is as sweet as the lament of violins in the quiet night. Who are you? Tell me.

VOICE OF CHANNON — I have forgotten. I have no remembrance of myself but in your thoughts of me.

LEAH — I remember — Now — the star that drew my heart towards its light — the tears that I have shed in the still midnight — the one who stood before me ever — in my dreams — was it you?

VOICE OF CHANNON — I —

LEAH — I remember — your hair, so soft and damp as if with tears — your sad and gentle eyes — your hands with the thin tapering fingers. Waking and sleeping I had no thought but of you. (*Pause — sadly.*) You went away and darkness fell upon me — my soul withered in loneliness like the soul of a widow left desolate — the stranger came — and then — then you returned, and the dead heart wakened to life again, and out of sorrow joy blossomed like a flower. . . . Why have you now once more forsaken me?

VOICE OF CHANNON — I broke down the barriers between us — I crossed the plains of death — I defied every law of past and present time and all the ages . . . I strove against the strong and mighty and against those who know no mercy. And as my last spark of strength left me, I left your body to return to your soul.

LEAH (*tenderly*) — Come back to me, my bridegroom — my husband — I will carry you, dead, in my heart — and in our dreams at night we shall rock to sleep our little children who will never be born. . . . (*Weeps.*) And sew them little clothes, and sing them lullabies — (*Sings, weeping*) —

“Hush-hush, little children —
No cradle shall hold you —
In no clothes can we fold you.

Dead, that the living cannot mourn;
Untimely lost and never born . . .”

(The music of a wedding-march is heard approaching.)

LEAH (*trembling*) — They are coming to take me to a stranger under the canopy — come to me, my true bridegroom; come to me.

VOICE OF CHANNON — I have left your body — I will come to your soul. (*He appears against the wall, white-robed.*)

LEAH (*with sob*) — Come, my bridegroom. The barrier between us is no more. I see you. Come to me. . . .

VOICE OF CHANNON (*echo*) — Come to me.

LEAH (*crying out with joy*) — I am coming. . . .

VOICE OF CHANNON (*echo*) — And I to you. . . .
(*Voices outside.*)

VOICES — Lead the bride to the canopy. (*Wedding-march is heard. Leah rises, dropping her black cloak onto the sofa, and in her white wedding dress, to the strains of the music, she goes towards Channon, and at the spot where he has appeared their two forms merge into one.*) (*Rabbi Azrael enters, carrying his staff, followed by the Messenger. They stand on the threshold. Behind them, Sender, Frade and the rest.*)

LEAH (*in a far-away voice*) — A great light flows about me . . . predestined bridegroom, I am united to you forever. Now we soar upward together higher and higher. . . . (*The stage grows darker.*)

RABBI AZRAEL (*with lowered head*) — Too late!

MESSENGER — Blessed be a righteous judge. (*It is now completely dark. As if from a great distance, singing is heard, scarcely audible.*)

“Why, from highest height,
To deepest depth below,
Has the soul fallen?
Within itself, the Fall
Contains the Resurrection.”

The curtain falls.

THE ENEMY

A Drama in Four Acts

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

THE success of "The Fool," with the production of which Channing Pollock had made public announcement that he would write no more plays that were not inspired by a high ethical and moral purpose, served to whet the public interest in the production of "The Enemy."

Having been tried in New Haven in June the reports that preceded the play's Broadway premiere at the Times Square Theatre, October 20, were rapturously, even a little wildly, enthusiastic. The laudatory reviews of the dramatic critics were followed by such editorial endorsement as not half a dozen plays receive in a generation.

Such high praise seldom works to the advantage of a new play. It serves rather to put the audience, particularly the professional section, in a typically American "show me" frame of mind. And this is what happened in New York.

The first audience was politely encouraging, but hardly more than that, and the reviews plainly reflected this attitude. None was unfavorable, but several were lukewarm and condescending, granting Mr. Pollock a fine sincerity of purpose and a perfect knowledge of the greater public's reaction to popular drama, but questioning the supreme importance of his restatement of the accepted truths: That hate is the real enemy of humanity; that wars are inspired by hate; that there is no real difference between peoples and that if hatred and greed are banished from the earth there will be no war.

The public response, however, was definite and favor-

able. "The Enemy" never quite achieved the commercial success of "The Fool," but was continuously well attended through the better part of the season.

The action of "The Enemy" precedes the declaration of the great war by two months. In a flat in Vienna are living Dr. Arndt and his daughter Pauli. Living with them is Bruce Gordon, a young English student of the university in which Dr. Arndt is a professor.

The scene shows the living and dining rooms of the flat, warm and comfortable rooms, with walls of dark red denim above a dark wood wainscoting, broken by bookcases and hung with many pictures. "Of these there are any number — fifty, or more — of all shapes and sizes; chiefly oil paintings, good, but not too good; in many cases the work of friends of the owner. The essential two are a fairly large 'Judas,' hanging on the back wall, and a small nude on the wall down left. Also, there are three or four canvases conspicuously Spanish, and, in the dining-room, engravings and dark-toned reproductions of the Parthenon, the Coliseum, and the Arch of Trajan."

The dining room is at back and the furniture of both rooms "is of the period when 'sets' were popular. . . . Three things are conspicuously true of this flat. It is middle-class; it is inexpensively but most cheerfully, tastefully and comfortably furnished, and it is European. There is nothing costly or luxurious, and nothing new or very modern. There is everything to suggest a busy, devoted, highly cultured family, including men who read and smoke, and women who know how to make home of a house."

It is Sunday, June 28, 1914. The rooms are flooded with sunshine and seated before a big mahogany desk at one side a young man (Carl Behrend) is reading aloud to Pauli Arndt, who is "dividing her attention between Carl and a basket of homely darning."

"Pauli is twenty-four, pretty, rather fragile, and,

reaching womanhood very early in life, has become a mother, without actually bearing children, through the long illness and eventual death of her own mother. Varied and numerous tasks sit lightly upon Pauli, who is given to singing whenever occasion permits, and whose general brightness and optimism have become a family jest. Deeply in love with Carl, long friendship has brought her to taking his presence and affection more or less for granted, so that her feeling reveals itself in maternal warmth rather than in any amorous inclination. Moreover, Carl has made no formal proposal. Pauli, happy in their comradeship, is vaguely unsatisfied, but quite unworried . . . quite sure that all will be well in good time—the Lord's—and Carl's." . . . "Carl Behrend is exactly Pauli's age, and ever so much more youthful. He is extremely good-looking, and gay, with a gaiety easily and quickly clouded. Carl, in fact, is a poet, and one feels that laying bricks for a livelihood, or stoking an engine, would not make him anything else. He is quite dependent upon, and subject to Pauli—he would always be dependent upon and subject to some one—but his gentleness and sensitiveness, with their faint suggestion of effeminacy, do not conceal the quality and courage of the lad—any more than grace and nerves show a race-horse inferior to a dray-horse. While he had one, Carl was his mother's boy; now, without quite realizing it, he is Pauli's."

The manuscript from which Carl is reading is that of a play which he has recently finished and sent to a broker named Bergman. This play, too, is called "The Enemy" and is written on the same theme employed by Mr. Pollock. Carl's enthusiasm for it is in a measure checked by his author's sensitiveness and his fear that he has not been able completely to clarify his argument. His sensitiveness is heightened by his father's sneering lack of faith in his writing ability. But Pauli has no lack of faith. She *knows* that Carl is a great author

and knows that the world will acknowledge that fact some day. But she is just a little apprehensive concerning "The Enemy."

"Everybody'll say you're pro-English," she warns him, with a touch of maternal solicitude. "Most of us don't think of the English as 'nice people.'"

"But that's the very point," he answers, quickly; "to show they're exactly like us. There isn't any *real* difference between peoples. Fancy hating a country of Bruce Gordons."

"Oh — Bruce!"

"There must be a good many of him among forty millions. And of men like him among every forty millions. We believe such nonsense of other people, and they probably believe equal nonsense about us. Hate is a manufactured product . . . fatal to ourselves as well as to those we hate. . . . That's a commonplace, but so few of us see the commonplace, and it has to be repeated so often."

Carl is not easily cheered. He is in the throes of an added fear now — that the broker Bergman will not like his play and that it will be returned, and his father will again be proved right.

Pauli and Carl are in the dining room arranging the table when Bruce Gordon lets himself in quietly. There is to be a birthday celebration for Carl. Bruce is carrying a heavy package, which he carefully deposits on the desk and uncovers. It is a new American typewriter. and, being one of the things for which Carl has been longing most ardently, is quite evidently intended as a surprise.

"Gordon is a clean, well set up, blond young Englishman of about the age of Pauli and Carl." He has graduated from the university, but has delayed, day by day, returning to England. It is not easy for him to part with his friends — especially Pauli. Carl senses that.

Now Carl and Pauli have discovered Bruce, and a

moment later the typewriter. And Carl is reduced to a state of joyfulness that is a little beyond his expression. They are all gorgeously happy over the success of the surprise. But the typewriter must be hidden, for Carl's father is announced.

The elder Behrend "is a ponderous man of something over fifty; tall and commanding . . . domineering, rather . . . with large, fat, capable hands, and a neck that thrusts itself over his collar redly in the rear, and falls into several chins in front. His blond hair has been cut pompadour. His blond moustache bristles aggressively. Everything about Behrend bristles and is aggressive. He is the embodiment of prosperity, self-satisfaction, and utter disregard of others. These qualities have made him the man he is today. His clothes are aggressively good, and his rings would seem aggressively expensive, but that the modest flesh of his fingers has had the grace to cover them. In spite of all this, Behrend is not disagreeable. Men of his kind have friends, and are pretty generally envied and admired."

He, too, has remembered that it is Carl's birthday — though he admits some one had to remind him. He isn't good at remembering family anniversaries. Carl's mother was the sentimental member of the family. But Behrend is ready to contribute to the party. He has bought seats for a music hall — expensive seats, too — six of them. When they tell him there will be eight at the party his day is practically ruined.

His second shock is his discovery of the typewriter. Such extravagant luxuries are not for him. Only the English can afford such things, and that because of the trade advantage they take of the Austrians — and of the world, for the matter of that.

Behrend is about to launch forth in defense of an assertion that no one can doubt that his race is the superior of any when Professor Arndt's coming interrupts him. The professor is "a very quiet, very kindly

but vigorous man well over sixty. A big man—in every way—with a lofty forehead, and gentle, spectacled eyes. They twinkle—these eyes; one feels that they have seen much, and that their owner has thought much, and understands everything. His is a pervading calm, which, with utter simplicity, gives the effect of tremendous dignity. His voice is low and caressing; it caresses every one; but it envelopes Pauli in a protective mantle of great love.”

“Quite right, August,” answers Professor Arndt, who has overheard the statement. “No one doubts that *his* is the superior race! The only difficulty is in getting the other races to agree to it.”

A moment later he is as quietly, and firmly, defending Carl’s ambition to be an author. “Even Goethe had to begin,” he reminds Behrend; “and Schiller and Lessing. . . . Goethe did more to make Germany respected and understood than all her warriors. . . . When people understand one another they will not need soldiers. England’s greatest conqueror was not Nelson but Shakespeare.”

But Behrend is not convinced. A good soldier, a good business man—these represent his ambitions for his son. The boy is just wasting his time with pen and paper.

“Can one dress his wife in paper?” he demands. “That’s what comes of writing! Can one put ink in a baby’s bottle?”

“That depends on the color of the baby,” suggests Bruce.

The humor is lost on Behrend, and a moment later he has his revenge. Inadvertently Professor Arndt asks for the package that has come for Carl. It may be another birthday gift. But Pauli, who has been hiding it, knows. And the color goes out of Carl’s face as he recognizes the postmark. It is his play come back.

Both Bruce and Pauli try to revive hope in the young

author's breast, but with little success. With Pauli gone to help with the dinner, Bruce tries again. There is still London. The play might be sold there.

BRUCE — Do you know Bergman? (*Carl shakes his head.*) I thought perhaps he didn't like you.

CARL — He didn't like the play. And he's right.

BRUCE — You'll give it up?

CARL (*shakes his head again*) — I'll do it over.

BRUCE — Hard lines.

CARL — I'm not afraid . . . of anything that's my job! I want to show people the folly and waste of prejudice and dissension! Tomorrow I'm going to find work . . . that will pay a few crowns . . . and I'll take cheap lodgings . . . and eat very little . . . and write . . . and write again . . . and still again . . . until I've proved to myself . . . and every one . . . that I *can* write!

BRUCE (*with vast approval*) — Right! (*Goes up to refill his pipe from a jar on the bookcase L. Carl's eyes follow him and go farther — through the door . . . to Pauli. A pause.*)

CARL — Bruce. . . .

BRUCE — Yes.

CARL — Do you love Pauli?

BRUCE — Yes.

CARL — Why don't you ask her to marry you?

BRUCE — I did. (*Comes down L.*) Before I knew *you* loved her.

CARL — What did she say?

BRUCE — That from the time you were children . . . making a home out of a big wooden box . . . she had thought of nothing but a real home with you.

CARL — Pauli said that?

BRUCE — Quite simply.

CARL — And you repeat it to me? Why?

BRUCE — Because I love Pauli.



Photo by Apeda, N. Y.

"THE ENEMY"

Behrend: "Germany and Austria together could whip the world!
I wonder what the Kaiser and his Grand Admiral talked about
just now when they visited our Archduke at Konopisht?"

Professor: "Who knows?"

Mizzi: "Or cares?"

*(Walter Abel, Jane Seymour, Fay Bainter, Lyonel Watts, Russ
Whytal and Charles Dalton)*

CARL (*passionately*) — Bruce, I'm no good! I'm not worth the tips of her fingers! Always, I'm thinking of myself . . . and my work . . . while you. . . . Father's right! I shall die a baby!

BRUCE — And *she* was born a mother.

CARL — I can't ask her to wait . . . so long! And I won't have her in a dingy room . . . in a dingy street . . . doing the washing! It's my work, or Pauli!

BRUCE — Which wins?

CARL (*with great longing*) — I love Pauli.

BRUCE — I know.

CARL — And I need her.

BRUCE — I know.

CARL (*crying out*) — But I can't give up my work! I'm not that kind of a coward! (*The bell rings. Away off, L, a door opens and we hear Pauli. All Carl's heart is in his next speech.*) But, oh, my little Pauli!

BRUCE — Ask her tonight.

CARL — I'm not that kind of a coward, either!

Mizzi Winckelman, neighbor and friend, and her young son, Kurt, have arrived. "Mizzi is twenty-five, very dainty, very pretty, and exceedingly pert and full of life. In our own country, she would be called a 'flapper' — which fact doesn't prevent her being an excellent wife and mother. She is dressed in her spotless best, and Kurt, aged six, has been scrubbed until he shines."

Mizzi's husband, Fritz, follows her closely, dragging in extra chairs for the company. "Fritz, a journalist, is a buoyant, wide-awake young fellow, slightly past the age of Carl, good-looking, and likable in spite of pronounced self-confidence." . . . "He and Mizzi are deeply in love and she agrees with him that he is a person of some consequence."

Fritz, it appears, has forgotten something, and must rush off to his newspaper office nearby to fetch it. It's

a secret, he smiles at Carl, and he will strangle Mizzi if she dares tell. He has to go to the office anyway, even though it is Sunday. The Archduke is being received at Sarajevo and there is trouble in the air. Already it has been reported, Behrend relates, that the Archduke was met by a crowd carrying Serbian flags.

PROFESSOR — Ferdinand should never have gone to Bosnia! He was warned by the Serbian Legation!

BEHREND — As though a nation could avoid responsibility by giving warning! However, nothing will happen! We are too well prepared. No one strikes a man who is known to be strong!

PROFESSOR — On the contrary, when a bully swaggers about, sooner or later some one always thrashes him!

BEHREND — Germany and Austria together could whip the world! I wonder what the Kaiser, and his Grand Admiral talked about just now when they visited our Archduke at Konopisht!

PROFESSOR — Who knows?

MIZZI — Or cares!

PAULI — These state discussions do not concern us!

CARL — Fighting is no longer probable. There is already talk of reducing armaments!

PROFESSOR — There was talk of that just before the Franco-Prussian War!

CARL — I, for one, should refuse to fight! (*Behrend looks at him in shame and disgust.*)

BRUCE — No one wants war.

BEHREND — No one wants cholera, but it occurs.

PROFESSOR — It would occur oftener if we allowed physicians to decide whether we should have it!

BEHREND — We must keep the Serbs from the Adriatic!

PROFESSOR — Does it matter to you?

BEHREND — It matters to my country!

PROFESSOR — How?

BEHREND (*not too sure, and so blustering*) — The Balkan States, allowed to grow strong, and independent of us . . . or Turkey . . . become the advance guard of Russia!

PROFESSOR — There's always something like that!

BEHREND — We must push our coast-line farther south!

PROFESSOR — Why?

BEHREND (*faltering*) — To . . . to reach the Near East!

PROFESSOR — Why?

BEHREND (*unable to go further, and indignant in consequence*) — I — I don't know! I leave such things to statesmen! But I read it only last week in *Die Welt*!

MIZZI (*delighted*) — Fritz wrote that article!

PROFESSOR — Why?

MIZZI — I don't know.

PROFESSOR — Does he?

BEHREND (*exploding*) — Of course! Because a patriot doesn't ask questions! Without them, he stands ready — as I do — gladly to give the last drop of blood to his country!

Baruska, the maid, announces dinner and a truce is declared. But Fritz does not come. There is more speculation as to what he had gone for and Mizzi blurts out the secret. He has gone to the office to get the proof sheets of a story he has written for the paper announcing Bergman's acceptance of Carl's play. The returned and unopened manuscript had been sent back with a letter of acceptance and a request from Bergman that Carl change the ending.

There is an excited recovery of the manuscript package now, and in it is found the letter. Carl is dizzy with the turn of fortune, and Pauli is radiant. Bruce, sensing the joy in the hearts of the lovers, follows the others into the dining room.

Pauli and Carl are standing before the typewriter, gazing rapturously into each other's misty eyes.

CARL — I know now the first words for my typewriter.

PAULI — To Bergman?

CARL (*he has gone to his machine; one eye upon the dining room*) — To . . . (*He indicates Pauli.*)

PAULI — To me? (*Fearful of having been overheard, both look at the dining room, and then, slowly, one word at a time, Carl types: I . . . LOVE . . . YOU.*) (*Pauli comes very close.*)

CARL (*sotto voce*) — Will you marry me? (*Pauli playfully waves him aside, and violently taps out on the typewriter: Y . . . E . . . S. On the verge of that embrace, they are interrupted.*)

BEHREND (*to Bruce*) — Shut those doors! I hate a typewriter! (*They wait. Bruce comes into the doorway . . . and winks.*)

BRUCE (*with mock regret*) — I'm sorry! (*And shuts the doors.*)

CARL — Pauli, I can write! I shall be a great author, and always your lover! (*Again he is about to take her in his arms, and again they are interrupted. The phone rings. They look at it.*)

PAULI — I'm afraid!

CARL — Our troubles are over! (*Pauli starts for the phone.*) Kiss me first! (*She is about to do so, when again the phone rings . . . and goes on ringing.*)

PAULI (*glancing apprehensively at the dining-room doors*) — We must answer.

CARL (*going*) — Of course; it's some trifle! (*As he takes the instrument in his hand, it stops ringing, and he thinks of something more important.*) We'll take a flat, and get some furniture. . . . (*The phone rings.*)

PAULI (*laughing*) — Carl!

CARL (*into the phone*) — Hello! . . . Yes. Fritz!

. . . We're waiting . . . *What!* When? . . . It doesn't seem possible! . . . How soon will you be here? . . . All right. . . Goodbye. (*During which, Pauli has torn "the first words" from the typewriter, folded the paper, and tucked it into her bosom. Now, alarmed at Carl's tone, she stops and turns to him.*)

PAULI — What is it?

CARL — Fritz isn't coming. The Archduke has been killed in Sarajevo. (*Then seeing the worry in her eyes.*) Pauli! . . . What's that to us? (*And, with nothing to disturb them, at last they melt into their first embrace.*)

The curtain falls.

ACT II

It is August 4, 1914. There have been changes in the living room. Carl and Pauli, married, have taken the dining room as their bedroom, and the dining-room furniture has been moved into the living room. Certain of the former comforts that may be classed as luxuries are missing — the telephone is gone and a student lamp furnishes desk light in place of electricity. One or two paintings also are missing from the walls. "Hard times" already have settled upon the Arndt household.

Outside, however, there is much gaiety. Through the windows at back the buildings across the street are elaborately decorated with Austrian and German flags. There is the sound of martial music, now faintly heard, now more plainly, and always the shuffling tramp of marching men. Occasionally the crowd outside cheers, though at a distance; probably at the next street corner.

Out the street window Mizzi is leaning as far as possible that she may get a better view of the marching troops. At the living-room table Professor Arndt is trying to write, but without great success. Even the copying

he is trying to do from a large book propped up in front of him is difficult in the excitement that is swirling about him.

Mizzi is of the opinion that he is very foolish to try to work. Especially as she suspects he is doing something pacifistic. "This isn't the time for Pacifists," she almost sneers.

"No," Professor Arndt admits. "Once war is in the blood all nations spell reason with a T."

"With a world on fire," ventures Mizzi, "we——"

"We need kindling, not the fire department," finishes the professor.

She is further startled to learn that he is not only copying sentences from a pacifist book, but the worst of all pacifist books — the Bible. And the worst of all pacifist lines — "Thou shalt not kill!"

"A man who uttered those words today would be sent to prison," he sighs.

"But that just means killing . . . *some one*," Mizzi insists, somewhat pressed for a convincing rejoinder.

"I see. You think it was written for the retail trade," smiles the professor.

Pauli is in. She has been brushing up and mending Carl's uniform. There is a noticeable difference in Pauli; "the subtle difference marriage makes in women. She has been troubled, too, and is worried now, but, as yet, trouble and worry have not effaced the shining marks of her happiness."

Mizzi is reassuring. It isn't likely, Fritz has told her, that he and Carl will be called. There will be no need of them. Pauli would like to share her optimism, but even if she can't she is glad her father had hurried her marriage. "If they'll wait five days I shall have had a month of happiness," she says.

PROFESSOR — Four nations fighting us: Serbia, Russia, France, Belgium.

MIZZI — And all without the least cause!

PROFESSOR — But *we* had cause?

MIZZI — Certainly!

PROFESSOR — Do you know what it was?

MIZZI — The cause of the war? Of course! They killed the Archduke!

PROFESSOR — Oh, yes!

MIZZI (*safely past that, and triumphant with a new idea*) — Why didn't *they* remember "Thou shalt not kill?" How about *other* people obeying the Commandments?

PROFESSOR — Maybe the trouble with our religion is that it asks too much of human nature. If you tell a man his health depends upon eating more moderately he's likely to *try*. But if you say "Eat nothing," he answers, "That's fine, but, of course, it's impossible." The Koran asks less, and is obeyed more! (*Mizzi, bored, goes back to her window.*)

PAULI — There's nothing difficult about Christ.

PROFESSOR — That's different!

PAULI — Different?

PROFESSOR — Would everything be different if we had preached Christ instead of . . . Christianity? The simple things He said instead of all the twistings, and turnings, and little side alleys of creed and theology? If we hadn't spent these centuries building up a great *hocus-pocus* instead of a great truth?

PAULI — Father!

PROFESSOR — "For God and King!" But between them and us . . . from the days when we began building palaces for our Bishops and pyramids for our Kings . . . have come that multitude of interpreters and exploiters who live by the mummery they have made of Religion and Patriotism! . . . Blasphemy and treason, but I sometimes think the two vast conspiracies through all history have been God and King.

PAULI — You think we should uncrown our kings?

PROFESSOR — Not all our kings wear crowns. And, perhaps, those who don't are the worst!

That Professor Arndt is trying bravely to conceal the apprehension he feels is more plainly indicated in a talk he has with Baruska, the servant, who has missed the paintings. Guardedly he admits to her that they may even have to do without help, though Pauli must not know. In that case Baruska might go back to her father's farm. There she might even make money enough to pay off the mortgage. But Baruska is convinced it would take a lifetime of work for her to save seven thousand crowns.

The excitement continues. Young Kurt is in with his drum, beating it loudly. The early editions of the newspapers are out announcing the latest developments, including England's warning that Germany shall keep out of Belgium. In answer to which Germany has attacked Liege.

Now Mizzi is wondering about Bruce Gordon. What is he waiting for? Already there have been demonstrations against foreigners. The jewelry shop of a Russian Jew has been broken into and hundreds of his letters seized. The country is filled with spies. Anything is possible. Where, for instance, does Bruce get all his money — for typewriters and things? If they take her advice they will hurry Bruce out of the country. And it certainly is no time to have his picture about, draped with an English flag, even if it had been put there ages ago, as Pauli reminds her.

"We're not at war with England — and Bruce is our friend," she says.

"We've no friends but the Germans," Mizzi rejoins. "If you're not loyal to your country you might be to your husband." And she gathers up Kurt and his drum and flirts out of the house.

The elder Behrend is in, to wait for Carl. He, too, is

excited. But he doesn't think England will fight. Nobody fights for principle. Besides, if Germany had not invaded Belgium, France would. She's been preparing for just such a move for fifty years. Austria must protect her national honor. England is a jealous country and plots to crush her rivals in trade. Thank God he has a son to give to the army, even if he is too old to go.

"What an end . . . To die for one's country." The thought of that sacrifice thrills Behrend.

"I've heard it spoken of highly by people who don't do it," the professor agrees, dryly. "August, I've a plan to end wars."

"How?"

"By making the men who declare 'em fight 'em."

But Behrend can't understand how any one can joke on such a subject. He is tremendously confident of the outcome of the war, whatever may happen. Without supplies Germany and Austria can exist a year, England no more than a month, and they have the submarines. To be used against merchant ships, carrying women and children? Certainly! "Necessity knows no law!"

He is sorry to hear that Professor Arndt is in trouble at the university because of his pacifistic views. Sorrier still to learn that he has resigned. That's disgraceful.

"Isn't it?" admits the professor; "when murder is taught in schools and preached in churches. . . . With God as the Great Accessory. . . . But I am not the only one. Muller still works on his cure for cancer. Still risks death to *save* — life. . . . We're cutting down on everything. *I* don't mind, but Pauli shouldn't do without meat. And there's the premium on my life insurance. . . . Three more payments and we receive twenty-five thousand crowns."

Meanwhile the professor hopes to get work. Behrend grows suddenly generous. Now that the families are related he would be glad to advance the professor a loan,

if it should be needed. He has made a little money recently — in wheat. Soldiers have to eat — and fortunately he has the grain. But the professor never borrows.

When Carl comes he, too, reflects the excitement of the hour. He has already changed a little, is a bit coarsened and with bravado in his manner. Excitedly he reports that the British ambassador has been mobbed in Berlin — the spy!

Carl is confident it will soon be over, and another victory for civilization, liberty and democracy. And no one will be able to deny that the victors fought with justice on their side.

"Justice is *always* on our side . . . whichever side that happens to be," Professor Arndt ruefully observes.

The papers report that already there are more men called than will be needed, and Carl admits that he is a little relieved. All day he has feared that he would be called — afraid to look in the mail box for fear the long blue envelope would be there summoning him to the colors.

He is too relieved and excited even to care that Bergman, reacting to the war fever, has turned back the play because it deals with the insanity of war. Bergman is probably right.

But Pauli doesn't like that attitude. Carl must not change his views — just because a band is playing. "More than ever you must remind people that the enemy is hate — the real enemy. . . . All this silly fury about nothing! Why, do you know, Mizzi has begun to hate Bruce! . . . And I had begun to hate Mizzi! . . . And Mizzi to hate me! And now we don't have to hate any one."

Guardedly, a little happily, she tries to tell him something. "Carl, darling, I couldn't tell you when I thought you were going away . . . but soon after we move into our new house . . ."

Carl doesn't hear. Even as she is speaking his gaze becomes transfixed. Through the mail slot in the door a long blue envelope is being pushed.

Now Pauli has seen the summons, and knows the truth. And Fritz has burst into the room with the news that England has declared war!

In a moment the household is in an uproar. Carl catches the fever. Fritz is all excitement. Their regiment has been called. Baruska is singing the latest war song and Fritz and Carl join her. Pauli, too, must join in, "We're going to rush the Russians!" they shout in unison and broken harmony.

The Austrian flag has been dragged in the mud! Already one Englishman has been mobbed in the Franz-Joseph strasse! The country is full of spies! They'll clean them out! agrees Carl. Even Bruce — Let everybody sing!

"God marches with our eagles;
God victory will bring;
If the King of England fights us, *then*
God save the king."

"In the open doorway stands Bruce. He is very white. As he steps into the room, closing the door behind him, he faces Fritz. A sudden dead silence."

BRUCE — What's happened?

FRITZ (*a low growl*) — You . . .

BRUCE — Carl, what's happened?

CARL — You know!

BRUCE — I don't! I've been reading quietly in the University. Somebody tell me . . . Pauli — you!

CARL (*before she can answer*) — Keep away from my wife!

BRUCE (*amazed*) — What . . .?

FRITZ — Your countrymen dragged our flag in the mud!

BRUCE — Where?

FRITZ — In London! (*Thrusting a newspaper under his nose.*) Read that!

PAULI (*intervening*) — Let's be fair! Bruce isn't in London, and he doesn't have to go! What do you say, Bruce?

BRUCE — Say?

PAULI — We are your friends.

BRUCE — England is my country.

PAULI — You gave me my husband. You wouldn't —

FRITZ — Wouldn't he?

PAULI — Not Carl . . . ?

FRITZ — Carl, or me, or anybody! Friendship! This traitor from a land of traitors!

BRUCE (*he has turned away. Now, suddenly, violently, he turns back*) — A land of . . . England? England . . . asleep while you plotted World Dominion! England . . . trading quietly while jealous rivals schemed to crush her! For fifty years you've been preparing, and then because a crazy schoolboy killed a fat bully —

MIZZI — Our beloved Archduke!

BRUCE — . . . You invade a peaceful nation at our very doors!

FRITZ — So your security was involved!

BRUCE — No . . . our honor! Don't talk of friendship!

You have no friends! (*Crumpling the paper and throwing it down.*) When you entered Belgium you became the Enemy of the World!

FRITZI (*starting forward*) — You . . .

PAULI (*intervening again*) — Wait! Don't you see he's saying the same thing we're saying? We're all saying the same thing, and believing it, and killing one another for it. (*With lifted face, and clasped hands.*) God in Heaven, what's it all about?

FRITZ — They dragged our flag in the mud!

CARL — Yes!

MIZZI (*suddenly reminded of the picture*) — And we're flying theirs!

FRITZ — What!

CARL (*at the same time*) — No!

MIZZI (*at the same time, pointing*) — There!

CARL (*moving forward*) — The dirty rag!

BRUCE — Don't touch that flag.

CARL — What'll you do?

BRUCE (*murderously, so that Pauli's question is answered*) — Never mind! Don't touch it!

FRITZ — I spit on it! (*He leaps for the flag; Bruce smashes him, and he falls back, across the table, his hand touching the carving knife. He seizes it, and jumps at Bruce.*) — You spy! (*Bruce grips him but not quite in time. The two men stand together an instant, and then, as Fritz steps back, we see Bruce's hand and cuff a welter of blood. Every one is sobered and every one cries out.*)

PAULI — Fritz!

CARL (*suddenly white and sick; clinging to the table*) — Bruce! Your arm! Look! Oh, my God! (*Bruce quietly, but defiantly, goes to his picture, lifts the flag from the frame, reverently, and puts it in his pocket. Then he picks up a napkin from the table to wrap about his cut. Blood stains the cloth, and Baruska, instinctively protective of the good linen, opens the bedroom door to get a towel. We hear marching feet.*)

PAULI (*to Carl*) — Get a doctor.

BRUCE — It's nothing. I can take care of it.

PAULI — Then go! Go now, please!

Carl's regiment is to mobilize at dawn. There is little time. It is already getting dark. Stunned, staring straight ahead of her, Pauli is watching the gathering shadows. "Daylight!" she murmurs, in a tone filled with dread. "Oh, my God!"

"The dimming lights grow dimmer . . . the tramp-

ing louder . . . and in the darkness the curtain falls.
The night passes."

Gradually the scene lightens. At first only the outlines of the Winged Victory are seen. Then the figures become visible. Pauli is still standing by the window, watching the creeping daylight. "Her hair is braided and hanging over a heavy dressing gown that covers her nightdress. Carl sits where he sat before, but he is in uniform and his fatigue cap is before him on the table."

Through the night they have been there waiting, waiting. And something like hysteria has gradually crept over Carl. Now the moment of parting has come. Other lights in other windows are beginning to appear. And Pauli is the brave one. Carl is trembling with fear. War isn't his work! What of his career? What will become of Pauli!

"I shall be waiting," she answers, calmly.

"And if I don't . . . come back?"

"I shall be waiting . . ."

CARL (*sinking on his knees before her*) — I can't help it! I'm afraid! Father's right! I'm afraid of everything!

PAULI — No!

CARL (*looking at her*) — Yes! I'm afraid of myself! I'm afraid of being afraid!

PAULI (*staring into his eyes — almost hypnotically*) — You're not!

CARL — You don't know! How can you? Listen! When I was doing my service . . . sacks . . . stuffed . . . and we . . . with our bayonets . . . pressed . . . you could feel them . . . going in! I *had* to! And now . . . men! Other women's men! I can't!

PAULI — You must!

CARL — I can't! I'm afraid! I can't kill people! I can't hate anybody! I've tried! Bruce! All blood! I shall see thousands like that . . . with bloody arms,

and . . . heads! Horses ripped open! Men stabbed and torn and blown to bits! Kill or be killed! I can't! I won't! I'll run away!

PAULI (*drawing his head into her lap, as though he were a frightened child*) — No, Carl.

CARL — Better now than . . .

PAULI — You won't run. You'll be brave.

CARL (*rising, erect, trembling*) — Brave!

PAULI (*clutching his arm*) — For me.

CARL — For you?

PAULI — To come back to me.

CARL — I can't! You don't understand! What's the use lying! I'm a coward! I can't go! I'm afraid! I'm afraid! I'm *horribly, horribly* . . . afraid! (*Jan enters L in full uniform . . . the light from the hall behind him.*)

JAN (*crisply; his manner changed with his dress*) — Lieutenant!

CARL (*straightening*) — Yes?

JAN — Time!

CARL (*clicking his heels, and turning sharply . . . a soldier*) — Go ahead! (*He gets his cap and crosses to Pauli. Jan exits R. Outside, we hear Fritz and Mizzi, saying goodbye*) — Goodbye, Pauli.

PAULI (*her arms about him*) — Goodbye.

CARL (*significantly*) — Don't worry — about me.

PAULI — Oh, no! (*He starts for the door. She yields to an overwhelming impulse*) — And Carl . . .

CARL (*turning*) — Yes?

PAULI (*she masters it*) — Nothing. I don't want you to worry about me, either. (*We have heard the voices off stage: "Where's Carl?" "Coming!" "Oh, Fritz! Fritz!" And now:*)

FRITZ (*off R*) — Carl! Ready?

CARL (*crisply*) — Ready! (*He exits. Outside, we hear his voice joining Fritz's in farewell to Mizzi, and Mizzi's hysterical responses . . . all dying out down*

the unseen stairs. Pauli, dry-eyed, sinks into the chair by the window. Mizzi enters; her face swollen from crying. She goes to Pauli.)

MIZZI — They're gone! Almost without warning! We may never see them again! Poor Pauli! I have a child! (*Pauli's hand opens and closes again convulsively.*) But you've got to face everything alone! Poor Pauli! (*With mother eyes in an inscrutable face, Pauli looks straight ahead of her. Baruska, carrying a lamp, enters L, crosses the stage, and disappears into the hallway.*) Poor Kurt! To grow up without a father! I never realized. . . . Oh, Pauli! (*She sinks upon her knees. Pauli, still looking straight ahead of her, strokes Mizzi's hair . . . mechanically. Baruska reappears R, closes the door, and is securing the chain as the curtain falls.*)

ACT III

It is March, 1917. The Arndts' living room is bare and desolate. Of all those things that could be turned into money it has been stripped. Only the Winged Victory remains, and the typewriter, around which much work is banked.

Outside the weather is cold. There is frost on the window. "All life now centers about the tile stove. This contains fire . . . though not much. A basket near it contains wood . . . obviously of amateur cutting . . . but not much. And everything huddles about this stove.

"In the frame that formerly held a picture of Bruce Gordon there is now a picture of Carl, and before it a small vase holding a red paper flower. There is a litter of baby clothing in process of alteration. . . . The Professor's pipe is in view, but it is empty and there is

no tobacco jar. . . . From a building across the street depends a single dirty, bedraggled, forgotten flag. The whole place reeks of poverty, worry, weariness, desolation and despair."

And what is true of the rooms is true also of those who people the rooms. "They are all tired, indifferent, shabby and, since washing linen is difficult, not too clean. Every one looks thin and pinched . . . and every one is a little weak from undernourishment."

Both Pauli and Mizzi have gray in their hair, Pauli especially. "Mizzi has become hard and bitter, but, in spite of her sufferings, Pauli's voice and demeanor indicate great happiness . . . even gaiety."

The reason for this buoyancy on Pauli's part is soon apparent. The doctor has just been in to see young Carl and reports him as much improved. All he needs is more food—milk with lime water, white of eggs with orange juice! No one of them has even seen an orange for months.

And Carl is coming home. "Home the first week in March," he had written.

Mizzi has not heard from Fritz in ages and is all but frantic with anxiety. "I heard regularly . . . until the regiment went East," she reports. "That's where we've lost most men. Always victories . . . and more troops . . . more . . . always more . . . marching . . . marching . . . away and never heard of again! Where do they come from? Where do they go? From the schools to their death . . . almost from the cradle! Did you see that battalion yesterday? Babies! If only they wouldn't march up this street! Fritz . . .

"Fritz'll come back!"

"If I could only *know*."

Not many come to the Arndt house these days. Baruska has gone to live on the farm, and though Pauli has written and written there have been no answers to her letters. It would mean much to Pauli and to

the baby if they could get even a little milk from the farm.

Carl's father has also kept away, ever since the day Professor Arndt insulted him. Behrend had a carload of rice hidden and had come for an economist's advice as to disposing of it. The professor ordered him from the house and when Behrend answered that he would "come back some day to see the baby," the professor stormed after him:

"Come back when you have sold your rice for what it cost. Not a heller more, and not until then . . . you murderer!"

And that was the last of Behrend. But now that Carl is coming home Pauli has written his father and he has agreed both to come and to forgive the professor.

Somewhere in the city, one of a long line, Professor Arndt is standing hoping to buy enough sausage for Carl's supper. Just for Carl. No one else, of course, can expect such a feast. And the professor has sold his Judas, most prized of all his paintings, that there may be money enough to buy sausage for one. . . .

But now the professor is home and there is no sausage. Judas did not bring enough. "That bread cost seven thousand crowns," the professor reports. "They kept changing the prices. Every time I counted my money again. Every few yards it was worth a little less. . . . Whenever they chalked up a new figure people dropped out of the line. Mostly women . . . crying. Some men fought to get nearer and were beaten by the soldiers. I can't understand how money can be worth nothing. The man next me said it was people selling short. Selling crowns they didn't have . . . billions . . . so the value goes down, and they can buy cheaper when the time comes to deliver. I don't believe that! I don't believe in all the world there's a man low enough to make profit on the hunger of his countrymen!

They sit down to their mid-day lunch — of parsnips

and herring. Mizzi is reading the paper the professor has brought home. It is black with familiar headlines. "Another British Defeat!" reads one. "Merchant Ships Sunk Without Warning!" another. It is this last horror that most seriously affects Pauli. The thought of the women and children —

"Why is it more terrible to *drown* women and children than to *starve* them?" demands the professor, become suddenly, bitterly aggressive. "Anybody who's desperate enough will do anything! We're all barbarians! God damn . . . (*With hands upraised, in the act of cursing the English, he realizes his own madness, and, like a frightened child in the dark, cries.*) Pauli! Pauli — dear! Don't let me hate! Don't let me become a barbarian! (*Weakly, he sinks down at the table. Pauli signals Mizzi, who draws up. A pause. The professor bows his head.*) For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful."

After dinner the news is told. August Behrend is coming! But the professor is not troubled. All the fight has gone out of him. As a reward for being thus surprisingly good, Pauli gives him his pipe — and the tobacco from three half-smoked cigarettes the doctor had left!

Baruska unexpectedly and suddenly appears at the door. She has ceased to look like a servant. "In a general way, she looks more like a gaily decorated float at a carnival. She is dressed in her best, which is new, expensive and Bohemian — a riot of colors and feathers. Her only discordant utilitarian touch is a basket, with shoulder straps, but this she carries." It takes the professor a moment to accept the new Baruska.

BARUSKA — Ain't you gonna ask me to sit down?

PROFESSOR — Of course. (*She does.*) We've written you . . .

BARUSKA — We didn't get any letters. Father was

coming to see you, but things always brought so much he hadn't the heart not to sell 'em.

PROFESSOR (*glancing toward the bedroom*) — He hadn't the heart . . .

BARUSKA — Today I came in . . . with eggs . . . the first time . . . and eggs . . . well, I've only got five left! I was thinking of you, and Miss Pauli, and, when I'd sold my first half dozen, suddenly I thought of the mortgage!

PROFESSOR — Really?

BARUSKA (*nods*) — Half a dozen eggs, and the money in my hand, and, all at once I says: "Why, that's more than the mortgage!"

PROFESSOR (*astounded. He hasn't thought of shrinkage in connection with that hoarding*) — More than . . .

BARUSKA — Certainly! Ten thousand crowns I had, and the mortgage is seven! And some interest! (*Raising her skirts to get the money from her petticoat.*) Ain't it funny? So many years, and now I've come to pay off the mortgage!

PROFESSOR — It is funny.

BARUSKA (*taking a bill from her roll*) — Ten thousand.

PROFESSOR (*a little stampeded*) — I didn't realize . . . As you say . . . so many years . . . savings. How much are eggs?

BARUSKA — Two thousand crowns each.

PROFESSOR — The loaves and fishes! My nest-egg has become three!

BARUSKA — Four! (*He hesitates.*) But they're going up — milk and eggs! (*He remembers the phrase and Baruska proffers the money.*) You can keep the change.

PROFESSOR — Will you give me the eggs instead?

BARUSKA — Why not? (*She takes them out of the basket.*) All five! They're no good to me! I've got a train to catch! Here! (*She gives them to him, and, with infinite care, he puts them on the table.*)

PROFESSOR — I'll mark the mortgage "Received Payment."

Nor is that all the bargaining they do. Seeing the Winged Victory is still there Baruska grandly offers a hundred thousand crowns for it, and raises the price to two hundred. And is to make payment in eggs and milk.

Professor Arndt is carefully putting the eggs Baruska has left in his now practically empty strong box when August Behrend arrives. He, too, has changed. But not in the same way as Baruska. "Behrend, of course, is not grotesque, and for that, and other reasons his visible prosperity and contentment are in sharper contrast with the physical and mental state of the people who live in this house. Costly his habit as his purse can buy, and, as Polonius said further, the apparel 'proclaims the man.' His overcoat is trimmed with fur . . . comfortable and ostentatious. He is smoking a cigar. His whole appearance is a bad start . . . a severe trial of faith to an hungry pacifist. Moreover, success has added to Behrend's self-confidence."

The profiteer's manner is challenging, but the professor continues calm. There is news that interests them both. The defection of the Czechs is important, but it cannot stop the successful Teutons. Nothing can stop them — not even the threat of America coming in — because of the *Lusitania*. Hadn't America been warned by the German legation?

"As our Archduke was warned by Serbia!" the professor recalls.

BEHREND — That's different! However, America won't fight. Nobody fights for principle! There are ten million Germans in America . . . and we're reaching them!

PROFESSOR — As *they* reached the Czechs! . . . But that's different!

BEHREND — Quite!

PROFESSOR — Doubtlessly!

BEHREND (*giving him another cigar*) — Smoke this one. (*The professor obeys.*) With America in, there would be an end of civilized warfare! It's bad enough to use black savages . . . but Indians! Did you ever hear of scalping?

PROFESSOR — Oh, yes!

BEHREND — You see, that's really a barbarous country! They burn people alive . . . negroes! It's incredible! God's mercy they can't get by our submarines! But, anyway, America won't fight! They're selling munitions! (*Pauli enters L.*)

PAULI (*going to him*) — Mr. Behrend!

BEHREND (*correcting and reminding her, gently*) — Father!

PAULI (*dubiously*) — Yes. (*Turning to her own father, she spies the treasure upon the table, and quickly turns back to Behrend*) — You brought some eggs!

BEHREND — Well . . .

PAULI — How kind. (*Mistaking the embarrassment; apprehensively*) — What are you talking about?

BEHREND — About savages.

PAULI (*listening at the bedroom door*) — Savages?

BEHREND — Foreigners.

PROFESSOR (*laughing*) — Oh, come now . . .

BEHREND — Don't you read the papers? They drop bombs on hospitals and churches. They cut off the hands of little children!

PROFESSOR — And . . . what is worse . . . they probably say the same things of us!

BEHREND — You don't believe it?

PROFESSOR — Do you?

BEHREND — If you are a patriot you are bound to believe in outrages! They are necessary to stimulate public feeling!

PROFESSOR — Wherever men . . . of all kinds . . .

including the lowest . . . are turned loose, drunk with blood and hate, there will be certain excesses!

BEHREND — Excesses! (*Rising. Pauli, alarmed, hovers over them.*) Really, my dear Arndt! Do you defend the destruction of cathedrals?

PROFESSOR — It isn't important.

BEHREND — What!

PROFESSOR — When we are destroying millions of men!

BEHREND — You condone outrages upon women?

PROFESSOR — All war is an outrage upon women! All the outrages that follow are as nothing beside that. The supreme criminal is not the animal in the trenches, but the statesman who declares war!

BEHREND (*furious*) — Arndt!

Another break is imminent, but Pauli saves the day. Behrend has come to see the baby. Let him look at him now. And Behrend, proud of his family's newest representative, with the Behrend brow, is mollified and generously moved. Twenty-three gold pieces are his gift to the boy — one piece for every month of his life. "If he were only my age," sighs the professor.

The truce is not for long. With Pauli out of the room the old enemies are at it again. Behrend's pride is many-sided. He is proud that Professor Muller has won a medal — not for cancer cures, but for poison gas. And proud that baby Carl has the square chin of the Behrends. Such boasting amuses the professor.

"My country is the greatest in the world," he preaches, and smiles. "My city is the greatest in the country. My street is the finest in the city. My house is the best in the street. I am the head of my house. . . . And we call that patriotism!"

BEHREND — This is a war to end war!

PROFESSOR — So was the Franco-Prussian War.

BEHREND — These people who starve us . . .

PROFESSOR — As we starved *them* in '71!

BEHREND — They must be crushed to make the world safe! And then . . .

PROFESSOR — Then comes a Peace Conference.

BEHREND — Yes.

PROFESSOR — And war always begins with the peace conferences! This war began in 1871!

BEHREND (*beginning to be irritated*) — When we shook hands with our adversary!

PROFESSOR — And took his watch!

BEHREND — What . . . ?

PROFESSOR — Alsace-Lorraine.

BEHREND (*springing up*) — You wouldn't have us give back . . . thousands of square miles?

PROFESSOR — To keep which we have kept sixteen million armed men!

BEHREND — Originally it belonged to us!

PROFESSOR — Whomever it belonged to, it has cost ten million lives! Is any strip of territory worth that . . . to anybody?

BEHREND — A population of two million . . .

PROFESSOR — Who spoke another tongue! What of *their* pride of race? For half a century, French school children have been taught that they must get back Alsace-Lorraine! When will we learn that, while pride of race survives, God makes the only lasting boundaries? (*Unseen by them, Pauli appears in the bedroom doorway. She is dressing, and has thrown a cloak about her. She carries the strong box.*)

BEHREND — Our people would never have consented!

PROFESSOR — Our people were never asked! A few generals wanted Metz "for strategic purposes!" When will we learn that friendship is the only strategy, and good-will a greater protection than machine guns?

BEHREND — All nations hold what they have won!

PROFESSOR — How long? Five thousands years of

war . . . from the beginning of history . . . and what have they accomplished? Always the vanquished return to their flags and their faith! The real conquests are of peace! From Sesostriis to Napoleon, who holds what he has won?

PAULI — Here's your strong box. (*She indicates the gold.*)

BEHREND — I must say . . . for a pacifist . . . !

PAULI (*laughing — to restore good humor*) — Have you never heard of a fighting pacifist?

PROFESSOR — I don't fight! I dislike no one!

PAULI — Very well! Don't wake the baby!

A moment later the quarrel of pacifist and profiteer is more threatening than ever. The professor, with nothing left in his strong box but his life insurance policy, hears Behrend boast that by "selling short" in the money market he already has turned a profit of 250,000,000 crowns and will have doubled that within the week.

That a man can boast of trading thus on a people's misery, amassing not money but so much "blood and tears," is too much for the professor, and for the second time he orders this "murderer" from his house with orders not to come back.

And when Behrend intimates that, talk as he will against "blood" money, the professor is quite willing to accept some of it, the twenty-three pieces given the baby, for instance, Professor Arndt furiously sweeps the money from the table and bids Behrend pick it up.

"Take them!" he commands. "From the floor! On your knees! On your belly! Crawl! You can't stoop as low to get them back as you stooped to get them!"

"You damned pacifist!"

"You damned traitor!"

Again Pauli's return to the room interrupts them. She has put on her gray silk wedding dress, to be ready

to meet Carl, and is on her way to Mizzi to be hooked up.

It is while Pauli is gone that Jan, who had worked for the Arndts and was in Carl's regiment, comes staggering through the door. "He is a pitiable object . . . dirty, unshaved, his hair and beard matted, his eyes bloodshot, his uniform smeared and tattered. A wreck of a man with a wreck of a mind. He staggers into the room as if in a trance . . . staring. Behrend stares, too, at him. The professor doesn't recognize him.

At first Jan does not realize where he is. Then, suddenly, he knows he is home and is on the verge of collapse. Gradually they drag from him the news he has come to bring — that Carl Behrend is dead.

Out in the hallway Pauli can be heard chattering to Mizzi about the hooks on her dress and the memories of her wedding day that they inspire. Now she is coming and they try to get Jan out of the way that the shock of Carl's fate may be broken to her more gently. But she is in the room before they can get the boy away. With a glad cry Pauli recognizes Jan.

"Carl's home!" she calls joyfully back to Mizzi.

PROFESSOR — Not yet.

PAULI (*crossing to C*) — Oh, I know Carl's jokes! He's hiding! Carl! Don't be silly! Carl! I want to see you!

PROFESSOR — Pauli!

BEHREND — My boy!

PAULI (*looks at Behrend with growing alarm*) — What do you mean? (*She turns to Jan.*) Where's Carl?

JAN — I don't know. (*They stare at each other. She is drawing the truth from his eyes.*)

PROFESSOR — He's been detained. He's been hurt. He's been . . .

PAULI — Killed.

PROFESSOR — We're not sure. We must wait!

MIZZI — Don't say that! Anything's better than waiting!

PAULI — Oh, no! Go in to the baby! (*Mizzi opens the bedroom door, but doesn't go in.*) Jan! What's happened? (*To them all.*) If you think you're doing me a kindness! (*Turns back.*) Jan!

JAN (*as though hypnotized*) — He's dead.

PAULI — How? He was coming home.

JAN — Yes; we was coming home.

PAULI — Go on. (*The professor moves to her. She puts him aside.*)

JAN — It was a long trench. And night. And raining. Part of the trench was covered. We was coming back from the first line. The whole company. Miles. Black. We got lost.

PROFESSOR — Yes?

JAN — Miles . . . bent double . . . in the dark . . . and mud — and we was tired . . . and we kept taking the wrong way, Outside it was hell. Big guns. I said, "I can't go on," and the captain put his hand on my shoulder . . . and I could hear his wrist watch ticking.

PAULI — Oh!

JAN — And I dropped back . . . a little. And then . . . I don't know what happened. A mine . . . maybe . . . or a shell. Right ahead everything went to pieces. Up in the air. In a big flame. Men, too. One man I saw with his head off. There was another with his guts hanging . . .

PROFESSOR — Never mind that!

PAULI — Carl?

JAN — I don't know. It was hell. Like day . . . with the guns . . . and the rockets . . . and the shells. And behind us the trench was caved in, and we couldn't go back. We fell down on our faces, and dug into the mud. And it rained water, and bullets, and shrapnel. Next to me a man was shot in the throat. And in front

of us — almost near enough to touch — was the men who'd been blown up.

BEHREND — All . . . dead?

JAN — And the bullets chugging into their bodies. . . . Tearing open their bloody faces. Hours. Like that. In the mud, and blood, and water. You couldn't reach 'em. Nobody could reach 'em. One man wasn't dead. . . .

PROFESSOR — Stop it! For God's sake . . . *Stop!* (*A long pause. Off stage, beneath the bedroom windows, a band is approaching. One hears the drums in the distance.*)

MIZZI — More troops.

PAULI — Go in to the baby. He'll waken. (*Mizzi goes.*)

JAN (*sinking down, with his head in his hands*) — Oh, Christ!

PROFESSOR — Pauli! Be brave! Don't look like that! Pauli!

PAULI — He was coming home.

BEHREND — You've got your baby. (*The drums are very loud.*)

PAULI — More troops.

JAN — Oh, Christ!

MIZZI (*in a frantic scream from the bedroom*) — Pauli! Pauli! Pauli! (*Pauli turns; hesitates; then runs into the bedroom. There is a crash of drums. Then that noise recedes, and, far down the street, faintly, is heard another band, playing, "We're going to Rush the Russians." Pauli reappears. Her cloak has fallen off; we see her gray silk wedding dress.*)

PAULI — My baby's dead.

PROFESSOR — No! No! No!

PAULI — The drums didn't wake him. He's cold. Don't go in. I know. (*Nevertheless, the professor starts up. Mizzi appears in the doorway. He looks at her. She nods. He drops back.*) My baby's dead!

MIZZI — Pauli . . . darling!

PAULI — Listen! More troops! More! Always more! Where do they come from? From the ends of the earth! From the beginning of history . . . to the end of time! Marching! Babies still unborn . . . their mothers still unborn . . . marching!

MIZZI — Stop her!

PROFESSOR — *Pauli! (Above the distant music a near trumpet sounds "assembly.")*

PAULI (*suddenly; triumphantly; but very quietly*) — Not my baby! He won't answer your trumpets! He'll never feel mud, and agony, and the bullets tearing up his face! I've nothing more to feed your guns! (*The band is passing.*) My baby's safe! (*The curtain begins to fall.*) My baby's dead! Thank God! Thank God! Thank God! (*The music is dying down the street as the curtain reaches the stage.*)

ACT IV

The last of June, 1919, five years after the war's beginning, finds the Arndts still in their Vienna flat, gradually readjusting their lives to the newer but still difficult ways of peace.

"Cheerfulness has returned to the rooms. Very little else has returned to them, the pictures and casts and wedding gifts still being conspicuous by reason of their absence, but there is tidiness and hope, business and bustle, besides whatever articles are necessary to comfort."

The dining-room furniture is again in place, Pauli, widowed and childless, having moved back to her own small room. It is late afternoon, but the rooms are still flooded with a warm sunshine.

Pauli and the professor are just back from a matinée.

They have been with Bruce Gordon to see Carl's play, "The Enemy," which has been running some weeks now and is a success. The opening night the people actually cheered the speeches about hate which, the professor insists, they would have stoned any author for having written a year before.

Now Bruce has joined them. And with news. He has sold the play to Gaunt of London, who is prepared to pay two hundred pounds in advance that very night. And is sure of the play's success in England. They will call it pro-German, of course, as the Vienna critics had already called it pro-English. "People don't understand the effort to be pro-Human," observes Bruce. But it will be a success just the same. And may easily make as much as a hundred and fifty pounds a week.

The very thought of so much money is exciting to Professor Arndt's imagination. Immediately he is off to buy food — quantities of food. Coffee! And little cakes to go with it! Maybe sugar! Being a millionaire, like Behrend, who knows? He may even buy butter!

When they are alone, for the first time since his arrival that morning, there is something on Bruce's mind that he would like to say to Pauli. But, sensing it, she artfully puts him off.

She had rather talk of changes that have occurred than others that might be suggested. Of the sudden ending of the war, for instance.

"To the end we believed ourselves triumphant," she reports. "Even in October the papers were full of victories. And then . . . suddenly . . . that flood of panic-stricken soldiers. The rest you see. . . . Chaos and despair. Buildings with their plaster fronts scaling away. We call that Vienna leprosy. The streets crowded with beggars and cripples."

"It's the same in London."

"The fruits of Defeat."

“And of Victory.”

There is a memorial at the University, with Carl Behrend at the very top — but the names are fading already. . . . There are crowds of profiteers in the coffee houses. “That kind of people rule everything. We still pay for the emperor’s carriage, only now it belongs to a butcher.”

Pauli is earning quite a lot with her typewriter and the professor is back at the University, having been sent for. The fact that he is still a pacifist doesn’t matter. “Everybody is a pacifist *now*! Especially the soldiers.”

Behrend is very rich and more pompous than ever — since Carl’s play is a success. . . . Fritz is home, and back on the paper, but badly used up. Months of prison experience had sent him home a wreck in mind and body.

But Pauli cannot control the conversation indefinitely, though now she has turned suddenly to the subject of Bruce’s own adventures.

PAULI (*quickly*) — So you were a soldier. You’d just graduated. Why didn’t you go as a doctor?

BRUCE — Even in war, there are limits to butchery!

PAULI — Did you hate us?

BRUCE — You? . . . And Carl? What do you think was the first thing I did in London?

PAULI — Enlisted?

BRUCE — I went to see Gaunt. (*She looks her gratitude. Depreciatingly.*) I promised.

PAULI (*deeply moved. She hesitates! then, to the picture of Carl*) — You said he’d forget, but you were wrong, my dear. (*She returns to the typewriter.*)

BRUCE — I’ve a rotten forgettery! (*Goes to her.*) Do you remember when I first came to Vienna?

PAULI — Yes.

BRUCE — A conversation? (*She doesn’t answer.*) You said you loved Carl.

PAULI — I still love him.

BRUCE — But now he's gone.

PAULI — Oh, no, he isn't! . . . And I promised, too. "I shall be waiting. . . . Even if you don't come back, I shall be waiting."

BRUCE — Carl said . . . once . . . "I can't ask her to wait so long."

PAULI — It isn't long!

BRUCE — "I won't have her in a dingy room."

PAULI (*feeling the room filled with him*) — It isn't dingy! . . . Carl said . . . to me once . . . "I shall be a great author, and always your lover." He is a great author, and he will always be my lover!

BRUCE — Pauli, when Carl's play is produced, come to England. I shall be waiting . . . your friend, if you need me, and more, if you want me.

PAULI (*greatly touched, goes to him, and, very gently, lays her hand on his arm*) — Why, Bruce, dear . . .

There is not time to say more. Mizzi is in to be helped with her dress. There has been a summons from the office. Fritz probably is in trouble again, and Mizzi can always do most with him. . . .

This trip is saved Mizzi, however. Fritz is already back from the office, and excited. He has lost his job! He starts at the sight of Bruce, but he bears no feeling of ill will. "It isn't the English who are our enemy," he says. And then he tells what has happened to him.

"They never wanted us . . . the men who'd been away . . . but they gave us little jobs . . . and yesterday I slipped up on a story." It is not easy for Fritz to control himself, but Mizzi is nearby to help him. "And today . . . the boss sent for me. He's made money . . . the boss . . . with all the exciting things to print . . . and he said: 'Winckelman —

Winckelman,' he said, 'you fellows are no good!' . . . 'We were great,' I said, 'while there was fighting to be done.' . . . 'Yes,' he answered, 'but now the war's over. You can't live forever on being a hero. What I need is live men . . . and I can get 'em cheap! Boys whose fathers have got money!' . . . 'Where did they get it?' says I. 'Who cares?' said he. 'The important thing is they've got it!' 'To *you*,' I said. . . . 'To everybody! Sentiment's fine, but business is business, and gold coin buys more than medals!'"

They try to quiet Fritz, and Mizzi is just about to get him home, when Professor Arndt returns from his shopping tour — and following him is August Behrend.

It is a proud day for Behrend and he has come to tell them. The government has given him a decoration — the highest honor — "for services . . . *in the war!*"

The company is stunned. There seems nothing to say. Suddenly Fritz breaks into a shrill, sustained, maniacal laugh and before they can stop him is facing the startled Behrend.

Now he has thrust his right hand into his pocket and is pointing it, covered, at Behrend. "I'm fired, and you're decorated!" he shouts. "Not much!"

BEHREND — You'd . . . murder me?

FRITZ — Why not? You taught me the trade! Every day I killed men! Every night I kill them again! You got the profit, and I want to be paid! (*Bruce has stolen up beside Fritz.*)

BEHREND — Grab him! (*Bruce seizes his arm, and pulls out his hand . . . clutched upon a crust of bread.*)

FRITZ (*beginning to laugh*) — Nothing but a crust! I've given you one moment of what we faced for years, and you've given me the laugh of my life! (*Laughs.*) "Watch and see." I see . . . you and your decoration! (*Laughs.*) If I could tell the hungry women!

MIZZI — Come, Fritz!

FRITZ — The homeless people in the ruined villages!

MIZZI (*getting him nearer the door*) — Come, my dear!

FRITZ — People who don't know yet what it was all about!

MIZZI — Come!

FRITZ — If I could tell the dead! (*Shrieks with laughter.*)

BRUCE — I'll go with you!

MIZZI — It's all right. Come, Fritz! He's been like this before! It'll wear off outdoors! (*Fritz's laughter begins to die out.*)

PROFESSOR — I'll go!

MIZZI (*at the door*) — It's all right! Keep an eye on Kurt! Come, Fritz! We've got each other! Nothing else matters! (*He begins to sob.*) Come, my dear one!

It takes a bit of Karlowitzer to soothe Behrend. And a handful of cakes. Life grows increasingly hard for him these days. And he isn't at all sure it is all over yet.

He sees Germany as a natural enemy, and France. "Our natural allies are England and America. . . . Unless England *fight*s America." Which is not unlikely to Behrend. "Race counts for nothing. The important thing is trade interests. And look at the advantage taken by the Americans. . . . A money-grubbing people who grow rich on our sufferings!"

Even Bruce admits there is something in this, but Professor Arndt is still the hopeful pacifist, even though he denies that, as Behrend charges, he "prattles of non-resistance."

"I believe in fighting to the last ditch when you're attacked," insists the professor. "I believe in being prepared while there is any possibility of war! But I believe in destroying that possibility!"

"Through Leagues and World Courts?" asks Behrend.

"Through education! Peace is not in parchments, but in the heart and brain! We must refute the teachings of centuries . . . that rage and murder are brave and glorious! We must show that brag is as contemptible in nations as in men, and learn to be ashamed of a dishonest fatherland as we are of a dishonest father!"

BEHREND — *There will always be war! (Pauli starts to speak)* — And the men who fight will be our best and bravest!

PROFESSOR — That's what makes it so terrible!

BEHREND — We must have great armies!

PROFESSOR — The one and only thing accomplished by this struggle is that the nation with the greatest army was beaten!

BEHREND (*again outraged*) — The one and only . . .

PROFESSOR — What else? Yesterday, the peace treaty! Five years ago yesterday a schoolboy shot our Archduke! Because of that the whole world has poured forth blood and treasure!

BEHREND — We didn't fight for the Archduke!

PROFESSOR — What *did* we fight for?

BEHREND — For ideals! For culture!

PROFESSOR — For culture! Ten million lives! Two hundred billion dollars! For that sum the *world* could have been cured and taught! What might not have been done for art, science, humanity? Instead, we have achieved ruin, riot, revolution, famine, anarchy, and hatred! A war for power has left exhaustion! A war for democracy has established ignorance and vulgarity! Dethroned kings, and set up a populace even less wise and more violent! A war to end war, and already we prepare to fight again! For what? In a single century England alone has fought eighty wars! No one remembers what they were about, and no one can say

what they have accomplished! (*Pauli shows Behrend the Karlowitzer.*)

BEHREND — Just a drop! (*He fills his glass.*)

PROFESSOR — Five years ago I asked you all the cause of the war. Do you know now?

BRUCE — I don't!

BEHREND (*outraged a third time*) — And you a soldier! You fought . . .

BRUCE — Four years, and I don't know what for!

PROFESSOR — Shall I tell you? England would not see her supremacy threatened! That's arrogance! (*Bruce, puzzled more than resentful, starts to speak.*)

Every nation . . . except America . . . wanted trade and territory. That's greed! Many of us had taken it. Robbery! We were tied up in secret engagements. Intrigue! We supported enormous armies . . . whose existence was an incitement . . . who wasted our substance and lowered our productivity . . . officered by thousands with whom fighting was a life profession, and their only chance of advancement!

PAULI (*catching his spirit*) — Selfish ambition!

PROFESSOR — Other races prospered. Envy! And we were the greatest. Vanity! And, above all, ignorance . . . vast, universal ignorance . . . and atavistic barbarism . . . and the tribe instinct . . . all so easily fanned into fury . . . suspicion . . . distrust . . . hatred . . . and the lust to kill!

BRUCE (*appalled*) — God!

PROFESSOR — Arrogance . . . Jealousy . . . Greed . . . Vanity. . . . Not such pretty phrases as "Ideals" and "Honor," but the real reason for cheering and blood-thirsty crowds in London and Paris, and Berlin . . . for widowed women and starved children . . . for world-wide chaos, bankruptcy, and desolation!

BEHREND (*rising and still undefeated*) — You think there should be no nations?

PROFESSOR — I think there should be no aliens!

BEHREND — Even then, we should go on fighting one another! There would still be individual hatreds, class hatreds, religious hatreds, racial and industrial! It is the law of life! (*From across the courtyard, through the open window, the sound of children's voices, giving military commands. Pauli turns sharply.*)

PROFESSOR — The law of the jungle!

"*There will always be war!*" repeats Behrend, taking another glass of wine. And from the courtyard, as an echo to his prophecy come the commands of the children soldiers at play. "Fall in!" "Attention!" "Right dress!"

Behrend is gone now, grandly leaving two million crowns behind him to be given to the Winckelmans. At the window Pauli is standing, looking out at the children at play. And Bruce is beside her,

BRUCE (*solicitous*) — What is it?

PAULI — The children playing soldier.

BRUCE — Can you see them across the courtyard?

PAULI — I can see *beyond* that.

BRUCE — How do you mean?

PAULI — With Carl's Pauli . . . into a new day.

BRUCE — A new day! World-wide chaos, and the next generation drilling!

PAULI — Yes, the next generation, and perhaps the next. But, oh, Bruce, my dear, time isn't measured by our little lives. All this *can't* have been for nothing. There's a new spirit in the world; a new rebellion. Ten million dead, and for every man a wife or mother, crying, "No more war!" Millions more who saw and suffered, crying, "No more war!" And from those millions, millions yet to come, always wiser and kinder, until the whole world sees, and understands, and cries: "No more hate! No more prejudice! *No more war!*" (*From across the hall, we hear the roll of drums. It is in*

defiance of those drums, perhaps, that the professor, who has reëntered and quietly closed the door behind him, paraphrases Behrend's order to the Deity.)

PROFESSOR — God give us Tolerance!

BRUCE — God give us Love!

PAULI (*in a ringing voice*) — God give us Peace!
(*The drums swell, but Pauli . . . exalted, prophetic . . . only lifts her head higher . . . looking past tomorrow into a new day.*)

The curtain falls.

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY

A Comedy in Three Acts

BY FREDERICK LONSDALE

THERE was quite a rush of English plays early in the season. Mr. Arlen's "The Green Hat," and "These Charming People," Mr. Coward's "The Vortex," Mr. Van Druten's "Young Woodley" — all these had registered rather pronounced successes before Frederick Lonsdale's "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" was presented in November at the Fulton Theatre. But none of them remained longer, nor proved more consistently popular, than this happy mixture of society comedy and politely thrilling melodrama. Mr. Lonsdale may be recalled as the author of "Spring Cleaning," which achieved a run of consequence two seasons back.

The presence of Ina Claire in the cast had something to do with the immediate success of "Mrs. Cheyney." None in her class has bettered the record of advancement scored by this gracious comedienne during the last ten years. But even the most popular actresses need solid plays back of them.

The Mrs. Cheyney of the title is introduced as the hostess at a charity concert held in the garden of her home at Goring, England. The scene is the drawing room abutting the garden, and the play's early episodes are skillfully employed by the author to make you acquainted with his heroine's guests, her household, her social activities and something of her reported antecedents.

Thus you first meet the butler, Charles, and the page boy, the cockney George. Charles is quite a distinguished and observant butler, possessed of advantages in

the way of education and the broadening experiences of travel little known to the average of his class.

George, on the other hand, is enjoying the advantages of the higher social contacts for the first time and has been greatly impressed thereby. "I never believed I would see a garden so full of swells as I have today," says he. "I've called everybody 'my lord' and I ain't been contradicted once!"

"The English middle classes are much too well bred to argue," explains Charles.

The guests, it is learned from Charles' effort to enlighten George, may properly be classified as "the social goods." Among them there are Lady Mary Sindlay, charming and modest, who "one might describe as a lady"; and "Lady Joan Houghton, twenty-three, courageous and beautiful, a woman who calls a spade a bloody spade and means it." And the young Mrs. Wynton who "married one of the most stupid of God's creatures," yet managed to remain faithful to him. "She is either a very good woman, George, or very nervous!" says Charles.

GEORGE — I like the old party they call Maria!

CHARLES — In her way, George, she's darling! Her business in life has been to find people; she has a habit of finding them on Tuesday and serving them up on a gold salver on Wednesday, but should they fail her by being unamusing, it is she who closes the drain on them as they go down it on Thursday. It was she who found your mistress!

GEORGE — The old one with the painted face and the pearls — I don't think much of 'er!

CHARLES — She is Mrs. Ebley. It is said of her that seated in her chair one day looking into her glass, she spied a double chin. At that moment her last of many lovers called to pay his respects! Looking into that glass and without flinching she said, "I am not at home!"

GEORGE — Good for 'er.

CHARLES — With the knowledge that given suitable conditions even a bishop's eyesight can be affected, she kept her pearls, but became respectable! Her house today is the most exclusive of all our English homes!

GEORGE — I must say I like 'em when they can get away with it! They all didn't make 'alf a fuss of that tall bloke when he came in!

CHARLES — He was my Lord Elton — a rich, eligible bachelor, an intimate friend of royalty — and a man of considerable importance. Dukes open their doors personally when he calls upon them — the aspirants to the higher life leave theirs open in the hope that it might rain and he might be driven in for shelter!

GEORGE — He sounds great!

CHARLES — To have got him here today is a triumph — he so seldom goes anywhere!

GEORGE — What do you think brought him here?

CHARLES — You've heard the singing at this charity concert, so the intelligent assumption is he finds your mistress a very attractive young lady!

GEORGE — She's a knock-out. The feller who couldn't do the card trick — I like him — he made me laugh. Who was he?

CHARLES — He? He's quite of another kind! He's my Lord Dilling. Young, rich, attractive, clever. Had he been born a poor man, he might have died a great one! But he has allowed life to spoil him! He has a reputation with women that is extremely bad, consequently as hope is a quality possessed by all women, women ask him everywhere. I would describe him as a man who has kept more husbands at home than any other man of modern times.

Though the guests are well known to Charles, he is a good deal of a mystery to them. Lady Joan, for instance, finds it difficult to believe that he always has

been a butler, though he politely assures her that he never remembers allowing himself the privilege of forgetting it, and she is quite frank in admitting to Lady Mary that every time she sees Charles she realizes how dreadfully her family is in need of a drop of new blood!

Charles, however, having dutifully removed himself and George from the scene, ceases to remain the subject of comment. There are other interesting topics suggested to their ladyships by the success of Mrs. Cheyney's party. There is, for instance, the faithful attendance of the exclusive Lord Elton upon their hostess. And also that of Lord Arthur Dilling. Of the two, Mrs. Cheyney appears to favor Lord Elton, and the experience of being thus put aside is sufficiently novel, apparently, to interest Lord Dilling greatly.

As the guests drift into the drawing room during an intermission in the concert program there is considerable additional speculation as to who's who and with what excuse. Mrs. Cheyney naturally does not escape. Obviously she is rich as well as attractive. She is, Lady Mary reports, "the widow of a rich Australian. Meaning to stay in England only a little, she liked us all so much she has decided to settle amongst us!"

As for Lord Elton's infatuation it is not likely to come to much, although Lord Dilling admits that "with the consent of his solicitor and the royal family he (Elton) may in time propose to her."

As for himself, Lord Arthur is free to confess that he has already made all reasonable advances and been properly and rather promptly rejected. He is not entirely discouraged, and yet he wonders if it ever would be wise for him to marry. "By marrying I could only make one woman happy," he admits banteringly to Elton. "By remaining single I can make so many."

Mrs. Cheyney, having finished serving tea to the crowd in the garden joins her friends in the drawing room.



Photo by White Studio, N. Y.

"THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY"

Mrs. Cheyney: "Speaking as one fallen woman to another, there never have been any letters; but if there had been my charge would have depended entirely on the position and the manners of the people mentioned in it."

(Nancy Ryan, Roland Young, Winifred Harris, Mabel Buckley, Felix Aylmer, Ina Claire and Helen Hays)

She is a young woman, probably in her early twenties, possessed of physical beauty, as well as the poise and the perfect taste necessary to display it to the best advantage. She is accompanied by her good friend and social patron, Mrs. Ebley, the envied of her set for her ownership of a most magnificent and costly collection of jewels, as well as for her charms as a hostess.

In addition to the congratulations of the moment, Mrs. Cheyney finds herself besieged with invitations for those social affairs that are to follow — including Mrs. Ebley's week-end party the following fortnight, and Lady Frinton's dinner the coming Tuesday, at both of which Lord Dilling assures her he will make it a point to be present.

Lord Elton is not far behind his rival, however. As the guests return to the garden for the conclusion of the concert he manages to remain behind long enough to assure Mrs. Cheyney of his high regard and to warn her that his mother is writing to suggest that she come to them for a visit.

"I'm afraid it will be a little dull," he admits, "but we would both be very grateful if you would come."

"It's most kind of your mother, and I shall write and tell her so, and how glad I will be to come."

From the garden Charles enters ceremoniously. "Lord Dilling has asked me, my lord," he reports to Lord Elton, "to tell you the audience are eagerly awaiting your speech, and also, my lord, he is the most eager of them all!" . . .

It is during the concluding ceremonies in the garden that Lord Dilling, returning to the drawing room, encounters Charles and for the second time that day is impressed with the fact that he has met him before.

Charles, however, has no such recollection, and is rather positive in his statement to that effect. He is Mrs. Cheyney's butler, having been engaged for that position six months before in London. Which is the

extent of his knowledge concerning either his employer or any of her guests.

Dilling accepts the rebuke with good grace, even admitting to Mrs. Cheyney, when she finds him still waiting for his car after the other guests have left, that he likes Charles for his insolence. "I have often been told to go to hell," Lord Dilling admits, "but never as pleasantly as he told me to a moment ago."

Nor is he much more successful with Mrs. Cheyney. He would like to know, for one thing, why, when he had called her at the Ritz in London, she had five times been reported as being out, when he knew she was in.

She was, she admits, but she did not care to be alone with him — even on the telephone. "It's my only way of paying tribute to your reputation," says she.

Dilling is not particularly happy over her frankness in putting him in what she considers his proper place, and presently lets her know it.

ARTHUR — Tell me, did you learn the art of rebuking people so charmingly from your butler, or did he learn it from you?

MRS. C — Neither! I expect Charles feels the same as I do — if there are to be insults, let us get them in first!

ARTHUR — I wonder if you would tell me what you mean by that?

MRS. C — I want to very much. During the short time you have known me, Arthur dear, you have made me practically every proposal that a man can make a woman with the exception of one — marriage!

ARTHUR — I am not aware that I have ever made a suggestion to you that could not be spoken from any pulpit in any church!

MRS. C — True! But if the suggestions that are offered from the pulpits were as delicately phrased as the suggestions you have offered me, there would be a

great deal more religion in the world than there is!

ARTHUR — This is all pure imagination on your part!

MRS. C — How disappointing!

ARTHUR — What do you mean?

MRS. C. — I mean, I hate you to use the stock remark of all men when they fail with a woman!

ARTHUR — You're quite wrong, but I see your point, because I suppose if a woman comes from Australia to England with the deliberate intention of marrying a —

MRS. C — Arthur dear, ring the bell, will you?

ARTHUR — What for?

MRS. C — Charles knows where your hat is!

ARTHUR — I didn't intend to be rude, I —

MRS. C — You weren't rude, I assure you; you were only just a little feminine!

ARTHUR (*embarrassed*) — Really! Well, I — (*Picks up glass, drinks.*)

MRS. C — You don't drink alcohol with your meals, do you?

ARTHUR — I do. Why do you ask?

MRS. C — Because you drink so much between them!

ARTHUR (*angrily*) — Do I? (*She laughs.*) May I ask what there is to laugh at?

MRS. C — Because I'm enjoying myself so much! It's so amusing to have put you once in the position of embarrassment that you must have so often succeeded with women by putting them in!

ARTHUR — If I may say so, you appear to have rather a low opinion of me!

MRS. C — It would be more civil of me to put it another way — I haven't a very high one of you!

ARTHUR — Really?

MRS. C — Have you of yourself?

ARTHUR — Not at the moment!

MRS. C — Then there's hope.

With an advantage gained Mrs. Cheyney continues her frank and wholesome advice to Lord Dilling. He

should, among other things, stop living on the glory of his ancestors and make himself worthy of something better than the only epitaph he so far has earned: "He was a good fellow; metaphorically he lived on the dole; his only success was women!"

His resentment is evident, but politely restrained. He admits that it had been his intention when he lingered behind the others to confess to her again that she is the most attractive woman he ever knew. If that went well, to propose a little dinner in his flat.

"And if that went well?" she queries.

"Then I am experienced enough not to have said another word till after the dessert."

"Oh! That's divine," she laughs. "And now?"

"I realize I had no right to. I was wrong. I beg your pardon. And in future I should never dream of asking you to dine with me without the Bishop of London!"

"You're a darling!"

Arthur Dilling's state of mind as he retires is rather mixed. He is not sure that he has forgiven her, or that he is angry with her. He is not altogether pleased with himself — but he knows he is going to make it a point to see her again at Mrs. Wynton's luncheon next day.

With the departure of Lord Dilling, the last guest, the situation in Mrs. Cheyney's house is suddenly and completely changed. There is an immediate let-down in Mrs. Cheyney's manner as she lights herself a cigarette, pours herself a whisky and soda and is lost, for the moment, in reveries that bring a slight smile to her face.

She is at the piano idly strumming the keys when William, a footman, enters, smoking a cigarette and wearing a house coat over his uniform. He is followed by George, the page boy, and presently by Charles, wearing a velvet coat and smoking a cigar, and by Jim, the chef.

It is quite evident that they are all perfectly at home.

For a moment they enjoy Mrs. Cheyney's improvising. Only Jim is restless. He would prefer the new tune, "I want to be 'appy!"

MRS C (*she looks at them all, starts to play something else*) — What a pretty lot of little pets you look, don't you?

CHARLES — Thank you, darling!

MRS. C — Well, I've got the invitation!

CHARLES — When?

MRS C — I am asked to stay with Mrs. Ebley as an honored guest on Friday week!

JIM — Great!

CHARLES — Wonderful! The pearls she was wearing this afternoon struck me as being worth, say as a venture, twenty thousand!

JIM — Here! I hope she has got better ones than that at home!

CHARLES — Much!

WILLIAM — Then if we bring this off, there isn't any reason why we shouldn't retire, should we be so inclined!

CHARLES — None! It will put us in the happy position of only doing the things, and those, we want to!

JIM — Charlie, this was a great idea of yours!

CHARLES — Not too bad, if I may say so, old friend!

WILLIAM — Wonderful! You're a master, Charles!

CHARLES — Thank you, old friend!

JIM — It's great, that's what it is!

MRS C — I should have added, I haven't definitely accepted the invitation. (*They look at each other.*)

CHARLES — Why not?

JIM — You ain't thinking of refusing it, are you?

MRS C — I am! (*There is a pause. They all look alarmed.*)

CHARLES — Jane, my dear, I —

MRS. C — I have changed it to Fay!

CHARLES — Fay? Delightful! I prefer it! May I ask why you are in doubt?

MRS. C — Certainly! I happen to like all these people very much; and in consequence at the moment I am finding it rather distasteful to take Mrs. Ebley's pearls from her!

WILLIAM (*roughly*) — Oh, chuck all that!

MRS. C — Very little of that, William dear, will decide me definitely not to do it!

CHARLES — Quite! I see Jane's — Fay's point perfectly!

MRS. C — The idea of persuading perfectly charming people into inviting you to their house for the purpose of robbing them isn't pleasing me at all!

JIM — Here! You have had none of these scruples before!

MRS. C — No! But during my professional career I have never before come in contact with the people I have had to carry on my profession with, as it were!

CHARLES — No!

JIM — And you ain't going to do it?

MRS. C — I am in grave doubt, Jim darling!

JIM (*to Charles*) — Here, can't you do anything?

CHARLES — I? What can I do?

JIM — Can't you tell her to stop behaving like a fool?

CHARLES — I can't, because I know so well how she feels! I remember on one occasion practically having got a pocketbook containing a large sum of money from the pocket of a client, when I heard him say something rather kind and attractive to the person he was with — it was very wrong of me, but do you know, I was so touched, I put it back!

WILLIAM — Oh, for God's sake, let us sing hymn 225 and have done with it!

Mrs. Cheyney may not have "fallen for the swells," as Jim describes it, but she has, she admits, found them charming and she likes them. She has no intention of becoming Lady Elton, however, and she has made up her

mind also to refuse Lord Dilling, even though she admits that she likes him terribly.

It is the suave and convincing Charles who finally clears Mrs. Cheyney's mind of disquieting thoughts. Mrs. Ebley's pearls, he points out, "were taken by that lady, without a scruple, from the wives of the men who gave them to her." And if she (Mrs. C) were to take them from Mrs. Ebley she would be in a position to say farewell to her present profession.

And there is little excuse in her turning suddenly sentimental. What would happen if doctors suddenly took to refusing to operate upon the wealthy for appendicitis merely because their appendixes were not all infected? What if all lawyers decided to refuse the fat retainers of those whose cases they knew to be hopeless? How many honorable men would there be left in either profession?

"I feel for you," continues Charles, "because I am on the side of all repentant people, but I have a leaning towards the wise ones who make certain their repentance is going to be spent in comfort. I would quote Mrs. Ebley as an instance!"

MRS. C — That's true!

WILLIAM — "I don't want to do it!" I have never heard of such damned nonsense in my life!

CHARLES — Not at all. I am full of sympathy for her! (*Mrs. C goes to piano, plays softly.*)

MRS. C — And after all, if she had been sentimental, she would never have taken the pearls herself, would she?

CHARLES — She certainly would not!

MRS. C — That's true. Jim, old dear, what was the name of that tune you wanted me to play?

JIM — "I want to be 'appy."

MRS. C (*starts to play it*) — So do I!

As the curtain falls they all sing the tune with her.

ACT II

Ten days later, at Mrs. Ebley's house party, the guests are trying to amuse themselves agreeably the last night of their visit.

Outside the night is divine, according to Lady Joan Houghton, who can think of nothing more gorgeous than to be out in Mrs. Ebley's exquisite garden listening to a man tell her that she is the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. And she is not particular as to what man should undertake the assignment.

The fact that Mrs. Cheyney and Lord Elton have been in the garden for at least a half hour has inspired Lady Joan's thought, and she, with the others gathered in the living room, is something more than mildly curious as to the probable outcome of that stroll.

It is Lady Joan's conviction that they will return engaged. "No two people ever stayed alone in a beautiful garden on a beautiful night like this without something happening, and, as it is Elton, I say it is marriage."

But Arthur Dilling disagrees. "Unless he has very much altered, I suggest he is describing to her in detail the history of England."

"If he is," counters Joan, "I hope she tells him she is not that sort of woman and smacks his face!"

It is also Lady Joan's conviction that Arthur is himself in love with Mrs. Cheyney, which he is quite willing to admit. He at least has all the symptoms. He suddenly has developed a liking for little children. He has as suddenly discovered that people eat too much. He finds that sleep is not at all essential and he never before has been seriously obsessed by any woman.

He also is as free in his confession that Mrs. Cheyney will not have anything to do with him, and she quite evidently prefers to him a man he has always been pleased to consider a prize ass.

When Mrs. Cheyney and Lord Elton do return from

the garden there is nothing in their manner to indicate that the suspicions of the guests are to be shortly confirmed. Mrs. Cheyney is suffering a beastly headache and his lordship has been trying to induce her to take aspirin. This she insists she had rather not do, but if her headache grows worse she will come to Mrs. Ebley's room for it.

A bridge game is organized that takes all but Mrs. Cheyney and Lord Dilling to the card room. If they will leave the door open, Mrs. Cheyney suggests, she will play for them. She always finds the piano soothing to her nerves.

It is not an uninterrupted recital. Lord Dilling is too eager to know the worst — or the best — of her garden walk with Lord Elton. Did she accept him? Did she refuse him? Did she ask for time to think it over?

MRS. C (*laughs*) — Tell me why you are so interested in my marrying Lord Elton?

ARTHUR — Obvious! I am in love with you myself!

MRS. C — From any one else that would suggest a proposal of marriage.

ARTHUR — If you like!

MRS. C — Don't look like that, Arthur, otherwise I'll believe you!

ARTHUR — You can!

MRS. C — You seriously mean to tell me you want to marry me?

ARTHUR — I wouldn't say that!

MRS. C — Ho!

ARTHUR — Don't misunderstand! To me, the idea of marriage has always been the death and burial of all romance in one's life! And God knows I have done all I can to persuade you that that is so, but you don't agree! Very well, as I like you so much —

MRS. C (*correcting*) — As I attract you so much!

ARTHUR — If you like! Rather than lose you, I am prepared to be at any church you'd like to name at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning!

MRS. C — I must attract you very much, Arthur!

ARTHUR — More than I care to acknowledge, even to myself. For the first time I don't understand myself; I'm unhappy when I'm not with you, I'm unhappy when I am! I can see nothing but you when you are present, and nothing but you when you are not; your voice is the only one I ever hear; in fact, let us face it, I've got it worse than any of God's creatures have ever had it before!

MRS. C — There are three reasons why I should like to marry you, Arthur!

ARTHUR — Being?

MRS. C — One, I like you terribly!

ARTHUR — Are the other two important?

MRS. C — Two: it would be such fun to go to tea with all the women you haven't married!

ARTHUR — And the third?

MRS. C — I should be some sort of widow again within a year!

ARTHUR — It's a risk, I agree, but I think it is worth it! (*Mrs. Cheyney shakes her head.*) You don't agree. Why?

MRS. C — I know too much about you, and you know too little about me!

ARTHUR — Is there anything more to know about you than I do?

MRS. C — Three volumes closely printed!

ARTHUR (*looks at her*) — I'd give a great deal to understand what there is I don't understand about you, Fay.

MRS. C — You might be amused!

ARTHUR — Should I?

MRS. C — I hope so!

ARTHUR — I see! I take it my first and only offer of

marriage is rejected? (*She nods her head.*) Have you been laughing at me by any chance?

MRS. C — What makes you think so?

ARTHUR — I don't know, you look so strange! By God, I should be angry if you were! Are you laughing at me?

MRS. C — The reverse! It's the first time in my life I remember not laughing at myself.

ARTHUR — What do you mean by that?

MRS. C — Just that.

ARTHUR — You're an odd creature!

MRS. C — I wish I weren't!

There must be some reason why she will not marry him, Lord Dilling insists. But Mrs. Cheyney declares she can think of none, unless it be that she likes being single. Still he is not satisfied. Then, he boldly demands, will she tell him one other thing: Is she all the things that a man demands from a woman he is going to marry? "I'm every one of the things you mean," she answers, quite frankly. And with that he must be satisfied.

Bedtime having arrived the party breaks up. Lord Dilling lingers over his highball and is there when a servant announces that Mrs. Cheyney's butler, Charles, has arrived with a cablegram that has come for Mrs. Cheyney and he feels that it may be important that she should get it. He has inclosed it in a parcel that he has brought for his mistress which he leaves to be delivered.

The parcel interests Lord Dilling. For reasons known to himself the lurking suspicion that he has met Charles somewhere before has become crystallized in Lord Dilling's mind. So much so that he is now particularly interested in the parcel Charles has left for Mrs. Cheyney. Later, when Mrs. Ebley tells him that Mrs. Cheyney's introduction to Lady Maria Frinton occurred at Cannes, and that from that introduction has followed her

introduction to Lady Frinton's set, his curiosity is considerably heightened.

Following the thought that has taken hold of him Lord Dilling, by casual inquiry, learns that Mrs. Ebley is rather careless with the beautiful string of pearls she has been wearing all evening. Far from taking any unusual precautions in safeguarding them she frequently leaves them alongside her bed.

Speaking of beds reminds Lord Dilling that he has slept wretchedly in the room his hostess has assigned him, and though he is reluctant to suggest it, he is finally induced to change rooms for the night with Mrs. Ebley. She frequently sleeps in the room given him in the winter, and would rest quite as well there as in her own room. He must, she insists, change with her.

ARTHUR — Very well, as you are so nice about it I'm going to accept. But you might be an angel and do one other thing for me, will you?

MRS. E — Of course!

ARTHUR — If you see any of the others as you are going to bed you might say nothing about it; they wouldn't understand and think me selfish and rather a fool!

MRS. E — Of course I won't. I'll go and see to it at once, and I'm furious with you for not telling me before!

ARTHUR (*takes her hand, kisses it*) — The difference between you and me is, you're an angel and I'm a selfish swine!

MRS. E — Don't be ridiculous! (*She exits.*) (*He picks up the parcel, looks at it, holds the string, hesitates; takes the string off it—there is nothing in the parcel.*) (*Willie Wynton enters.*)

WILLIE — Good! Glad you are here! (*Goes to table.*) Can I pour you out a whiskey and soda?

ARTHUR — You can! A large one!

WILLIE — Been a devilish amusing week-end, Arthur!

ARTHUR — Devilish!

WILLIE — I've enjoyed it! (*Gives him drink.*) Great fun! Sorry it's over! What a darling that little Cheyney woman is!

ARTHUR — You like her?

WILLIE — Enormously! She has all the qualities men like in a woman!

ARTHUR — Quite! I often wonder what a feller does when by accident he finds out that a woman he admires hasn't any of the qualities he thought she had!

WILLIE — I don't know. I suppose he'd be a little disappointed, wouldn't he?

ARTHUR — Are you asking me?

WILLIE — Yes!

ARTHUR — Speaking for myself, I should be bloody angry!

The curtain is lowered for the change of scene. When it rises Lord Dilling is sitting on the edge of the bed in Mrs. Ebley's room, holding in his hand a rope of pearls. The room is in semi-darkness.

There is a slight noise outside the door. Lord Dilling quickly turns out the night light. Softly the door is heard to open and close. The flash of a small electric lamp reveals Mrs. Cheyney. Quietly she turns toward the bed. At the same moment Lord Dilling turns up the bed-light and faces her.

"Do you know, I had a feeling that you would come," he says, locking the door and putting the key in his pocket.

For a moment she tries to dissemble. She has come for the aspirin Mrs. Ebley had kindly offered to give her. But she soon abandons the pose and demands that he open the door.

That he has no intention of doing. There is a penalty attached to her coming. If, however, she is eager to arouse the house and let every one know who she really

is, there is a night bell right near her that she can ring. For the moment she decides to accept the situation and sits down. Graciously he offers her the cigarettes.

MRS. C (*blows cigarette smoke to the ceiling*) — How did you find out, Arthur?

ARTHUR — I recognized your — what is Charles to you, by the way?

MRS. C — My butler!

ARTHUR — I meant in his spare time!

MRS. C — My butler! (*Pause.*) How did you recognize him?

ARTHUR — I saved him from gaol once before!

MRS. C — You couldn't see your way to making a habit of it?

ARTHUR — I have always had a horror of doing the same thing twice.

MRS. C — I sympathise!

ARTHUR — By the way, where is Charles at the moment?

MRS. C (*points*) — Underneath that window with a very bad headache, waiting for the aspirin!

ARTHUR (*laughs*) — Are you married to him?

MRS. C — I am nothing to him, except that we are in business together! What terribly nice cigarettes!

ARTHUR — I'll send you some!

MRS. C — That's sweet of you! I'll give you my address tomorrow — when I know it.

ARTHUR — Why? Are you thinking of changing your present one?

MRS. C — I have an idea that you may make it difficult for me to keep it!

ARTHUR — I? Certainly not!

MRS. C (*looks at him*) — But I'm right in saying that I can't keep it at the same price?

ARTHUR — It's obvious that one always expects to pay a little more for a thing one wants enough!

MRS. C — Quite! But I don't think I want it enough to pay your price!

ARTHUR — But I have never mentioned it!

MRS. C — Haven't you?

ARTHUR — I confess I have been wanting to spend an evening with you like this ever since I knew you! I even offered you marriage.

MRS. C — But I refused!

ARTHUR — You did! But surely the assumption is you have changed your mind?

MRS. C — How clever of you! So if I understand you rightly, if I agree to stay, you say nothing?

ARTHUR — Nothing!

MRS. C — And if I don't?

ARTHUR — I shall still say nothing, but you will be found here in the morning!

MRS. C (*looks at him, laughs*) — That's an original way of punishing a crook! And only another crook could have thought of it!

ARTHUR — Yes? It amuses you?

MRS. C — Immensely, but of course I know it shouldn't! In fact, I realize if I were really a nice woman I should hate you, but I don't, I feel rather flattered! There's something rather attractive in being locked in a room with a man even if it's against your will!

ARTHUR — I hate you to say that! Because the only reason I have locked the door is to prevent any one coming into it, thereby saving you from explaining why you ever came into it!

MRS. C (*satirically*) — Quite! As crooks go, do you know the difference between Charles and you?

ARTHUR — No?

MRS. C — Well, Charles robs with a charm of manner, and you rob with violence!

ARTHUR — That's not fair. I feel I am behaving most generously!

MRS. C — Would you mind my sending a message to Charles?

ARTHUR — How do you propose to do that?

MRS. C — The lights have told him Mrs. Ebley is awake. All that he is waiting to know is if I'm all right, or if I am discovered. The manner in which I pull those curtains is the signal.

ARTHUR — Which of the messages do you propose to send him?

MRS. C — I'm going to send him a message that I'm quite all right! (*She goes to the curtains, pulls them slightly.*) There! Now the poor darling can go home quite happy! Open the bottle, Arthur dear! Let us all be happy!

ARTHUR — A good idea!

Lord Dilling continues the urbane but unbending cynic. He is inclined to marvel at her audacity in trying to convince him that she is not all the things he evidently thinks her. She sips the champagne he has given her and suddenly, in a flash of anger, dashes what remains in the glass in his face. He is angry, but controls himself.

"And what does that mean?" he inquires.

"That means if you don't believe that I have never done this before, you will at all events believe I am not going to do it now!"

"Just as you like."

Again she demands that he open the door, and again he refuses. She runs to the night bell. If he persists in his refusal, she tells him, she will arouse the house. He persists.

"You're much too sensible to take the risk of being the guest of King George for probably five years rather than mine for one night!"

"You're wrong. Five years with King George wouldn't be nearly as long as one night with you! Give me that

key! (*He laughs.*) Very well, then. I am overwhelmed with loyalty. God save the King!"

She pushes the bell, which is heard ringing loudly through the house. Followed by the scurrying footsteps of the aroused guests. Soon they are all in the room and properly horrified by their discovery. Calmly, Mrs. Cheyney offers to permit Lord Dilling to tell the truth about her. He refuses and she starts to tell them herself. Lord Dilling interrupts her.

"I'll tell you," he says, gently pushing Mrs. Cheyney aside. "I—I persuaded Mrs. Cheyney to come into this room by false pretences—in the presence of you all I humbly tell her that I have behaved like a cad and I'm sorry!"

ELTON — Cad! You're the lowest thing I have ever known!

WILLIE — My God!

MRS. C — I don't know what to say to you, Arthur!

MARY — Arthur, how could you?

JOAN — I had no idea you could do a foul thing like that!

MRS. E — So, pretending you couldn't sleep, and accepting my offer to change rooms was merely a trick to get this girl into it!

ARTHUR — Yes!

MRS. E — How could you?

ELTON — I for one will, and I hope every decent person in the world will cut you!

MRS. C — Everybody should, except the Insurance Company — they should love him!

ARTHUR — Be quiet!

MRS. C — Mind your own business!

MRS. E — What do you mean, Fay? (*Mrs. Cheyney puts her hand in his dressing gown pocket, takes out pearls, gives them to Mrs. Ebley.*)

MRS. E — What is the meaning of this?

MRS. C — Only this. I like them as much as you do!
(*Pause. They all look at her.*)

ARTHUR — You damn fool!

ELTON — My God! You mean you — (*She looks at him.*)

JOAN — Fay? (*There is a pause.*) (*Elton walks to her, looks at her, tries to say something.*)

MRS. E — Please go, Mary! Joan! (*Mary turns and walks out. Willie follows her.*) (*Joan walks down, looks at her, exits.*) I don't know what to say to you! I'm angry — disappointed — I — I — I — prefer to deal with you in the morning. Please go! (*Mrs. Cheyney hesitates, is trying to say something, walks slowly out.*) This is too horrible! I simply can't believe it!

ELTON — There is no mistake? (*Arthur shakes his head.*)

MRS. E — It's too awful, too terrible, too horrible!

ARTHUR (*takes her arm*) — Let me advise you to go back to your room. It is so much wiser to discuss all this in the morning! Please! I'm sure I'm right!

MRS. E — Yes, I suppose so. Good night to you, or good morning or whatever it is! (*Arthur takes her to the door.*) (*She exits.*)

ARTHUR (*walks back to Elton*) — Sorry I can't offer you a drink, Elton. Oh yes, I can! Have a drop of our fiancée's! (*Gives Elton glass.*)

The curtain falls.

ACT III

As Mrs. Ebley's house guests come down to breakfast next morning they are nerve-worn and plainly distressed in mind. None of them has slept much and all are greatly disturbed as to just what future action they are to take with Mrs. Cheyney and her butler-accomplice, the incomparable Charles.

As the one most vitally concerned, Lord Elton is

plainly the most distressed of all. To think, as Lady Maria reminds him, that the one woman of all women in the world he has chosen to be his wife should be a crook is terrible.

"What fools we are all going to look," observes Mrs. Ebley. "Not only have I asked her here, but with pride I have introduced her to every one I know!"

With Charles they do not anticipate any trouble. He expects no sympathy, as he has told them when he came over early to give himself up. And their obvious duty is to send Mrs. Cheyney to jail with him. But — it might be better for all concerned if they were to offer Mrs. Cheyney the alternative of returning to Australia with alacrity. That way they would be rid of her forever.

Lord Elton agrees that sending Mrs. Cheyney to jail is out of the question. The resulting scandal would be most distasteful to one of his position. Think of the public offices he holds! Think of what it would mean to a man who has consistently contributed letters to *The Times* on all forms of social reform, not to mention subjects of religion! He simply would have to give up writing to *The Times* on any subject whatever!

Nor can he get out of it by pitting his word against that of Mrs. Cheyney and denying everything. Unfortunately there are other complications. It happens that when he proposed marriage to Mrs. Cheyney he had done so by letter. And in that letter he had expressed himself quite freely as to his private opinion of them all. And Mrs. Cheyney still has that letter. "Dilling says the cinema rights of it alone are worth ten thousand pounds," he confesses, ruefully.

MRS. E — Do I understand that you have put on paper anything which might sound in the least disparaging about me?

ELTON — As I intended to marry her, she being an

Australian, I thought it my duty to point out to her the people to know or not, as the case might be.

MARIA — Am I to understand we are among the “nots”?

ELTON — Yes!

MRS. E — You beast! How dare you!

MARIA — What are you doing in this house now?

ELTON — Unhappily the answer to that is in the letter too! I explained to her that I had never visited Mrs. Ebley before, and the only reason I was doing so now was because she was going to be there!

MRS. E — I am to sit here and be insulted like this! Can I do nothing!

ELTON — I do feel for you very much! You don't suppose, had I known this was going to develop I should have written that letter, do you?

MRS. E — I imagine you capable of anything!

MARIA — So do I! You shouldn't be president of a hospital, you should be in one!

ELTON — I agree!

MRS. E — How did Dilling see this letter?

ELTON — Being a business man, fortunately I kept a copy of it! (*Takes it out of his pocket.*) It will pain you, but you had better read it!

MRS. E — I don't want to read it!

ELTON — I insist! It will convince you of the very difficult position we are all in with this woman!

MRS. E (*reads it*) — How dare you — how dare you — write a letter of this sort!

ELTON — Because I had no idea she was a woman of that sort!

MRS. E — Do you realize if this woman shows this letter written by you my position in society and in the world generally is ridiculous and at an end?

ELTON — Perfectly! Dilling says if it were his letter, and he were her, he wouldn't sell it for twenty-five

thousand pounds! We are in an extremely awkward position!

Obviously, they agree, the only thing for Elton to do is to get back the original of the letter on the best terms he can make. But Elton has already seen Mrs. Cheyney and promised to forgive her everything if she will return the letter. To which she has sweetly replied that she is holding it until they have all forgiven her and Charles as well.

Lord Elton's unpopularity with his hostess and his fellow guests grows apace. Nor does his reiterated excuse, that had he the remotest idea that the letter would ever be read or seen by any one except Mrs. Cheyney he never would have written it, alter their decision to cut him completely once the matter is adjusted.

Lord Dilling, who has the distinction of having been mentioned in Elton's letter as "one of the most unmitigated blackguards walking about this earth," advances the suggestion that it is not now a question as to what they propose to do with Mrs. Cheyney, but what Mrs. Cheyney is going to do with them.

"There are but two alternatives facing us," declares Lord Dilling. "One, let us be English men and women, and hand her and Charles over to justice. . . . The other, let us throw ourselves upon her mercy and buy the letter back!"

To this they agree, with the further suggestion that it is up to Lord Elton to settle the figure at which the purchase shall be made. Elton is willing, but he believes it would first be better to try to convince Mrs. Cheyney that they do not, in fact, attach any great importance to the letter, that they will agree to pay her passage back to Australia if she will return the letter and there let the matter end. If not they are prepared to turn her over to the police.

To strengthen this bluff, Willie Wynton suggests, they should send for a policeman and let Mrs. Cheyney

and Charles see him. That should prove that they are not people who are going to be trifled with.

They agree to this and the officer is summoned. Then they send for Mrs. Cheyney and Charles. When they come they are both quite calm, and extremely polite. But they are not at all interested in Lord Dilling's suggested compromise. They realize, as Mrs. Cheyney explains, the awkwardness of their position, and the seriousness of its possible consequences, but they are quite determined to go to jail. The penalty for their crime, they realize, may be considerable, but they think that by exercising a certain charm of manner they may get off with three years.

"Charles and I," she says, "in our humble way have tried to live up to the highest tradition of our profession — a profession in some form or other we are all members of — and that tradition is, never to be found out, but if you are, I say if you are, be prepared to pay the price!"

The policeman is announced. "You see, Mrs. Cheyney, we are terribly serious," warns Mrs. Ebley.

MRS. C — It's your duty to be, Mrs. Ebley!

MARIA — It seems to me you are a very stupid young woman not to accept such a good offer instead of being taken away by that horrid policeman!

MRS. C — Not at all — he may be charming! (*Rises.*) Are you ready, Charles?

CHARLES — Yes, my sweet!

MRS. C — Before we go, I would like you to know how pained Charles and I are at having, through our stupidity put you to all this trouble. We feel it almost as much as the loss of your pearls, Mrs. Ebley.

CHARLES — Indeed we do!

MRS. C — And as I shall never see any of you again, I would like you to know how much I have enjoyed knowing you all, and how sorry I am to lose such nice

friends. Goodbye, Lord Elton. It was sweet of you to ask me to be your wife! Charles? (*To Mrs. Ebley.*) Please don't bother to come down—we'll find the policeman. Goodbye!

ELTON — Mrs. Cheyney!

MRS. C (*stops*) — Yes?

ELTON — I — er — have something to say to you!

MRS. C — Yes, Lord Elton?

MARIA — Come and sit down.

MRS. C — Sit down?

MRS. E — Yes, sit down.

MRS. C — But the policeman you sent for?

MARIA — Oh, damn the policeman!

MRS. C — But isn't it rather bad manners to even keep a policeman waiting?

ELTON — Er — I — I wanted to say this —

MRS. C — I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I can't listen to anything you have to say with a policeman waiting.

ELTON — Send that infernal fellow away!

MRS. E — What shall we tell him?

DILLING (*to Willie*) — Tell the policeman there has been a mistake and we don't want him.

At this point they are all convinced that the bluff is over, and the succeeding propositions are more business-like. Lord Dilling raises the offer to five hundred pounds and passage to Australia. But Mrs. Cheyney has no desire to go to Australia. She is not at all sure she would like Australia. She really comes from the lowly suburb of Clapham.

The bid is raised to a thousand pounds, but even that does not in the least interest Mrs. Cheyney, and when Lady Maria curtly demands to know her usual charge for the return of letters she faces that lady with the first show of spirit she has displayed.

"Speaking as one fallen woman to another," she answers Maria, "there never have been any letters; but

if there had been my charge would have depended entirely on the position and the manners of the people mentioned in it. (*Rises.*) And as I don't propose to sit here and be insulted I will, with your permission, say goodbye!"

With some difficulty Mrs. Cheyney is induced to reconsider, and accept Lady Maria's grudging apology. The offer of a thousand pounds is increased to five thousand, but it is Charles who makes this offer. His money, he considers, is as good as Lord Elton's.

"If I sell the letter," finally agrees Mrs. Cheyney, "I will do so not in the sense of blackmail, but more in the spirit of breach of promise, for ten thousand pounds."

That amount, heatedly insists Lord Elton, is more than he will pay. But he, too, reconsiders, and nervously writes his check for the amount.

With a wry little smile of victory Mrs. Cheyney accepts the check — and tears it into small pieces.

MRS. E — What are you doing?

MRS. C — I'm doing what I did with the letter! (*Gives envelope to Lord Elton.*) I hope you will find all the pieces there, Lord Elton.

ELTON (*takes it from her*) — You — you —

CHARLES (*wipes his eyes with handkerchief*) — Forgive me! Ten thousand pounds gone down the drain, it's more than I can bear! And I have tried so hard to make her a crook!

ELTON — You've torn the letter up!

MRS. C — Wasn't it stupid of me?

ELTON — I think that it was very generous —

MARIA — Nonsense, she wouldn't have torn it up if she had known she would have been offered that sum for it!

MRS. C — You're never right about anything. I tore it up after Charles had told me it was worth twice that sum!

CHARLES — As I watched her tearing it up I cried for the first time in fifteen years!

MRS. C — Poor sweet, it was a cruel thing to do!

DILLING — Why did you tear it up?

MRS. C — Courage, I was born with plenty; dishonest inclinations (*looking at them all*), I was given my share; decency, they gave me too much!

MRS. E — Decency indeed! If Lord Dilling hadn't rung that bell last night, decency wouldn't have prevented you taking my pearls!

DILLING — Lord Dilling didn't ring the bell. Mrs. Cheyney did!

ELTON — Mrs. Cheyney did? What do you mean?

DILLING (*to Mrs. C*) — Go on, tell them!

MRS. C — It will embarrass you!

DILLING — An unmitigated scoundrel is never embarrassed!

MRS. C — Very well! If it hadn't been for decency, I might be wearing your pearls — or others, at this moment, provided by Lord Dilling!

DILLING — Charming! expressed, most touching. You will gather, my dear Elton, at all events your private opinion of me — was correct!

ELTON — Obviously!

MARIA — You mean to tell me you took the risk of being clapped into gaol and rang that bell!

DILLING — She did!

MARIA — Nonsense, Arthur; it's sweet of you, but not fair to us to defend her like this!

DILLING — I give —

MRS. C — It's all right. I can understand her not believing it; I gathered from that letter she didn't ring the bell and there was no risk of gaol!

MARIA — How dare you!

CHARLES — She's a grand woman!

MARIA — Be quiet, you horrid man!

CHARLES — Wrong again! I'm just a simple, toler-

ant, ordinary sort of feller who only takes material things that don't belong to him — and judging by that letter, the husband of —

MARIA — Be quiet!

ELTON — There is one question I would like to ask — why are you a crook?

CHARLES — She isn't! But God knows I tried to make her one! I've taught her to take watches — and tie-pins she can remove like an angel — she's the greatest expert I have ever known — but there is always a catch in the good things of life — she won't take them!

MRS. C — You mustn't be angry with me, Charles, it's that decency that I'm cursed with that prevents me!

CHARLES — I couldn't be angry with you, my sweet!

The tension relieved, they are now profoundly interested in what influences in her life were responsible for Mrs. Cheyney adopting the profession of a crook. She did it, she tells them, to improve her social position. She had, she says, started life as a shop girl, in the stocking department. She may not look like a shop girl, she admits, but there is an even greater tragedy than that.

"Darlings as they are, I don't think like one. . . . So Charles was good enough to say that I was meant for better things — secretly in my heart I believed I was — but as a shop girl I realized there were no better things. Loving beauty, nice people and everything that was attractive, I took the risk — I became a pupil of Charles."

Now Lord Elton, trying to make some sort of amends, offers to start Mrs. Cheyney in a business of her own, and the others are quick to agree to be her customers.

"I'll do more than that," Lord Dilling insists, with enthusiasm. "From the first moment the shop opens, Elton and I give you our word of honor we will never wear anything but women's underclothes! And quite frankly, up to this moment I always believed Elton did! I apologise, Elton!"

They are also curious about Charles. "With your brains, Charles," Lord Dilling observes, "it seems a pity you have not used them to better purpose."

"One of His Majesty's judges may use those exact words to me one of these days," Charles replies. "But you can't have everything. When I was thirteen years of age a trustee sent me to Eton, where I remained for five years wondering why I hadn't been sent to Harrow! From there, for another three years I was sent to Oxford, where I remained wondering why I hadn't been sent to Cambridge! With the result that at the early age of one and twenty I found that life and I were two dull things. So I decided to take it into my two hands: I began it as blackmailer! But that was too easy — the world is so full of honest people that whenever you said 'I know all,' they parted with such alacrity that this became even more dull than the world and myself! So I went for higher and greater things! I hate parting with it, my lord, because, being the first I ever took, I treasure it; but there is your gold watch I took from you on Derby day five years ago!"

"My dear Charles, I've always wanted to meet the man who took it, and I hope you will do me a favor — keep it."

"That is very nice of you, my lord — I will. So long, Dilling."

Charles continues his goodbyes to the company, and to Mrs. Cheyney, though she insists she is going with him. He will not hear of that. He has decided to take a trip around the world, and she is not included in his plans.

"Whenever you come into a person's life, come into it instantaneously," he advises her. "When you go out of it, go out even quicker. Goodbye, my love!"

"Charles, I'm going to cry!"

"Don't do that, my sweet; but I'd be terribly sorry if you didn't want to."

With Charles and the others gone, Lord Dilling takes charge of the situation. He has, it now appears, apprised his father, the bishop, of his feelings and his intentions toward Mrs. Cheyney. He has confessed his love for her and his fear that, considering the weakness and wickedness of his past life, she will not have him. He also has related the adventures of Mrs. Cheyney's past, and even these have failed to stir an adverse opinion in the bishop's mind. In fact the elder Dilling is of the opinion that Mrs. Cheyney is not only an exceptional woman, but that she loves Arthur — else she never would have rung the night bell and suffered the exposure of her past.

MRS. C — What a darling he sounds! I would rather like to meet him!

ARTHUR — I said we'd be punctual.

MRS. C — Do you think he'll like me?

ARTHUR — He'll adore you.

MRS. C — Do you?

ARTHUR — Terribly! What is more important, do you?

MRS. C — Much more than terribly. I wish, though, that — (*He stops her speaking and kisses her on the forehead.*) What's that?

ARTHUR — That's the last of Mrs. Cheyney.

MRS. C — I'm so glad! (*Arthur kisses her on the cheek.*) And that?

ARTHUR — That's the beginning of Lady Dilling!

MRS. C — Beast! You're never happy unless you make me cry!

The curtain falls.

THE BRIDE OF THE LAMB

A Drama in Three Acts

BY WILLIAM HURLBUT

THE most definite success of the late season was that of a bold and fundamentally true drama of psychological influences called "The Bride of the Lamb," written by the William Hurlbut who has many times come within hailing distance of a popular success, notably with another sex study entitled "Lilies of the Field," a bright comedy, "Romance and Arabella," and more recently with a forceful but short-lived drama called "Chivalry." "The Bride" was produced in Greenwich Village late in March by Macgowan, O'Neill and Jones in association with Robert Milton, who owned the producing rights.

A majority of the reviewers were enthusiastic in their praise of the play, and particularly complimentary to Alice Brady for her dynamic performance in the principal rôle. In the village, and with the public naturally attracted by the Freudian drama, "The Bride of the Lamb" established an immediate popularity. The larger crowd, however, true to its traditional demand for pleasant entertainment in the theatre, was slower of response. At the end of four weeks the attendance justified the removal of "The Bride" to a larger theatre and it was taken up town to the Henry Miller, where it continued successfully until mid-June.

The scene is the living room of Dr. Roy Bowman's house in a small middle western town, a comfortable, "tasty" room in a one-story house. It is a bright Sunday

morning and the Bowmans are at home, though most of the neighbors are at church. Dr. Bowman is not much of a churchgoer, seeing he has to work hard all week at his profession, which is that of dentistry, and there were so many things for Mrs. Bowman to do around the house this particular morning, and it took so much time to get her twelve-year-old daughter Verna ready for Sunday school, that she did not go either. Being of a strongly religious nature Mrs. Bowman feels a little like a backslider, and when she remembers that she also missed service the Sunday before her conscience really gives her quite a twinge.

Bowman is rather a soggy individual of forty years. "He gives no impression of being a big man, although by dimensions he is tall and broad. His hair is thin and grows into a soft down at the neck. His expression is aggrieved, his lips pouting; they seem to have carried over into manhood the fibers of childhood with the hurt pouting look there is an underlying surliness. At the same time his face breaks easily enough into smiles; when the mood for smiling is there it ripples with ingenuous, smiling, soft globular surfaces of pleasantness . . ."

"His wife is a trim, almost buxom little woman of thirty-three. Her friends call her a practical little body. She is meticulously neat in her appearance. She was a pretty little girl. Her gaze seeks her husband, where he sits sunk into his chair, with a searching look, distressed, hoping for a sign that his mood is not so bad as she knows it to be. There is a flutter of trepidation, too."

The cause for Ina Bowman's trepidation, it transpires, is Dr. Bowman's liking for liquor. He is, we gather from her nervous, bird-like fear, about to take something, even though dinner is almost ready and Vernie sure to be right home. And he is one who, giving way to a thirst, is likely to devote days to its quenching.

"It's getting a holt on you," warns Ina. "You start

like this, and then you go on for three days, and last time it was four, just lying there and drinking all the time — oh, dear — All by yourself — I don't see how you can — Still that's better than if you went out to do it. Oh, Roy, please think of Vernie and me, and the neighbors and everything."

But Roy's only answer is the reiterated statement, accompanied by a suitable grimace, that his stummick's bad, and of course when a man's stummick's bad something has to be done about it.

Roy is for the moment diverted by the antics of a dog he sees through the window and finds comical. And likewise by the parade of the neighbors on their way home from church. He grows quite cheerful at the window sights, and even defiant of the Lord's day traditions. He whistles a tune and clogs a step or two, much to Ina's dismay — she thinking of what the neighbors would say if they were ever to suspect what a fella the doctor is when the comic mood is on him!

It is the smell of burning squash that calls Ina to the kitchen, and it is Ina's absence that appeals to Roy as being the perfect time for him to snitch a drink in his room. Which complicates the family situation when Verna comes home from Sunday school. Dinner is ready and poppa is missing. It is Ina's hope that poppa has gone out for a walk and her fear that he hasn't. She tries to distract her daughter's attention from the situation by requesting a report of the neighbors at church. Later she seeks to excuse the delayed dinner by explaining her fears for poppa's health. "I've been afraid poppa was going to have another of his bad spells," she says, "but I guess he isn't. You know poppa has these bad sick spells, Vernie. If anybody asks you, you'll always know to say he has these sick spells. Won't you, Vernie?"

But Verna is no more than lightly impressed. In fact she is free to admit, though quite dispassionately, that

she does not like poppa. Which, to Ina, is a terrible thing for her child to say — especially on Sunday.

INA — You mustn't say such awful things! That's wicked. Poppa's a good poppa to you. And poppa's good to momma. Poppa works hard. He's to the office sometimes till nine o'clock in the evenings! Poppa works after office hours lots of times. Poppa pervides well. He does his best. You mustn't ever say such naughty things as that, Vernie. Poppa tries hard to do everything for you — and for momma. (*The reproach has had its emotional effect: Verna is flooded with contrite tears. She is still lying prostrate, her arms flung out. Ina cannot resist working a little farther into the emotional vein which she has uncovered; she is also experiencing the actor's joy.*)

INA — Poppa's a good, kind father. Sometimes if poppa's cross we must remember he's the bread winner, and how hard poppa works for us — filling teeth and extracting and the long hours, and putting up with people — my! (*Verna is by this time a welter of blubbering, indulging in all the sounds known to tears — snuffing against her hands for want of a handkerchief.*) There now. Here, take momma's. Dry your eyes. Don't let poppa see your crying. Blow your nose nice, dear. There's fricassee chicken and dumplings. (*Verna is now sitting up, her face a blotch of excretions.*)

VERNA (*after sufficient blowings, and dabblings, and sniffs, and gulping to speak*) — Dump-plings —?

INA — A new way with raisins in.

VERNA (*gulps instead of blowing — it seemed the quicker of the two*) — Rai-zuns —?

INA — So now be a good girl. Think how bad you make God feel looking down on his little girl this bright lovely Sabbath morning and she's just home from Sunday school. Aren't you sorry to make God sorry?

VERNA (*in a penitent voice*) — Yes.



Photo by White Studio, N. Y.

“THE BRIDE OF THE LAMB”

Ina: “Oh, Rev. Albaugh—I want you—I can’t live without I go with you. . . . I’ll die left here—Rev. Albaugh! I got to be with you—!”

(Crane Wilbur and Alice Brady)

INA — There now, that's better. (*The bedroom door opens and Roy steps out. He stands regarding them with an expression on his face which Ina recognizes all too well.*)

INA — Oh —! Oh, Roy — I thought you was out —! Verna darling, run see to the chicken for momma — turn the burner down quick —! (*Verna saunters out, switching from side to side as she walks.*)

INA — Oh, Roy, now —! Oh, you have —! Oh, Roy —! Come back and lie down. Stay lying down there, Roy. Come, Roy —

ROY — What's the matter? Is my little Vernie back from Sunday school?

INA — Yes. But come, Roy. Please! (*She leads him back into the bedroom.*) (*Verna returns.*)

VERNA (*yelling*) — It wasn't burning — I turned it down. (*Ina enters.*)

INA — Poppa's not feeling well, dear. Don't go in to disturb him. Poppa's going to have one of his sick spells, I'm afraid.

VERNA — Why don't you have the doctor?

INA (*vaguely*) — If he gets worse — (*She sits down quietly, sobered, sick at heart.*)

VERNA — Well, aren't we going to have dinner?

INA — Oh, yes. Come, I'll get you yours. Momma won't eat now — I don't feel hungry.

Mrs. Bascom drops in on her way home from church, charged with the latest gossip, which includes the story of certain young folks being right gay on a picnic to the Falls that included at least two bottles of Italian wine and girls who smoked cigarettes. There is a bit, too, about that fast Mrs. Andrews and the crowd she runs with.

But none of it is as exciting as the Bascom report of the last episode in the movie serial that has been running Sat'day nights at the theatre — a story in which

the heroine is simply worn out repelling the dishonorable advances of one daring villain after another.

Verna has finished her dinner and successfully pouted and begged herself into the privilege of wearing her new white shoes when Margaret Avery joins the circle. She is thirty-five, thin, angular and possessed of "a large, loose mouth that grimaces." Margaret brings news that is really exciting: The Rev. Sanderson T. Albaugh, the famous Tent Evangelist, is coming to town this very week!

The Rev. Albaugh, it appears, has been saving souls literally in droves during his campaigns in nearby towns.

There has been some talk about his methods, Miss Avery admits. His ways are not just what one might expect the ways of a servant of the Lord to be — but he does save souls and that, as the Rev. Johnson says — the Rev. Johnson being the local pastor — is doing good work.

MRS. BASCOM — This town needs a real good spiritual revival!

INA — It certainly does. I haven't been to a revival — my, since I was a girl. It was to a revival that I came to Christ! What denomination is he?

MARGARET — Oh, not any!

INA — Not any?

MARGARET — No, Rev. Albaugh is just a good man and a great preacher. He ain't any church. He ain't a regular minister, y'see.

INA — Oh!

MARGARET — I just stopped in to tell you. I knew you wasn't to church.

INA — Thanks. It's good news to hear. If there's anything I can do to help —

MARGARET — They'll want us to assist in prayers and the singing, I guess. And talk with those that

haven't got the grace to go forward and work with 'em.

MRS. BASCOM — I wonder if they'd like the loan of my organ?

INA — We ought to fix up the pulpit kind of some way — we'll borrow Mrs. Pinkham's palm.

MARGARET (*dubiously*) — Ye-uh. It got broke though the last funeral that borrowed it, and Mrs. Pinkham said she declared if she'd ever loan her palm again for nobody's funeral or even church, she said. It's getting all wore out, she said.

MRS. BASCOM — Well, there has been a lot of funerals.

Mrs. Bascom and Miss Avery are gone. Roy Bowman is still in his room and refuses to be disturbed, either by Ina's almost tearful pleading through the door that he let the liquor alone or by any of the other activities of the house.

Verna is back from her play and restless and her mother tries to entertain her by taking her on her lap and telling her a story. It is a nice, imaginary story in which momma and Verna figure as two who go away off somewhere and become two quite different persons and live in a handsome house with pillars — and a rose garden —

"And momma's in the lovely house," dreams Ina; "momma's got new dresses and a necklace, and a large touring car — and momma comes down the steps, and my dress is clinging soft gray georgette, and my hat's got a long curving feather — and the touring car is waiting at the door, and the kind gentleman is smiling gently at momma for keeping him waiting a little, but —"

"Who's the kind gentleman?" demands Verna, whose interest in momma's story has been no more than casual.

"Momma was just making things up," admits her mother, as the light of creation dies from her eyes, and her voice resumes its normal tones.

"Is the big house poppa's house?"

"Jump down, dear, jump down. Momma can't sit here all day with you."

Now Roy Bowman is out of his bedroom, a trifle thick as to speech but showing in no other way the result of the stummick treatments. He would be friendly, even jocular, with Vernie, but is rather put out of countenance by the child's staring at him and by the fact that his query as to why she is not in Sunday school when he should know she has been home for hours quite mystifies her.

"Poppa's been to sleep and forgot," Ina explains. "Hadn't you better go back and lie down again, Roy? . . . Vernie, don't you want to go over and see if Emma's back yet?"

Verna doesn't want to go any place, but Ina manages to herd her out of the room finally, and to get Roy back into his room, just before the Rev. Johnson and the Rev. Sanderson T. Albaugh call. The Rev. Johnson is "a slight man, with a red but thin, scraggy kind of face." The Rev. Albaugh is forty years old, "a lithely, muscular man; an unctuous intimate quality of voice, warm, urgent; vigorous, genial, magnetic; handsome of face only in so much as these qualities make for good looks. There is nothing ministerial about him; he suggests rather a cross between an actor and a business man. He is surcharged with vitality; his presence is like the silent but felt dynamics of a high-powered motor. His speech comes in a ready, easy flow of words, gratifyingly suave." The Rev. Johnson presents him to Sister Bowman.

ALBAUGH (*shaking hands*) — Glad to meet you, Sister Bowman — mighty glad indeed! It is a pleasure indeed to step into a little home like this, nestling here in this little city, where motherhood and love of Jesus shine in the very way your windows are washed. Yes, sir — I can tell a Christian home by the washing on the line!

Ha-a-a-a! (*He laughs his ready, unctuous, embracing laugh.*) You won't find me a regular parson, Sister Bowman. (*Slaps Johnson on the back by way of apology.*) With all due respect to our brother here — no, I'm one of God's freaks — I'm God's side show. I'm a go-getter for the Lord! Ain't that right, Brother Johnson? (*Brother Johnson grins his confirmation.*) I'm out to put Jesus Christ on the map. And I'm going to do it right here in Spring Valley. Yes, sir, beginning tomorrow night, next week is going to be God's week — Amen.

JOHNSON (*chiming in a little late, but it is his intention to keep in the band wagon*) — Amen!

ALBAUGH — No, I ain't a regular parson — but somehow I think the Lord has forgiven me for dragging in souls by their heels and the seat of their pants! 'Cause that's the way I get 'em! Soon's He counted up, Brother Albaugh, He said, it's all right — pardon me — my mistake — you go right on and gather 'em in, He says. One hundred and seventy-three saved last week to Osgo-hoola. Two hundred and five week before that. That's the record! It's results counts. And I get 'em. Beautiful little place you got here, Sister — a God-fearing Christian home.

INA (*has stood almost dismayed, but fascinated, during the flow of Albaugh's speech*) — Oh — er — well — we — Rev. Johnson knows I try to do my best —

JOHNSON — I'll tell you why we called especially this afternoon, Sister Bowman. We —

ALBAUGH — Yes, he'll tell you why we called. I don't mean to intrude my humble self, a stranger in your midst like this — except on business, God's business — Amen.

JOHNSON — Yes, we — (*Then bethinking himself.*) Amen —! We came to see Doctor Bowman, about his lot — the lot he owns over in back of the coal sheds. Brother Albaugh would like to pitch his tent there —

ALBAUGH (*taking the words out of his brother's mouth*) — I hold my meetings in a tent, Sister — I'm a Tent Evangel. All I ask is the lot of bare ground to pitch God's tent on.

INA — Why, I'm sure —

Before she can continue the bedroom door opens and Roy Bowman enters. He has overheard the conversation and is not only glad to meet the Rev. Albaugh, but proud to let him have the lot for the revival, if they will only be careful about driving in over the wooden sidewalk. More than that, when the Rev. Johnson explains that he is looking for a place for the Rev. Albaugh to stay during the week, Roy, grown suddenly expansive, sees no reason why Iny should not offer the evangelist the use of the Bowman's front room, and agree to board him during the week.

The proposition flusters Ina considerably, she being conscious of just how plain the room is, and all, but the Rev. Albaugh is delighted at the suggestion. That, indeed, is true Christian hospitality. And before much more can be said about it he has accepted the matter as settled and is quite ready to move in.

Now the Rev. Johnson and Dr. Bowman have gone to bring the Rev. Albaugh's valise from the depot, and Ina is trying again to voice her apologies for the plainness of her home.

ALBAUGH — Don't apologize. After the traveling I've done, and sleeping in hotel beds! Up all last night to make the trip here to be ready to start the Lord's work prompt. Yes, Sister Bowman, I live a homeless life. Yet I am happy in it — happy! To labor in the Vineyard — what more can any poor sinful man ask? Where the laborers are few, but the spiritual rewards are rich. When I see the repentant souls come forward to give themselves to Christ, then I cry, thank God — Amen!

INA — Amen! (*Throughout, since Albaugh's entrance, Ina has sat as if transfixed, her eyes on Albaugh like dog's on its master. During this last speech, her hands have clasped, her eyes have stung with tears, her gaze has adoration in it.*)

ALBAUGH (*continues; she is a good audience; he begins this time in a lower, confidentially emotional key; he is unconsciously histrionic*) — Sister, if I should tell you the sorrowing sinful hearts that are brought to me in my work! (*Louder, stronger.*) If I should tell you of the glory when those repentant sinners come to their Saviour. (*His voice vibrant with masculine ecstasy.*) Oh, the blood shed for us — the blood of the Lamb — the blood that can wash the blackest sinner white! God is merciful — Jesus can save! (*Ina is quivering with responsive emotion, all but sobbing.*) There's times without number when I have plead for seven hours with sinners — plead without food or rest — seven hours on end I have exhorted souls to give them grace. And at the last when the very blackest sinner steeped in defilement — when his heart has melted and been washed in the blood! When I have been able to look up to my Master in Heaven and say, Father, here they are — take them to Thy breast. Then — and only then — have I dropped where I stood — dropped in my tracks right there in the pulpit. But, oh, what a joy to give your strength! But these are things that a worker in the Vineyard must expect —

INA — Oh, if — if I could only do something — to help you —!

ALBAUGH — Give me your prayers, Sister.

INA — I'll pray night and day for you — I'll never stop praying for you, Rev. Albaugh. You — you're — you're — (*hushed — reverent*) you're like Christ . . . !

ALBAUGH — Oh, no — no. I'm only a poor humble sinner like all of us. (*He glances down at his shoes.*) Look at those shoes — how far I've tramped in them —

I'm embarrassed coming into your tidy house with such dirty shoes.

INA — Oh, that's all right — that's nothing.

ALBAUGH — I believe I'll take a little nap now, if I may.

INA — Yes, there's the room. I'm afraid you'll find it just a very plain room —

ALBAUGH — I'll stretch out for forty winks. And don't worry about your bed spread — I'll take my dirty shoes off. Oh, I know you good housekeepers, you see! And say — let me have Brother Bowman's blacking brush and I'll shine 'em up a little, too.

INA — Oh — let me — I'll do it —!

ALBAUGH — I couldn't think of that, Sister.

INA — Please — it's nothing — I'll clean them for you while you're taking your nap. Just set them outside the door. It's nothing —

ALBAUGH — You're very thoughtful indeed. Ah, what a nice room! This is very nice.

INA — I hope you'll find it comfortable. It's just a very plain — *(He goes in and closes the door — the end of her sentence trails off unspoken. She remains with her eyes fastened on the door through which he has gone. She is enthralled, entranced. In a moment Albaugh's door opens a little way, and he puts the shoes out.)*

ALBAUGH — I'm ashamed of the looks o' these shoes —! *(Ina's breath catches until he has closed his door again. Then she crosses to the shoes and takes them up. She stands, her eyes fixed absently, the shoes drawn up to her breast as the curtain falls.)*

ACT II

It is the following Saturday evening. For a week the Rev. Albaugh has been holding revival services in his tent, to the great spiritual excitement of the town.

The child Verna is protesting loudly that she wants her supper and her mother is not home. Her father, again somewhat alcoholic but able to speak connectedly, is trying to quiet her lest she awaken the Rev. Albaugh, who is resting in his room gathering strength for his last meeting.

Suddenly Roy Bowman makes a discouraging discovery. Some one has taken his money out of his pants' pocket. And he must have money. There is something he wants to buy.

Verna offers to loan him fifty cents out of her bank — but Verna's bank is empty, too! All her savings, most nine dollars, are gone! She is in tears and hysterical at the discovery when her mother comes.

Ina makes light of the loss. The money can't have been stolen. And if it has been she will make it up. She will put more money in Vernie's bank. . . .

Ina is alone. Secretly she takes from her bag a shining new gold watch and chain. "She gazes at it with a glow of joy, lost in the dream with which the watch is connected in her mind."

She as secretly puts it away again when Verna comes rushing back from the kitchen to thank her for having fixed supper and left it all ready.

But the supper Ina has fixed is not for Verna. It is the Rev. Albaugh's snack — fried chicken and cold slaw, potato salad, and cake. Verna must not touch that. There are cold beans and bread and butter in the kitchen for Verna, and a piece of fried liver.

A moment later the Rev. Albaugh accepts the snack with profound thanks. It is a supper fit for a king, and he will take it to his own room and eat it. It will give him strength for his last great meeting, Ina hopes, her eyes enveloping him as he goes.

Mrs. Bascom and Margaret Avery drop in to inquire for the Rev. Albaugh. They, too, are anxious as to how his physical strength is holding out.

INA (*self-conscious, and enjoying her importance as the dispenser of this news, and of her position as chate-laine to the evangelist*) — Rev. Albaugh's resting just now. And having his supper. I just now took his supper to him. I fix it for him on a tray, so's he can have it right by his bedside if he feels like. (*The visiting ladies receive each item of news with suitable impressed attention.*)

MRS. BASCOM — Does he eat well?

INA — Oh — yes, fairly. But it's spiritual food that keeps up his great strength!

MARGARET — Oh, yes — yes, indeed!

INA — He's a man of marvelous strength. A very powerful man physically. He'd have to be to give himself to his preaching like he does! He has such powerful arms —

MARGARET (*agape with interest*) — Has he?

INA — Great strength! Powerfully developed muscles.

MARGARET — Yes, he looks that way.

MRS. BASCOM — His spiritual work makes a great call on his physical strength.

INA — But he has the physical strength — that's it. He's like a man of iron! He could break me in two with his one hand.

MARGARET — His wonderful speaking voice! I've never heard such a wonderful delivery.

INA — Oh, yes. His great chest development helps his speaking, of course. It it wasn't for his great development, Rev. Albaugh couldn't ever carry on his spiritual ministrations like he does!

MRS. BASCOM — The town's like another town from this week of prayer and praise.

MARGARET — Three hundred and over converted, and the last great night tonight!

MRS. BASCOM — Oh, religion is a living force! (*Ina receives this with a becoming pride, almost as though she participated in the honors.*)

INA — Oh, yes, indeed, Rev. Albaugh has done a great work.

Not the least of the Rev. Albaugh's great works, thinks Mrs. Bascomb, is his conversion of Vernie. Not only has Christ sanctified Vernie, Ina admits, but the child has been so filled with the spirit of Jesus that she can't sleep. She keeps calling out to Jesus all through the night, and "speaking in tongues." That is how the Rev. Albaugh explains it. When Vernie began to confess her sins at meeting and ask God to soften her heart she began suddenly to speak funny words, a sort of gibberish. And that, said the Rev. Albaugh, was speaking in tongues.

Suddenly Mrs. Bascom notices that Ina's house has been fixed up. There are several new decorative touches. A pair of long tapering candles, for one thing. Ina bought the candles, she admits, to give a little touch of style to the house. They're all the rage in the East, she hears, and the minute she saw them she wanted them. Some might think they made the room Roman Catholic, she admits, but not if there isn't a cross anywhere around.

Roy Bowman, back from his shopping tour, is inclined to take issue with the women on the question of the great inspirational work the Rev. Albaugh has been doing. He for one is glad the week's over. Such-goings-on! "Tain't natural," he insists.

ROY — No, sir! I was there. I was to the meetings. I see Vernie going on like that! 'Tain't natural. (*The two callers are reprovngly silent, with grim mouths.*)

ROY — Rev. Albaugh is an earnest man — A godly man — I ain't denying that. But when —

INA (*with an intensity that trembles upon the verge of a breakdown*) — He's God's anointed — God's own anointed, Roy Bowman!

ROY — He's a powerful preacher — but things goes too far down to that tent!

MARGARET — Three hundred and fifty souls saved for Christ since last Monday night and the great harvest to come this evening — is that going too far I'd just like to ask?

ROY — Well, that's all right, but just the same things goes too far. Vernie's nerves are all upset. First thing you know all this will bring back her St. Vitus' dance again like she was troubled with two summers ago.

INA (*suddenly whips out at him with low-voiced, virulent unction of rage*) — You're a low, ignorant drunken sot, Roy Bowman, to say such things! (*The two women gasp at this.*)

ROY (*keeping an even temper, but keeping it stubbornly*) — I maintain what I say.

INA — I don't want to listen to one more word of your blasphemy! (*Her face is livid, her eyes pin points of fury at him.*)

ROY — I maintain that things goes too far. You don't call it going too far when a respectable married woman gets up in an open meeting and tears her dress open, exposing her form before the hull tentful?

INA — She never did!

ROY — I seen her.

INA — And if she did it was giving herself to God!

ROY — You don't call it going too far when our respectful citizens — men and women — rise up and scream and jump and froth at the mouth, and have paroxysms? — I do! I call it going too far. And then fall down right in the aisle, and lay there stiff like corpses? I call it going too far.

MRS. BASCOM — You don't understand. It's God working in their sinful hearts.

INA — It would be better for you, Roy Bowman, if you should give yourself a little to the spirit of Christ that works in those sinful breasts!

ROY — I maintain it's going too far. And what about poor old Miss Nettie Allen being took to the insane asylum yesterday just from getting overwrought up at the tent? I maintain that's going too far.

INA — You're in a state you don't know what you're saying, or God would strike you dead, Roy Bowman!

ROY (*as he goes back to his room*) — I know what I'm saying. (*He closes the door.*) (*There is a strained, tense silence between the three women.*)

INA (*suddenly crying*) — I can't help it! He's like that! You don't know what I have to put up with! I hate him! I loathe him — great big soft-bellied hulk! I'd die if I had to touch him ever again! I hate him — I hate him! I wish the Lord might strike him down! — soft, greasy, pudgy old nasty thing! (*She is trembling, and sobbing hysterical tears.*)

Gradually Ina becomes quieter. She is a little chagrined at having made a scene, but she is at the end of her patience. They know now, they must now, what she has been putting up with for years. Yet she cannot bring herself to leave Roy or to get a divorce. The disgrace would kill her. She's a brave Christian woman, they assure her. The Rev. Albaugh has given her strength, says Ina.

A moment later Ina suffers another shock. Mrs. Bascom and Miss Avery have really called to ask her to contribute to a little token of respect the community is getting up for the Rev. Albaugh. They have raised forty-seven dollars and they need thirteen dollars more to get him a sixty-dollar watch they have picked out. They had hoped to get a handsomer one for ninety dollars, but somebody had bought that just this evening.

There is a gleam of triumph in Ina's eyes as she tells them, a little curtly, that she can add nothing to their fund. Nothing at all.

Now the women have left and Ina calls the Rev. Albaugh from his room.

ALBAUGH — Guess it is most meeting time, Sister Ina.

INA (*suddenly speaking rapidly, low*) — Rev. Albaugh, I wanted to give you a little something — please take this — it's nothing — just from me — (*She drops the watch into his hand.*)

ALBAUGH — What? — why, it's beautiful — a watch!

INA — S-sh!

ALBAUGH (*lowering his voice, they speak hushed*) — Why, Ina . . . (*At the intimate use of her name for the first time she draws in her breath sharply, and a tremor runs through her.*)

INA — 'Tain't much — just to remember by — (*With a low, terrible intensity.*) You will remember, won't you, Rev. Albaugh? (*For reply he closes his hand against her upper arm in a caress. At the touch she stiffens convulsively, and gives a sobbing intake of breath through clenched jaws, starting back a step away from him.*)

ALBAUGH — There — there! It's all right . . . I know . . . be careful . . . (*Ina stands with her arms stiffened at her sides, her eyes closed against the stinging tears, shuddering.*) Be careful . . . !

INA (*still with closed eyes*) — You won't ever forget — being here? and me . . . ?

ALBAUGH — Never! (*His impulse is to touch her again, but he realizes that it is better not; he moves away.*)

ALBAUGH — You're a noble little woman. I'll — I'll pray for you always.

INA — Yes — I want your prayers — give your prayers to me — fill me with your prayers — fill me — I'm weak — I need your strong prayers — I need the fountain of your prayers!

ALBAUGH — All right now . . . wait . . . I better get to the meeting.

INA (*breathless*) — Yes — yes!

ALBAUGH — It's been a wonderful week — you've been wonderful — a great help — you've helped me, Sister Ina. Sit near to the front tonight — so's I can get the help from your spirit — it helps me . . . (*She stands now with her hands clasped at her breast, rapt.*)

INA — Yes, I will — I will, Rev. Albaugh — Whatever you tell me I'll do — whatever — tell me more what I can do for you in Christ!

ALBAUGH — I better go now — I better go. (*He goes out; his manner is somewhat that of stumbling blindly.*) (*Ina becomes a little faint, unsteady; she leans up against the wall, dizzy — then goes to the window where she can watch him as he goes down the street.*) (*The curtain falls to indicate the passing of a few hours.*)

The meeting is over. Ina is the first 'one home. "Her face is ravaged, her hair straying, her eyes overbright. She is still in the grip of the ecstatic frenzy of the past two hours."

She walks feverishly, blindly about the room, "her lips moving with utterances of religious ecstasy, breaking into phrases of the hymns."

"Holy . . . holy . . . Blessed Jesus . . . Blessed Jesus . . . Amen . . . Jehovah will save . . . Jesus will sanctify . . . holy . . . holy . . . cry his name . . . Hallelujah . . . sanctified . . . Amen . . . !"

She grows quieter. Now she is standing in front of the door to her husband's room. There is vituperative hatred in her voice. "Lie there," she all but shouts. "Lie there — drunken sot — lie there — stink there — sot — drunken sot — soft old flabby sot — lie there!"

Verna is home from the meeting. "She is like the frayed-out end of a dishrag." She had wanted to wait and walk home with the Rev. Albaugh, but the women were crowding around him, and wouldn't let her near him. She wails her disappointment.

They were probably presenting him with their old sixty-dollar watch, ventures Ina. Verna doesn't want to go to bed. She wants to wait until the Rev. Albaugh comes and prays for her. She is afraid she may die in the night and her soul will be lost. But she finally is quieted and got to bed with the promise of the revivalist's prayers when he does come and a piece of the layer cake she missed in the afternoon.

The Rev. Albaugh drags himself into the room and drops exhaustedly into a chair. Immediately Ina is fluttering around trying to minister unto him. Wouldn't he like something hot to eat? Or drink? All he wants is a glass of milk, and a snack.

Now she can wait no longer. She must know about the watch. Did they give it to him? They did? But he had hers all the time, didn't he? And he will always keep hers, won't he, and wear theirs only for show?

ALBAUGH — Yours means more to me — of course . . . (*The silence between them again.*) I must get a good rest tonight. What with catching that early train in the morning —

INA (*her face draws, she catches her under lip with her teeth*) — Have you got to go then?

ALBAUGH — My call is to Winterville by to-morrow.

INA (*a choked sob*) — I can't bear your leaving! it'll be awful! — it'll be awful! It'll be like a grave here! — and me in it! — it'll be awful!

ALBAUGH — No — no. Come now. We all have our crosses to bear.

INA — Some things is too much. (*The silence again.*) If I could travel along — if I could be a help —!

ALBAUGH — Ina — —!

INA — I could play the organ — I could get your snack nights —! I want to serve Christ too — —!

ALBAUGH — But, Ina — we dassent!

INA — You don't want me! You're glad to leave!

ALBAUGH — Iny! don't say that! — it's terrible hard for me to go — too . . .

INA (*almost a cry of triumph in her voice*) — It is . . . ?

ALBAUGH — It'd be wonderful that way — if it could be — us two working for the Lord together side by side — doing the Lord's work — you and me, Iny! — Oh, God! (*Suddenly covers his face.*) (*This is too much for Ina's overstrained emotions. She drops on her knees before him.*)

INA — Oh, Rev. Albaugh — I want you — I can't live without I go with you — ! (*Her hands are fluttering over him, over his head and bent shoulders, fearful to clasp, yet instinctively caressing.*) I'll die left here — Rev. Albaugh! I got to be with you — ! I don't know — I got to be with you — !

ALBAUGH — No — no — no!

INA — You don't know what it's like here — you've seen things — I don't need to tell you — he's lying there now dead drunk — he's awful — I hate him so — I love you, Rev. Albaugh — I love you in our blessed Saviour — I worship you — I'll be your slave — walk on me — I'll worship you! I've got to . . .

ALBAUGH (*takes his hands from before his face now, and grips her hands; their hot faces close — wild — frenzied*) — Ina — Ina — for God's sake — Ina — we can't — we dassent — Ina — ! (*As he speaks he is raising her — she is limp, following his movement.*) I never . . . any woman like you — We got to remember what's right —

INA — Take me — take me —

ALBAUGH — You're sweet — Iny. Iny . . . You're my honey little bride . . .

INA — Take me — take me —

ALBAUGH — We dassent do things, Ina — We got to remember — we got to remember —

INA — Take me — take me —

ALBAUGH — My soft honey sweet — little bride girl . . . (*She all but swoons in his arms. Suddenly with a convulsive movement, he regains something of his control — pushes her from him — puts her in a chair.*) God! (*Ina crouches whimpering, murmuring.*) Ina — we got to remember — we can't — Oh-h! I got to go now! (*Ina gives a moaning cry.*) Don't — don't! I'll get my valise — there's a late train — due now — lemme get on it — ! (*She goes into the room.*)

INA — Don't — oh — don't leave me — I can't stay here — ! (*She returns with his valise.*)

ALBAUGH — Iny — we got to remember — I got to go for your sake — !

INA — I don't matter — but you mustn't do anything! It's for your sake! Yes — you go — ! Hurry — you'll miss the train — !

ALBAUGH — No, I got time — it's only two squares down —

INA — Write a letter to me — ! Oh, how can I ever get along — !

ALBAUGH — Pray, my Iny — pray for strength — seek your Saviour — !

INA — Good-by —

ALBAUGH — I don't dast to kiss you — ! (*He kisses her — dashes out.*) (*Ina takes a few reeling steps, then falls to her knees.*)

INA — Our Father in Heaven — Blessed Jesus — Thy Son — Take me — take me — Amen — Jesus walking in light — Jesus the Son — take me — fill me — Thy blood — wash me in the blood — Praise God the Lamb — the blessed Lamb — the Son of Man — Jesus the Lamb — bathe me in the fountain of the Lamb — the Bride of the Lamb — Thy Bride — beautiful Jesus — strong in spirit — strong — take me unto Thy arms — Jesus my bridegroom — my bridegroom — Fountain of blood — Fountain of love — fill me — spray over me — Thy love — fill me — fill me . . . Take me — bridegroom — bridegroom . . .

(She falls back in a paroxysm, gasping, twisting, shuddering on the floor. Gradually she quiets and lies inert, tremors racking her at moments. In the stillness there is a surreptitious tap at the door. It opens and Albaugh comes in. Still lying prostrate she turns her head to see him. She utters a low moaning cry a little of despair, much of ecstasy. Without words, as though moved by a force beyond his own volition, he drops his valise, steps to her, falls to his knees by her side. He bends low over her. Ina's arms reach up around his neck. She draws him down to her as the curtain falls.)

ACT III

The next morning, which is Sunday, Verna Bowman is getting ready for Sunday school and carrying on a series of preliminary devotions by singing lustily bits of various hymns.

Ina, interested in the routine duties of her home, moves about mechanically, with a kind of intent absentness. "Her mood is calmer on the surface, but a kind of deadly calm. There is a set, ironlike, implacable quality in her. It is as though her consciousness were already determined upon a certain desperate course without yet being aware of that determination. The hysteric grip upon her psyche has strengthened; it has been driven inward, as it were, to fasten the more relentlessly upon the sources of self."

Verna, still impressed with the glory and completeness of her conversion, is eager to devote herself entirely to the new life. She wants to go to church. She wants to go to Wednesday night prayer-meeting, too. Sunday school isn't anything much to her now. She wants to give testimony. She wants more of the Rev. Albaugh's

prayers, for fear she has not been sanctified enough. Verna is rather difficult this morning, but Ina finally sends her to her room to complete her dressing.

Then she softly calls the Rev. Albaugh. He is pale and haggard, but "their speech this morning is quiet, dull — in contrast to the tremulous intensity of the scene last night."

Ina again asks him to take her away with him. Someway it seems to her that she has got to go — just got to. But the Rev. Albaugh is firm. It can't be that way. It wouldn't be right. He has had his call from the Lord and he must go on with his work.

Ina realizes that, and yet there must be some way. There would be a way if it wasn't for that drunken husband sleeping in the next room. The sot!

ALBAUGH — It's his weakness. He's a good husband and father when these spells ain't on him.

INA — Oh, good enough. That ain't it! He's *there*! If he was a saint it ud be the same. He's *there*! Did you sleep?

ALBAUGH — Some.

INA — I had the funniest dream — ! I dreamt I had to go along a road to get to church — it was the church tower I had to get to — the steeple, a great high steeple, — and right across my way was a log across the road — an awful big log — it was bigger than any log I ever did see actually, and I was struggling to remove it, and knowing I had to get to the church tower — I woke up in a perspiration! Funny the way you dream. But about your going, and me staying behind . . . somehow that can't be.

ALBAUGH — 'Course I don't hold with divorce really, but still —

INA — It would make terrible talk me divorcing Roy! And could I — And it takes a long while and everything — months — I don't know how long. Oh, of course I

know I can't go with you — or join you — (*She is convulsed by a racking sob, which she controls.*)

ALBAUGH — There — don't — Oh, Iny, little girl . . .

INA — You do love me like you said?

ALBAUGH — I love you more'n I said — more! There, there — we mustn't talk like this now. We've got to keep holt of ourselves.

INA — Oh, dear! Oh, mercy, mercy! My heart's just gone outside my body with you — ! I'm shut into a grave alive — ! (*Her black look goes toward her husband again.*) If it wasn't for him — ! He just lies there like a log — might just as well be a log lyin' there — ! If it wasn't for him how things could be then . . . ! (*Her voice rises with a heartbroken cry of blissful longing on the last words.*) Oh, dear, oh, mercy, mercy!

ALBAUGH — Don't Iny — don't!

INA — Yes, o' course it was a wicked thought for me to say you might give up your call. With the work you do, and everything — How long ago was it you was called, Rev. Albaugh?

ALBAUGH — 'Bout seven years now. I've been most everything in my time. I been an actor. I was on the vawdeville stage. And I joined up with a circus once. And I've been a barker for Carnivals. And I been most everything. I couldn't tell you — some things I'd be ashamed to tell you. Then one night I felt like a hand was laid on my spirit — and like a voice sez to me in my ear — Come to me, there is work in the vineyard, and the laborers are few. Do you mean me? I sez. Yes, Sanderson Albaugh, the voice sez. I tried to put it out of my mind. I laughed and joked — I blasphemed and I got drunk. But I couldn't forget the voice that called me. And so I give up fighting against God, and I sez, I'm here, Lord — I'm your servant, do with me according to Thy will. And I begun my preaching right there and then. And the power come to me.

And since that day they's been nine thousand three hundred and fifty souls my humble preaching has saved for Christ! Amen. I never was religiously ordained — not by elders and the layin' on of hands — but I been ordained by a greater One. Oh, yes, my life would make a book of marvels. I've often thought — some day I might write it. It might be the means of helping some poor sinner like I was.

INA — I got to follow you — somehow — leave all and follow you — !

Verna is back with her white shoes, and the shoe polish. She has been cleaning them, at the toes, where she has rubbed them kneeling so much at the revivals. She has daubed her hands with the polish and some of it is on her face where she has drawn her hand across her mouth. Ina sends her back to wash her face. Shoe polish is poison, she warns. Just the other day a little girl had drunk some and died —

Ina takes the polish away from Verna and as she does, "the desperate course which has been unconsciously determining in her consciousness now springs to the forefront of her mind. It grips her. It becomes dominant. It has her in its power. With nothing surreptitious in her manner — only a controlled white heat of purpose — she goes into her husband's room" . . .

Mrs. Bascom and Miss Avery stop in on the way to church. They have come again to inquire after the health of the Rev. Albaugh and to pass a word with Mrs. Bowman, but with no wish to disturb either. They will set a little. And while they set, Verna, continuing putting on her shoes, organizes an impromptu religious service to entertain them. She sings hymns for them, "There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins," and "What can wash away my sins? Nothing but the blood of Jesus." Then she leads in prayer, and they, a little embarrassedly, but without

knowing just what else to do, join her in the Amens. Finally, when Verna's prayer goes endlessly on, they decide not to wait any longer.

When Ina comes from her husband's room she is plainly laboring under a tense strain, though she tries to resume normally her household work. She takes up her workbasket and starts to sew, which horrifies Verna. Sewing on the Sabbath! Verna can't understand what has gotten into her mother.

There is a knock at the door. A strange woman is calling, a large woman of thirty-eight, with blonde hair "that has been touched up for many years, a face hardened by life but not by nature, a pleasant, garrulous, harmlessly vulgar woman."

She is Minnie Herrick and she is looking for the Rev. Albaugh, she explains to Ina.

MINNIE — It's many a long day since I've seen him! And it's many a long day since he's seen me! I guess you'll laugh maybe when I spring it — I'm his wife! (*Ina is silent; gradually she seems to shrink, to grow smaller and smaller, her face to pinch and draw, as she sits in her chair with her eyes fixed on the woman who never stops her flow of words.*) Yes, sir, his wife! He'll be surprised. I shouldn't wonder. It's eighteen years since I haven't seen nor heard hide nor hair of him — eighteen years! I'm not blaming *him* — I'm not *blaming* him, — we had our differences, and I was to blame, too, I s'pose. And times was hard — we couldn't get work. You know how 'tis. We was in vawdeville. I met him that way. He left me — he left me flat. You know how 'tis — But that's all long ago and past and forgotten. I s'pose I wouldn't even have heard tell of him again but for his taking up this revival work! I happened to see a squib in a paper and the name struck me — Albaugh, I sez to myself, that was Sanderson's mother's name — You see he took that name evidently.

And then Sanderson ain't a common first name. It's Sanderson Herrick, I sez, as I'm alive! It's like him to take to revival work, if it ain't him all over! I sez. I haven't come to make trouble for him — I ain't that kind. You know how 'tis — I'd like to see him again after all these years, and maybe he'd like to see me, I sez to myself. All that's past and gone. But to think of his being a preacher! I always said he had a wonderful personality. And whatever he does he does heart and soul. How soon you think he'll be in? Huh — ? I sez, how soon do you think he'll be coming in? (*Ina's voice is dry, her lips move, but no sound comes from them, — she can only shake her head a little.*) Huh? — you don't know? Well, if it ain't an imposition I'd like to wait. Yes, he's a wonderful man — always was. I always knew he'd make his mark. I've got on pretty well myself. I give up the stage and been living in Parkersburg, West Virginia. I was took dreadful sick years back, and when I got up from the hospital I went south, and after one thing and another I landed in Parkersburg, and I've got a right comfortable business here now — hair dressing and Beauty Parlor, and rooms above, no board though — I couldn't be bothered. Nice people I've got in my house. Nothing shady. Oh — there! — is that him? (*The door opens and Albaugh enters. On the second look, he recognizes his wife.*)

ALBAUGH — Huh — ?

MINNIE — Do you recognize me, Sanderson? Yes, 'tis me! Here I am! I was just telling Mis Bowman I hadn't come to make you no trouble — I ain't that kind, you know that, Sanderson! Even if you did leave me flat once. But bygones are bygones. You haven't changed such an awful lot, Sanderson!

INA (*in a strange, thin voice*) — You never said —

ALBAUGH — Minnie! . . . I — I thought you was dead — !

MINNIE — Me dead! Hah — that's a good one! No, sir, not me! I'm alive and kicking!

ALBAUGH — I heard you was . . . !

MINNIE — You *heard* I was — ! If that ain't like you, Sanderson Herrick! to not bother to find out! That's just off a piece of everything he's ever done, Mis Bowman! — a drifter if there ever was one! Never looked the matter up! (*Her attitude towards this is that of indulgent almost amused, reproof.*) No, sir, I told 'em they wouldn't ever carry me out of that hospital — I'd walk out on my feet — and I did! So you thought I'd kicked the bucket — ! He couldn't a cared much to find out, I will say!

ALBAUGH (*wiping the sweat from his brow*) — I — I heard you was dead, Minnie. I — No, I didn't go looking up proof — No, I didn't — You know how it was — we'd parted — I thought it was true you was dead, Minnie . . .

Ina begins to laugh convulsively. She becomes hysterical and shrill. Verna is crying. The Rev. Albaugh calls to her to go get a doctor and to call her father, and as she runs to her father's room Ina screams.

"Don't let her go in there — don't let her go in there!"

She would stop Verna, but is not quick enough. The child is backing out of the room, her face blanched with terror. "Poppa . . . ! Poppa . . . ! Look at Poppa!"

"Hush up! Shut up — shut up —" yells her mother.

Albaugh and Minnie Herrick are staring, agape and petrified, into the bedroom, as the curtain falls.

The coroner is there. And the sheriff. The Rev. Albaugh, stunned and helpless, can only murmur his disbelief that the thing has happened.

CORONER — He died of poisoning from that shoe

polish — there's the bottle of it — and then her own emotions on top of it all — ! I guess it's up to you, Sheriff —

ALBAUGH — She couldn't have done such a thing — she couldn't have!

CORONER — Don't *seem* so — but you see for yourself, Rev. Albaugh. Overstrained maybe — I dunno. Seems like things might have been too much for her . . . Life is too much for some. Seems as if we aren't equal to combating with life — some of us. *Any* of us! — take it one way and another . . .

SHERIFF — Where is she?

CORONER — In there. The Doctor's here. He's with her.

SHERIFF — I got to take her, I guess. (*Sheriff looks toward the dining-room door, nerving himself to his harrowing duty.*) (*The door opens and Ina enters, followed by the Doctor. Ina is smiling a silly, happy smile. Upon her head is a wreath of paper flowers, and a piece of white mosquito netting arranged something like a wedding veil.*)

INA (*simpering prettily*) — Good morning! Good morning! How do you do all! Happy is the Bride the sun shines on! (*She goes to the Coroner.*) And you've been saved too. Praise God — Hallelujah! Over three million have been saved! Yes! What a harvest — ! (*She sings "Jesus is Mine."*) (*She goes up to the Sheriff, prettily.*) I'm so glad to see you here. Won't you set down? (*She has paid no more attention to Albaugh than to the others — she has included him in her general impersonal greeting.*)

SHERIFF — We're going to take a little drive now.

INA — Oh, pardon me — just a moment. I forgot you haven't met my intended! (*She smiles a proud, happy, humble smile and indicates an imaginary figure at her side.*) Let me introduce the bridegroom — Mr. Christ. Oh, I am such a proud and happy girl!

SHERIFF (*touches her on the arm*) — You better come with me now.

INA — Yes? Are we ready? (*She links her hand in the Sheriff's arm. They walk up to the door. Ina takes the measured steps of a bride walking up the church aisle. She hums the wedding march — "Tum-tum-te-tum-tum-tum-te-tum" — etc. Her head is drooped, her hands hold an imaginary bridal bouquet. She passes out thus on the arm of the Sheriff.*) (*Albaugh's knees melt under him; he sinks to the floor covering his face.*)

ALBAUGH — God forgive me — God forgive me!

The curtain falls.

YOUNG WOODLEY

A Play in Three Acts

BY JOHN VAN DRUTEN

CONSIDERABLE attention was drawn to "Young Woodley" in England when the censor of plays refused to sanction a London production on the ground that the play dealt too frankly with the discussion of sex as related to the problems of adolescent school boys, and was, in effect, prejudicial to the good opinion in which English high schools were held.

John Van Druten, the author, is a university lecturer in Wales and his play concerns the life with which he is most familiar. George Tyler, the American manager, who was in London at the time of the play's appearance, arranged with Basil Dean for the American rights to "Young Woodley" and it was produced in Boston in the early fall. A few deletions had been made in the text, and the Boston reviewers, while admitting the frankness of dialogue, took no violent exceptions to the play.

Transferred to New York, and presented at the Belmont Theatre, November 2, 1925, "Young Woodley" was hailed as one of the early season successes. Much of the reviewers' enthusiasm was centered upon the performance of Glenn Hunter in the name part. The approval of as large audiences as the Belmont would hold followed the press reception and the play continued successfully the rest of the season. In New York there was not even slight exception taken to the alleged boldness of speech, and while Broadway audiences are admittedly of coarser grain than those of other American cities, it does not seem reasonable that this verdict will

be set aside by audiences West of the Hudson when the play is taken on tour.

The first scene of the play is laid in the prefects', or upper classmen's room at Mallowhurst school, in England. It is a large, bright room, a gathering place for the boys, rather barely furnished with a large table and numerous straight-backed chairs. There are books and magazines scattered about and the remains of a tea are spread over the table. It is about 5 o'clock in the afternoon of a May day.

Cope, a youthful "fag" whose undergraduate's duties include such personal and room service as the older boys put upon him, is rebelliously clearing away the tea things and pleading with his immediate superior, Vining, to be let off for the time being the washing up of the dishes. But neither Vining nor Ainger, another of the older boys, is inclined to be lenient with Cope. Vining, in fact, is insistent that not only should young Cope wash the dishes, but also himself, that he may be made fit for entrance into the presence of his betters.

Furthermore Vining is hopeful that Cope has taken heed of the lecture given the school by the headmaster in assembly that morning, and that his morals will be duly improved. Let him thereafter be particular about keeping himself "pure in thought, word and deed," as he was instructed to do. And if he doesn't understand at what the headmaster was driving, as Cope insists he does not, let him wait until he is older or, perhaps, ask the head to elucidate further. If he won't tell him, Cope might ask Mrs. Simmons, the headmaster's wife.

The headmaster's lecture on morals is a good deal of a joke to Vining. He wonders if the head thinks they are a lot of fools. He wonders especially what Young Woodley thought about it. He's a good deal of an innocent, Woodley, even if he does write rather passionate poetry about "dark-eyed maidens, supple-limbed" and all that sort of thing.

Young Woodley is shortly there to answer for himself. But he has other worries. He has had another session with Headmaster Simmons and been none too politely reprimanded for the unhealthiness of his writings — his poetry especially. The verse about the dark-eyed maidens had been printed in the school magazine, and Simmons did not approve of it at all.

WOODLEY — Simmy's purity campaign makes me vomit. Not that I hold any brief for Riley, whatever he may have done — dirty little beast that he is.

VINING — Whatever he may have done?

WOODLEY — Well, the head wasn't exactly explicit was he with all his biblical metaphors. I gather it was one of the housemaids in Plunkett's.

VINING — Yes, the dark-haired one. Doesn't say much for Riley's taste. Still beggars can't be choosers. Plunkett caught them in the pantry. *Flagranti delicto* . . . so to speak.

WOODLEY — How nice for Plunkett.

VINING (*rises*) — What rot it is sacking a man for that.

WOODLEY — I don't see it.

VINING — Hell, yes. Ruining a chap's whole life just for the sake of discipline.

MILNER — What do you mean?

VINING — Why his pater's on the Army Council. Deuce of a swell. Riley was going into cavalry. He can't go now. His whole career absolutely bust.

AINGER — Serves him right. It'll do the rest of the school good anyway.

VINING — What do they think we are — Celebrate monks? Good Lord, it's human nature, isn't it? I was over in France last year; met a lot of French fellows. Things are pretty different over there I can tell you. Why practically every boy has got his *petite ami* and the thing is recognized and generally known.



Photo by White Studio, N. Y.

"YOUNG WOODLEY"

"The next instant Woodley has grabbed a knife from the table and rushed at Vining. Ainger is holding him when Simmons opens the door.

Simmons: "And what is the meaning of this, may I ask? What is the significance of the knife and the elaborate tableau?"

(Herbert Bunston, Glenn Hunter, Edward Crandall, John Gerard and Geoffrey Harwood)

If you try to stop it it only leads to something worse.

AINGER — Rot. We're not all like you Vining.

VINING — 'Tisn't rot; it's the same thing in girls' schools if there are any men about the place. I could tell you a few tales that would open your eyes. I wouldn't mind being boot boy in a girls' school for a bit . . . and as for those co-education places. My hat!

WOODLEY — I don't believe it.

VINING — Bilge! Why not? You can't get away from human nature. That's all Simmy's purity campaign means. Suppress your natural instincts. Huh, and Simmy is a nice one to talk to anyway.

MILNER — What do you mean? Simmy's married.

VINING — I know he is. Jolly pretty woman she is too. A damned sight too good for old Simmy. But he's only been married two years and I was here before that . . . so were you, Milner. What about that parlour maid of theirs. Nice piece. Nice piece. I'll bet she could tell a thing or two. High jinks she and Simmy used to have I'll warrant.

AINGER (*finishes letter*) — Oh, shut up, Vining. You make me sick.

VINING — What do you suppose they choose all the school servants so old and ugly for then. Gor' look at them. You couldn't find a lot like that anywhere in a day's march.

WOODLEY — Oh, drop it Vining. Ainger's quite right. You have got a filthy mind.

VINING — This is a bit of a sudden conversion for you, isn't it Ainger? I can remember some of the tales you've told.

AINGER — There's a damned sight too much of this sort of talk in the school and I'm going to drop on it all I can.

VINING — Well you can leave me out of your prayer meetings if you don't mind.

The discussion of the headmaster and his wife is continued later when one of the boys remembers that they are all expected to go to tea at the Simmonses the following Sunday afternoon. A beastly bore, these teas. They not only mess up the afternoon but they interfere with other things. Walks in the Mallow wood, for one thing, with agreeable company — the girl in Crawley's, for instance, or her friend, the one who works in Cowel's the drapers. There's a nice girl — dark-eyed — supple-limbed. Vining would like to introduce her to Woodley if Woodley's interested.

But Woodley isn't interested. Besides, Mallow woods is out of bounds. Which makes it all the better, Vining insists. Less chance of being found out. Still Woodley doesn't care for that sort of thing.

Neither does he care greatly for Vining, he confesses to Ainger when Vining has gone. Vining may be a type, but he's a foul type. Pretending to know so much about girls — and things. He probably doesn't know, really, any more than any of the rest of them do.

Ainger is not so sure. He does not approve of Vining, either, but there is something in what he says. "We are under a system here that treats us as not being mature until we leave, that is when we are eighteen or nineteen. Nature matures us at fourteen. What about it?"

It is all a beastly mix-up to Woodley. Being in love — properly — can't be like that. It isn't like that. Woodley knows. He has had his experiences, too. He doesn't mind telling Ainger, if he won't laugh. It isn't anything to laugh at, Ainger agrees.

So Woodley tells him of the night, last holidays, he was in town and went with a fellow named Harpath to a dancing place where there were a lot of women — "professionals, the real thing." And Woodley danced with one of them.

"It was awful," he admits. "I didn't know what to

say to her and she made me feel sick. You know painted up to the eyes and awfully cheap scent, and I felt quite . . . well . . . you know, almost frightened. And then we sat down and she drank whiskey and laughed at me, and I just couldn't talk to her. I couldn't think of anything to say. And I danced with another one, too. She looked quite old and she smelt of drink. I suppose I could have gone home with her if I'd liked. I believe Harpath did with one of them . . . anyway I lost him."

AINGER — And did you?

WOODLEY — No . . . I tell you I felt frightened. Well, it's damned silly, isn't it? I mean the way I've talked about these things, the way Vining does, and told smutty jokes and all that, and then when it comes to the pointfunking it like that.

AINGER — I shouldn't worry if I were you.

WOODLEY — And then there was a girl I met at home at a dance last year. Awfully pretty you know . . . fair hair and dressed in pink. I danced with her twice and we were sitting out together, and I wanted to kiss her frightfully; but I simply hadn't got the pluck. I didn't know how to go about it. I felt I couldn't just catch hold of her and kiss her like that straight off the reel.

I just sat there, saying nothing like a damned fool till the next dance began. I could have kicked myself afterwards. I never saw her again. Bloody silly, isn't it? Then I go writing poetry that Vining and his sort make fun of where I imagine myself no end of a dog. At least, no I don't mean that but . . .

AINGER — I know.

WOODLEY — Well, why am I different from other people then?

AINGER — Do you want to be like Vining?

WOODLEY — Vining, no . . . but . . .

AINGER — I shouldn't say you were different from most people. I've felt like that too.

WOODLEY — You?

AINGER — Yes, often, it is nothing to worry about.

WOODLEY — What a mix-up it all is. (*Crosses to window.*)

AINGER — Don't worry, kid. Take things as they come. How old are you, seventeen?

WOODLEY — I shall be eighteen in October.

AINGER — Well, you needn't say it as if you were eighty. You've plenty of time. We're most of us like that at first, unless we are Vining's sort.

WOODLEY — Yes, but what I feel is, all this sort of thing . . . shop-girls and housemaids . . . I simply couldn't do it. It would make me feel sick. And then you meet someone, someone you like; someone of your own class . . . I don't want to be snobbish; but you know what I mean. Someone you could be really keen on, and the thing's impossible. You can't think of them that way, at least I can't. I can't imagine them letting me. It's all wrong somehow. I suppose when people are really in love . . . I don't know, I don't understand that either. I don't see how it all squares out. (*Has been moving about. Flops on window seat.*)

AINGER (*crosses to him, puts hand on shoulder*) — It's a brute, isn't it? I'm afraid I can't help you much. Things pan out more or less in the long run. One makes a few mistakes and does a few things one's sorry for. For the rest it's just a question of running straight as best you can. You don't want to get morbid about it any more than you want to wallow in it; but (*Crosses R. sits in chair.*) As for "love," I believe a lot of it is imagination; or that it is something that is kept for a special favored few. You think about it because you've read about it and seen it in plays and on the pictures. You're brought up to it. Your first fairy stories end with people marrying and living happily after. You

come up against it in everything you read, and you imagine yourself doing the same thing. I wonder how many people ever strike it without being disappointed.

WOODLEY — I dare say you're right.

AINGER — I remember getting religion fearfully badly when I was about fifteen, wanted to go into the church and everything . . . had it properly. And then it faded away and I can see now that there never was anything in it at all. I shouldn't be surprised if love isn't something like that.

A moment later there is a knock at the door. When they open it Laura Simmons, the headmaster's wife, is standing outside. "She is a very pretty woman of twenty-eight, rather fragile, shy and retiring. She has a sweet voice and there is a slight air of mystery about her."

It is Mrs. Simmons' first visit to the prefects' room. She has come to see if something can't be done to prevent the boys making a short cut of her yard and breaking down the shrubbery. She did not want to go to her husband about it. As house captain Ainger agrees to see that the boys behave.

Both Ainger and Woodley are a little constrained in the presence of Mrs. Simmons, and their embarrassment is not helped particularly when young Cope appears with the remains of a teapot and a confession that he is afraid he broke it. That means further punishment for him and gives Ainger an excuse for following the young man to prefects' detention where, in all probability, Cope will be thrashed. There must, of course, be discipline, though Mrs. Simmons thinks it would be better to stop the culprit's pocket money. "I think he'd rather be thrashed," admits Ainger.

It is not easy for Woodley to entertain the headmaster's wife. They are both a little shy. But they hit upon a subject of common interest when Mrs. Simmons

mentions the verse Woodley has written for the magazine. She liked that. And he is pleased.

Woodley has always liked poetry, too. When they used to try to punish him in prefects' detention by making him learn verse by heart he did it so easily it was not punishment at all and they gave it up.

With a little urging he shows Mrs. Simmons more of his verse, and agrees to let her take several of the verses home, on promise that she will not show them to her husband. Mr. Simmons does not approve of his writing poetry. Now she finds Woodley's pictures in the group photos on the wall and is amused by them. He was such a baby then — though they were taken only a year ago. Still, he was seventeen — nearly.

LAURA — I remember last year's sports. That was one school function that I did attend. I was awfully shy about going. But I enjoyed it.

WOODLEY — Shy? You?

LAURA — Yes, why not? I'm terribly shy.

WOODLEY — So am I.

LAURA — I know. (*Picks up book from table.*)
What's this, Swinburne, yours?

WOODLEY — Yes.

LAURA — You like Swinburne?

WOODLEY — Yes, awfully.

LAURA (*opens book and reads softly aloud*):—

“Eyes coloured like a water-flower,
And deeper than the green-sea's glass;
Eyes that remember one sweet hour —
In vain we swore it should not pass;
In vain, alas!”

WOODLEY — How beautiful you read it.

LAURA — It is rather beautiful isn't it? (*She puts book down.*) But there are better than Swinburne. Have you discovered Shelley yet?

WOODLEY — Yes. (*He begins to recite.*)

"Swiftly walk over the Western Wave,
Spirit of night . . ."

LAURA —

"Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand.
Come, long sought."

WOODLEY — It's wonderful.

Their visit is interrupted by the sudden appearance of Simmons. "He is a tall, lean, dried-up man of nearly fifty." He, too, is looking for Ainger, and he is a little surprised to find his wife there. She does not often visit the school. He hopes, a little slyly, that young Woodley has been entertaining her.

"Woodley is our poet laureate, you know," he explains to her. "Only he writes a good deal more than most laureates. A dreamer. Native woodmates wild and all that. An infant Shelley, eh Woodley?"

Mrs. Simmons does not enjoy the chaffing note in her husband's voice, and tries to drag him away.

LAURA — Frank, we must be going. It's later than I thought.

SIMMONS — Perhaps you read his effusion in the school magazine? I, er, forget the title. What was it, Woodley?

LAURA — I remember. "Reverie." I liked it.

SIMMONS — "Reverie?" Oh yes. A dreamer as I said. Dark-eyed maidens and romantic moons or something equally affecting, wasn't it? I trust it was generally appreciated, Woodley. But then poets never are, are they? They thrive on disregard. Always spurned and misunderstood in their lifetime. Well, perhaps you'll have the laugh on us when you are dead and they will set your verses to be learned by heart in P. D.

if that is any consolation to you. You're looking forward to dying young, I presume. (*He picks up book.*) Swinburne, eh? You admire Swinburne, I suppose?

WOODLEY — Yes, sir.

SIMMONS — Nauseous stuff, but they all do at your age. It's a form of intellectual measles, but you will grow out of it.

LAURA — Frank, I must go.

SIMMONS — I'm coming. All the same a little more time on the Binomial Theorem wouldn't exactly do you any harm, Woodley. Not quite so enthralling as Mr. Swinburne's lilies and languors, perhaps, but a good deal healthier I can assure you. You'll tell Ainger I want to see him?

LAURA (*takes Woodley's M.S. from chair*) — Oh, I'm forgetting these.

SIMMONS — What have you got there?

LAURA — Only some recipes Mrs. Ratcliffe lent me. Goodbye. (*She goes, with Simmons. Woodley stays where he is, thinking, picks up Swinburne, opens and gently reads aloud.*)

WOODLEY —

“Eyes coloured like a water-flower,

And deeper than the green sea's glass . . .”

(*Shuts book, shakes himself and opens history. His mind wanders. Finally he slams the history together and hurls it into a corner.*) Oh, damn George the First and all his bleeding Cabinet! (*Vining comes in, cheerily singing the latest musical comedy tune.*)

VINING — Hello, all alone? Mrs. Simmy's been in here hasn't she. Have I missed her?

WOODLEY — Yes.

VINING — Too bad. We don't exactly get a surfeit of female society. What did she want?

WOODLEY — Oh, nothing. Wanted to speak to Ainger about the kids in her back garden or something.

VINING — H'm. Funny her coming in here. Pretty

little thing though. Hot stuff too, I should think. That quiet, dark kind always are. Old Simmy's a lucky fellow. He knows what's what all right and I expect he makes the most of it too. That's the secret of the popularity of marriage you know. I hope she likes it, that's all. Can't say I should care about being mauled by Simmy if I was a girl. Has she got a crush on Ainger. do you think, coming in here after him like that? Ainger's a good-looking chap, bit of a change, after Simmy. Did you retire tactfully and leave them alone? (*Woodley suddenly gets up and leaves the room, slamming the door behind him.*) Here, what's up? Now . . . what the . . .

The curtain falls.

ACT II

In the Simmons' pleasantly furnished drawing room, three weeks later, the headmaster is correcting exercises and taking evident satisfaction in the silly mistakes the young fools under him continually make in their examinations.

Laura Simmons, curled up in a corner of the chesterfield, is replying to his comments and wondering whether men become schoolmasters for the sheer joy of correcting boys in their exam-papers. She has little sympathy with her husband's attitude in such matters. In fact there are few subjects on which these two do agree.

Life as a schoolmaster's wife is not at all to Mrs. Simmons' liking, and she is frank to confess as much. She finds little in the social life of the school to interest her, she feels that she is not at all popular with the other masters' wives and she is out of sympathy with the attitude of the masters toward the boys. She finds it impossible to believe, for one thing, that there has sud-

denly developed an abnormal spirit of unrest pervading the place, as indicated by the recent Riley affair, which has caused his expulsion. She is convinced that Mr. Simmons is exaggerating the seriousness of the situation, and imagining much that is not true.

SIMMONS — I wish I were. You don't see it, sitting here as you do and meeting them only when they are on their best behaviour. But, there is no respect. I've been noticing it growing more and more so since this business of Riley. I spoke to the Prefects, very seriously. But I can get nothing from them, no help, no cohesion. I am not at all sure that they are not responsible for a lot of the trouble. I never approved of the Prefect System. Their manner lately has been most offensive. All of them, young Woodley in particular. There is a surliness and cynicism about that boy, a sort of superiority. It is all this intellectual flapdoodle. He imagines himself too good for every one. This rubbish about writing poetry. It isn't healthy or normal in a boy. It all comes down to the same thing in the end. Sex. It is at the bottom of all the trouble. The school is going through a bad period, these things come in waves. A few of the wrong men at the top and the harm is done.

LAURA — Oh, surely, Frank. . . . I don't know much about boys, and you should, but it seems scarcely possible to me. One or two cases, yes. I understand that, abnormal or vicious types. . . .

SIMMONS — It goes deeper than that. You don't realize. Because a boy has a pretty baby face you think he is all innocence, and guilelessness. If you had spent your life as I have, you would know what sinks of impurity their minds can be.

LAURA — Isn't it the system. I have no brothers, but I have watched since I have been here, and it seems to me that it is a great mistake to cut boys off like that,

from their homes, from women, just at the age when they are most sensitive, most curious. It is an impressionable age. I can't help feeling that perhaps they need a little sympathy and understanding. That they can't get from men and from each other.

SIMMONS — I know that argument. You get it in the novels that young men write as soon as they are let out into the world. They want to turn a public school into a sort of Zenna.

LAURA — And what's your remedy?

SIMMONS — Discipline and a healthy observance of games and a proper inculcation of the public school spirit. There is no esprit de corps, no decent feeling. . . .

Neither is convinced that the other is right, but the subject is dropped when Simmons discovers that it is time he was going to watch the cricket match. He is none too well pleased when he learns that Mrs. Simmons cannot go with him. She has asked young Woodley and his friend, Ainger, in for tea. Nor does he approve of the boys getting in the habit of coming to his home, except on his invitation. Also he thinks they should be watching the cricket themselves instead of drinking tea. For himself, he is very careful about permitting a social intimacy to develop between master and boy, because he is certain it destroys the respect of the students for their instructors.

Again she is convinced that he is wrong, both in this attitude toward the boys and in his habit of carrying the classroom attitude into his ordinary existence. "Even in the holidays I have noticed it," she says. "Among other people; that domineering, self-conscious attitude of the pedagogue that hangs around you like a halo."

To his expressed surprise that, feeling as she does, she ever married him she promptly replies that if she had known him better, if she had not been mistaken in think-

ing he was a man and not a prejudice, she probably never would have married him. At which disturbing confession he flounces out of the house.

Young Woodley arrives alone. Ainger was called at the last minute to replace one of the boys who had sprained an ankle in the cricket match, and had sent a note of apology, which Woodley dutifully delivers.

They talk of other things, of her shyness about appearing at many of the school functions for fear her presence puts a damper on the boys' sense of freedom and of Woodley's awkwardly expressed belief that she is quite wrong. She is not at all like the other masters' wives.

But they soon get to Woodley's poetry and the pleasure she has had reading it. Some of the verses she likes much better than others. "The best ones are the ones when you are writing about things you know," she tells him. "About the country, and friendship."

There is one verse Woodley has just written, a sonnet, that she asks him to read to her, which he does, a little shyly.

I think your face was Helen's, For your sake
The Trojan ruins flame. In anguish dumb
The dying Tristram stares with eyes that ache
Across the lonely waves, to see you come,
Enslaved by your first kiss. And Romeo
Steals through the moonlight garden silently,
To find that subtle smile that well I know,
And you are standing on the balcony.

Oh, lovers throughout the world have known
Your shadowed beauty, and when poets say
Their love was such, I think I know the way
You held their reason captive. You alone
Have sway'd all men through time, in every land.
He loved, and she was fair. I understand.

While she serves the tea she induces him to talk about himself, and of his home. He has only his father. His mother had died when he was a baby, and he has no brothers or sisters. An aunt had brought him up. They lived in Hampstead, near London.

Laura's home was in the country, at Rydalwater, she

tells him. She had lived there always until she was married. It was there she had met Mr. Simmons when he was on a walking tour. She still misses the mountains very much. She likes the country. She has thought often of going for a walk in Mallow woods — on Sunday. Perhaps he would —

But Woodley is afraid, from what he has heard, that Mallow woods would not be a nice place for her to walk on Sunday. The townspeople flock there and — well, it is not always quite nice. She does not understand, but is willing to change the subject.

They go back to Woodley's plans. He expects to go to Cambridge when he is through Mallowhurst. This is his last term, and July is not far off. After Cambridge he expects he will have to go into his father's business — which happens to be the manufacture of soap. Woodley's Wildflowers is the brand. Of course, he had rather do other things. He had rather write, for instance. But that is probably just a phase —

Laura is sorry for young Woodley. Sorry her husband had spoken to him the way he did about his writing. The thought of it brings back not only the hurt she felt for him, but all the growing disgust she has for her husband. She knows Mr. Simmons is not popular. She knows what people think and say about her, too —

LAURA — Do you wonder I don't care to go to school functions, when I know how people are feeling towards him, hating him, and me, as his wife, as though, just because I am his wife, I must be like him. Do you wonder that I loathe the place?

WOODLEY — Loathe it?

LAURA — Yes, loathe it. It's all, dreadful, hideous. And he —

WOODLEY — I'm so sorry — I had no idea. Don't — don't cry, please.

LAURA — Oh, God. Why are things made like that?

Why have people no sense, no understanding. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to behave like that. Please forgive me. It won't happen again, Roger. (*She touches his hand lightly; he flinches.*)

WOODLEY — I wish I could help, do something. I'd do anything.

LAURA — It's all right. It was foolish of me. I am all right now.

WOODLEY — And it's not like you think. No one feels like that about you. They all like you awfully. They can't understand. . . .

LAURA — How I came to marry Mr. Simmons? Is that it?

WOODLEY — I must be going.

LAURA — Must you, really?

WOODLEY — Yes, I have work to do. Goodbye and — thank you very much.

LAURA — I'm sorry, you must come again soon.

WOODLEY — No — I — think — if you don't mind — it would be better — if I didn't come again.

LAURA — Never?

WOODLEY — Well, not alone — not like this.

LAURA — You needn't mind what you said — or rather didn't say — about Mr. Simmons.

WOODLEY — It isn't that.

LAURA — What is it, then? Don't you want to come?

WOODLEY — Yes, I — I want to awfully, but — really, it would be better not.

LAURA — But why, Roger?

WOODLEY — Oh, I — I oughtn't to tell you. You'll hate me for it. You'll never want to see me again — but I — feel awful about it — but — well, I'm most terribly in love with you. There now I've said it. Are you furious with me?

LAURA — Furious?

WOODLEY — I meant not to tell you ever — but I couldn't help it. I'll go now. (*He moves to the door.*)

LAURA — Roger, why did you think I'd be furious?

WOODLEY — Well, aren't you?

LAURA — Furious? Roger — (*She holds out her arms to him. He stands and gazes at her a moment wide-eyed, then stumbles across to her and falls on his knees beside the sofa, his head in her lap.*) Roger darling — Roger — (*She stoops and kisses his head. He raises his face to hers. His arms slip around her shoulders and their lips meet in a long kiss.*) Don't cry. (*She raises him to the sofa beside her.*)

WOODLEY — Oh, I've been feeling so awful about this. I do love you so terribly. You're so wonderful. I never dreamt — (*He takes her hand and kisses it passionately.*) And you're so unhappy — I couldn't bear to see you — like that. It was dreadful. Why did you marry him? You don't love him?

LAURA — No.

WOODLEY — Why — why did you?

LAURA — I don't know, and I was lonely, and — don't speak of him now. Roger, my darling. (*She buries her lips in his hair.*)

WOODLEY — All day long I've been telling myself I wouldn't come this afternoon. I thought I oughtn't to see you again. I thought it was wrong and wicked of me, and that you'd hate me if you knew. You mustn't stay with him, you must leave him, now that you know I love you like this.

LAURA — I can't Roger. You mustn't think of it. It's impossible.

WOODLEY — You must, Laura, I love you more than anything in the world. Laura —

LAURA — Roger, kiss me again. Don't speak, kiss me. (*Another terrific embrace follows. While they are locked in each other's arms, Simmons appears at the open window. He stands transfixed.*)

SIMMONS — Laura!

The couple on the sofa leap apart. Instantly young Woodley is on his feet and on the defensive. He is perfectly willing to take the consequences of anything Mr. Simmons may think. He is in love with Mrs. Simmons! He has told her so, and he sees no reason why he should not also tell her husband!

Simmons is white with rage, but composed. He does not propose being drawn into any undignified scene, whatever the revelations or their effect upon him. He proposes to deal with Woodley later, and meantime he is of a mind to sneer at his assumption of the attitude of so brave a knight-errant, *sans peur et sans reproche*.

Still Woodley refuses to budge until Laura asks him to go. And then only on her promise to call him back if she should need him.

The headmaster is very bitter with his wife. It is quite beyond his understanding how she could so far humiliate herself and him, and cheapen herself and forget her responsibility and trust and what she owes to her position.

The fact that she is still a human being, which he has never quite realized, does not appeal to the headmaster as being a very impressive defense. She will probably be insisting next that she is only flesh and blood, or that she has red blood in her veins!

He ridicules the idea that she might be in love with Woodley, and he is now convinced that she not only planned the meeting, but suggests that she probably has planned others. She is obliged to produce the note from Ainger before he will credit her account of what has happened, or accept her assurance that there has been nothing wrong between them and that the kiss he saw was the first time that such a thing had ever happened.

At Simmons' threat to expel Woodley, Laura's defiance turns to a serious anxiety. Expulsion, she knows, might easily ruin Woodley's career. He does not deserve that. She is the one who is to blame. She had

led him on, had made him make love to her. She was mad, she realizes now, but Woodley should not be made to suffer all his life for that.

Finally, when neither pleading nor confession can move Simmons, Laura returns to her attitude of defiance. If her husband should carry out his threat to force the expulsion of Woodley she will leave him.

LAURA — I mean it, Frank. It has not been much of a success, our marriage, and you know it. I've tried God knows, I've tried, but this will be the end. If you do this, I shall leave you, for good — I have thought of it often enough these last few years.

SIMMONS — You can't blackmail me into giving way,

LAURA — You can call it what you like. It's true, though. (*She turns to settee.*)

SIMMONS — You are insane. You don't realize what you are saying. How could you leave me?

LAURA — How? How? You haven't realized how near I have been before, how wretched, I've been, what a ghastly mistake our marriage has been. You have been too wrapped up in your position, your little dignity, your own self-importance. Well, think of them now, then. Where will they be, how will you feel, if I leave you — openly — as I shall if you do this thing. Everyone will know . . . don't deceive yourself about that . . . where will your position and your authority be then?

SIMMONS (*crosses to centre*) — Laura, what is the meaning of this, why are you taking this line? The thing is incredible!

LAURA — I tell you . . . you can choose. If he goes, I go.

SIMMONS — But — but . . . I don't understand this. Are you in love with the boy that you are behaving in this amazing way?

LAURA — You said that was impossible.

SIMMONS — I should have thought it was, but women are unaccountable. Are you?

LAURA — I don't know — yes, perhaps. But never mind that.

SIMMONS — Oh, this is beyond me! But if . . . if . . . if I do let this go for your sake — (*Crosses to door R. then down to centre.*) But how can I? You must realize how impossible the situation is. It will be all over the school. My life won't be worth living. I shall be an object of ridicule. (*Sits by tea table.*)

LAURA (*over chair*) — And if I leave you, what then? An object of pity? But you need not fear. Nobody will know. How should they?

SIMMONS — How? I should have thought it was obvious. Young Woodley isn't going to keep this to himself, his triumph over me — how I caught you . . . and did nothing.

LAURA — He won't tell. I can answer for that.

SIMMONS — And meanwhile I am to let it continue — connive at your carrying on with him, while I sit and play the *mari complaisant*? Is it likely? Humiliate myself like that . . . for a damned, smirking superior little pup of a schoolboy! Not I! Do you think I have no pride? I'll face the talk and scandal rather.

LAURA — Frank, listen. (*Crosses centre.*) If you do nothing to him I promise — I won't see him again. I'll do all I can for you, to play my part better as your wife. I mean it, Frank.

Finally convinced that her pleading is as sincere as her arguments are sound, Simmons agrees to give the matter serious thought before he makes a decision. He leaves to begin his thinking.

In the hall young Woodley has been waiting. He could not stay away thinking there might be need of him. Now he must know all that has happened and what is to be done about it.

Will her husband divorce Laura? It seems the least he can do, now that he knows everything. Certainly she cannot think of going on living with him, feeling the way she does.

He is quite mystified when she tells him calmly, asking him to stay at the other side of the room from her while she is speaking, that things can go no further, and that he must not come there again! He can't understand how she can say such things, knowing now that he loves her and how everything has changed since she has let him tell her and he has kissed her! How can she say that nothing has changed!

LAURA — Roger — listen to me. It is hard for me to explain, but you are taking all this too seriously. It was wrong of me, I know, to behave as I did — to let you kiss me, — but . . . I was sorry for you and — I just didn't think. But that is all there is to it. It means no more than that.

WOODLEY — You mean — you don't love me . . . you were only — playing with me? (*Laura is silent.*) Very well. Then I'll go. (*He rises and goes to the door.*)

LAURA — Wait — I haven't finished.

WOODLEY — What is it? What do you want?

LAURA — I want you to come and sit down again and listen to me quietly. Please. (*Woodley returns to chair.*)

WOODLEY — Well?

LAURA — You must forget all this. I've been to blame, I know. I let you think I meant all sorts of things. I wanted you to think so. But now, as I say, it is over.

You must be sensible and forget it. It won't be very difficult. There will be your work and your games. You have been neglecting them . . . you've been getting too sentimental. And then you'll be leaving . . . there will

be Cambridge. And new interests. Soon you'll be able to laugh about it. You blame me now. You think I've made a fool of you.

WOODLEY — I've made a fool of myself.

LAURA — No, Roger. Besides you'll get over that. You'll look on this differently in time. You'll hear no more of it, if you'll be sensible about it. I can promise you that. You needn't fear.

WOODLEY — As if that mattered now. As if I cared about that. Did you think that was why I came back? But I'm sorry. I see I made a mistake. Thank you for — interceding with Mr. Simmons for me. But don't you think he would rather be rid of me?

LAURA — Roger, please don't take it like that —

WOODLEY — Is there anything else?

LAURA — No.

WOODLEY — Then I'll go. (*He goes to door. Stops and comes back a step or two.*) Oh — might I have my poems back?

LAURA — Of course — I forgot. I'll give them to you. (*She takes them from a locked drawer in the desk. Hands them to him and then goes over to the fireplace. He takes them, looks at them for a moment and then tears them across twice and flings the pieces on the floor.*) Why do you do that?

WOODLEY — I've been getting too sentimental. Good-bye.

The curtain falls.

ACT III

Two days later some of the boys are again in the prefects' room at tea time, and there is much talk as to what is the matter with everybody. With Woodley and

Simmons especially. Something evidently has happened but neither Vining nor Milner can trace it to a common source. Woodley is as quiet as a tomb when he is not flaring up in sudden anger over trifles. And the headmaster has been particularly unbearable the last few days.

When Ainger comes from the nets they ask him for his explanation. Ainger knows no more than they. All he knows is that at the cricket match Saturday Simmons had seemed greatly surprised to find him there.

"He came up to me," Ainger reports, "and said: 'Ah, Ainger, I didn't expect to find you here. I thought you found social distractions more absorbing than athletics' or some such bilge like that. I didn't know what he was getting at, and anyway I was in a hurry, so I'm afraid I was rather terse with him. And then he asked if 'my young satellite Woodley' was about. Well, I didn't see why I should tell him that Woodley had gone to tea with his wife, he probably only wanted an opportunity to get off some joke he'd prepared about it, so I said I did not know. He seemed no end peeved over that."

Vining scents a probable cause of the strange atmosphere that has suddenly afflicted the place in Woodley's having tea with the "languorous Laura." He will have to rag Woodley about that. Probably Simmons is jealous.

Vining and Milner have gone when Woodley comes for his tea. He is still gloomy and fearfully touchy. Ainger can't get a civil word from him, and all his attempts at inducing Woodley to confess the cause of his trouble, whatever it is, are useless.

Failing that Ainger decides it is time he gave his friend a little advice. He has seen him walking the afternoon before with the shop girl from Crawley's, and Woodley himself had always been particularly against that sort of thing.

AINGER — Look here, kid, for the thousandth time, what's the trouble? What in God's name possessed you to go and do a damn fool thing like that. I didn't say anything, but I could see something was wrong when you didn't get back on Saturday. I was hoping you'd tell me. You always have told me things. You know I wouldn't go back on you. (*Woodley sits chair R. of table Ainger on side of table.*) I'll do anything I can to help, kid, honest I will, you know that. Tell me, there's a good fellow.

WOODLEY — Oh, God! I've been a fool . . . what a Hell's game life is! You were right. I was with Crawley's girl yesterday afternoon. I went because I didn't care what happened, or who saw me. I met her outside the town and she asked me to go for a walk in the woods.

AINGER — And what happened?

WOODLEY — Can't you guess? Oh, God, I wish I hadn't . . . it was awful . . . awful!

AINGER — What made you — you of all people?

WOODLEY — I tell you I didn't care . . . I didn't care about anything.

AINGER — But why? What happened to change you like that?

WOODLEY — I can't tell you . . . I can't. Don't ask me.

AINGER — Has it anything to do with Mrs. Simmy?

WOODLEY — Don't —

AINGER — What was it boy?

WOODLEY — Swear . . . swear you'll never tell . . . on your oath!

AINGER — I swear.

WOODLEY — Well, then . . . No, I can't — it's no good . . . I can't. Don't ask. I can't tell. You won't tell about yesterday . . . Vining, or any of the others?

AINGER — Of course not.

WOODLEY — It won't happen again . . . ever. I can

promise you that. It was horrible—beastly. I feel dirty all over. But it just seemed as though nothing mattered.

AINGER — Don't let it worry you, kid. I wish I could help you.

WOODLEY — Thanks. But you can't. I shall get over it in time, I suppose. Ainger, do you hate me for yesterday . . . like I hated Vining?

AINGER — Of course not.

WOODLEY — I hate myself.

Cope is in again to clear away the tea things, and Woodley turns on him for having asked Mrs. Simmons the things he did about the Riley boy's expulsion and the cause of it. Vining put him up to it, Woodley knows that, but it was a rotten thing to ask a woman.

Woodley is still smarting under his resentment of Vining when the boys come back and Vining begins his ragging of Woodley about his affair with Mrs. Simmons.

"I didn't know you were on such intimate terms with the Lady Laura as that, Woodley," he says, suggestively. "Have you been playing the young Don Juan at your tête-à-têtes?"

"What do you mean by that?" demands Woodley angrily.

"Oho! Got him on the raw, have we? And did she virtuously repulse you? . . . Don't be discouraged. Remember, 'If a lady says "no" she means "perhaps," and if she says "perhaps" she means "yes," for if she says "yes" she's no lady.' Try our luscious Laura again. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again . . . Remember Bruce and the spider . . ."

Woodley is livid with rage. "Shut up, Vining, or I'll kill you!" he shouts.

"What did she say, Woodley?" Vining continues tauntingly. "I would if I could, but I want to be good

and I'm not that kind of a girl.' Never mind, it's only done to egg you on to further flights."

The next instant Woodley has grabbed a knife from the table and rushed at Vining. Ainger is holding him and Woodley is struggling to free himself and renew the attack when Simmons opens the door.

SIMMONS — And what is the meaning of this, may I ask? What is the significance of the knife and the elaborate tableau?

WOODLEY — I wanted to kill him! I wanted to kill him!

SIMMONS — What does this mean? Was Woodley attacking you Ainger?

AINGER — No, sir.

SIMMONS — What was it? Tell me, I insist on knowing. Was it Vining?

WOODLEY — Yes. (*He drops knife.*)

SIMMONS — You were attacking Vining with that knife?

WOODLEY — Yes.

SIMMONS — Why, may I ask?

WOODLEY — Oh, what does it matter? You've got what you wanted, haven't you? What you've been waiting for. Here's your opportunity. Now expel me and have done with it!

SIMMONS — How dare you speak to me like that, sir.

WOODLEY — Dare? . . . Dare? . . . (*A fit of shivering seizes him. He clutches at the table for support. Little strangled sounds escape him.*)

SIMMONS — Come, pull yourself together, boy . . . Don't behave like a hysterical school girl.

WOODLEY — Take me away and have done with it. You've won. Need you bully me now?

SIMMONS — Help me get him into the sick-room, Ainger. I shall want to see you later, all of you. Come, sir. Take his other arm. (*He tries to take Wood-*

ley's arm. Woodley pulls away and goes to the door alone. Simmons and Ainger follow.)

The curtain falls.

The following afternoon Ainger comes to Mrs. Simmons' rooms. She had sent for him to find out the truth of Woodley's attack upon Vining and what had followed.

Ainger at first refuses to tell her, but is finally persuaded, even to the point of confessing that the trouble had been caused by Woodley's resentment of Vining's slighting references to her. It means Woodley's expulsion, of course. And there is nothing that either of them can do to save him.

A moment later Simmons is followed into the room by Woodley's father. The headmaster has apparently been telling the elder Woodley of his son's vicious attack upon Vining, but carefully avoiding as many details as possible that may in any way reveal the true cause of the trouble, and Mrs. Simmons' part in it.

Mr. Woodley is not satisfied, either with Mr. Simmons' story or his frank suggestion that young Woodley has suddenly become a highly abnormal and dangerous type of boy. He insists upon further details, and is able, finally, to extract some hint of what Mr. Simmons' characterizes as young Woodley's rudeness to Mrs. Simmons.

MR. W. — Do you mean he has been ungentlemanly?

SIMMONS — You don't quite understand me, Mr. Woodley.

MR. W. — You don't make it very easy for me to do so. Look here, man. Is there anything behind all this, or isn't there? If you're concealing anything please stop doing so. I'm the boy's father and surely I'm entitled to know what he has been doing. He's been rude to your wife, is that it?

SIMMONS — No, . . . it's far more than that. I found them here myself the other day. If I hadn't come in when I did, I can't say what might have happened.

MR. W. — Do you mean that he was making love to your wife?

SIMMONS — Well, bluntly . . . yes.

MR. W. — What do you mean exactly by "making love"?

SIMMONS — Well, really, Mr. Woodley . . . it's not exactly a question that I . . .

MR. W. — Do you mean that he was trying to seduce her?

SIMMONS — Well, I . . . I hardly . . .

MR. W. — Can't you answer one question simply? 'Yes' or 'No'?

SIMMONS — Well . . . yes, then.

MR. W. — It is beyond me. As I say, Roger has always seemed to me to be a perfectly ordinary boy, rather quiet and reticent . . . too much so perhaps . . . and now you tell me that he has been attacking people with knives and assaulting your wife . . .

SIMMONS — I have told you, Mr. Woodley, that I regard him as a dangerous influence . . . Subversive. He thinks he's artistic, writes poetry, I know that kind of boy. I have not been a schoolmaster for twenty-five years for nothing. Highly dangerous . . .

MR. W. — The headmaster said nothing of this affair with your wife. You told him I presume?

SIMMONS — I — I had not done so. It — it only occurred yesterday, and with this coming on top of it, it seemed . . . well, you can imagine it's scarcely a pleasant matter for me. But he takes the same view of this business as I do, and in the circumstances it seemed hardly necessary . . .

MR. W. — Very well, Mr. Simmons, I'll take the boy away with me. As I say it's utterly beyond my com-

prehension but . . . I'd better see him and we'll catch the five o'clock train. You can send his things on afterwards. Where is he now?

SIMMONS — In the sick-room. I'll send him to you. You can see him here.

MR. W. — Thank you, Mr. Simmons.

The information he could not get from Simmons Mr. Woodley now hears from Mrs. Simmons. She is the one who has been to blame, she insists, contritely. "I want you to understand that it was my fault . . . all of it . . . This trouble yesterday — was all due to that. They were teasing him . . . about me . . . about being in love with me. I've treated him very badly, I know. I'm terribly, terribly sorry . . . more than I can say. I'd give anything, anything in the world, to un-live these last three days . . . but I want you to understand that I am to blame. If there is any way in which I can make reparation for what I have done. . . ."

Mrs. Simmons is eager that Mr. Woodley should understand his son better, and not to credit Mr. Simmons' report that he is in any way an abnormal boy. Roger is shy and a little lonely, but a charming boy. And she adds to her confessions a plea that Mr. Woodley make a greater effort to understand and to sympathize with his son.

When father and son are left alone Mr. Woodley finds Roger a little defiant and inclined to make as light of the mess he has got himself into as possible. There isn't anything to be done about it. Probably his father should cut him off with a shilling and kick him out, unless he thinks he had better send him to a reformatory school. He doesn't care much what happens.

As for his attack upon Vining, he admits his guilt. The boys were ragging him and he lost his temper and went for them.

But he refuses to tell what started the ragging or what

it was about, and is surprised and hurt to learn that both his father and Laura know all about it.

He realizes that Cambridge is now out of the question and repeats that he doesn't care what happens to him. If his father wishes he will go into the business, and the sooner the better. He would like to get away from school as quickly as possible, and without saying any good-byes or having any scenes.

There are no scenes, but there are good-byes. An awkward shake of the hand and a promise to write, sometime, with Ainger, and then Laura Simmons finds Woodley there before he can get away.

LAURA — Roger, there are some things I want to say to you. Will you listen?

WOODLEY — If you want me to. (*Laura crosses down R. and sits settee.*)

LAURA — Roger, I want to say how sorry I am for everything.

WOODLEY — That's all right.

LAURA — I know why this happened . . .

WOODLEY — Please don't . . .

LAURA — I must. Roger, do you hate me terribly?

WOODLEY — No.

LAURA — I didn't mean those things I said when you came back the other afternoon. (*Woodley turns to her bitterly.*)

WOODLEY — You needn't go back on them now, because I'm going.

LAURA — I must. I want you to know the truth. Won't you come and sit down?

WOODLEY — Is there any need?

LAURA — Please. (*Woodley comes and sits down.*) Roger, those things I had to say them. They weren't true. I want you to think kindly of me if you can, Roger. It was a mistake, a ghastly mistake. I should never have let you tell me what you felt. I should never

have shown you that I cared. But I did, Roger, I still care. Only . . . It can't be, that's all.

WOODLEY — Why did you . . . say those things?

LAURA — I had to, Roger, to save you. I know they hurt. They hurt me, too. It tore my heart to say them, but I had to.

WOODLEY — No.

LAURA — I know you love me, Roger, as I love you. That love is a precious thing . . . too precious to hold. I don't want it to turn to gall inside you. I want you to treasure the memory if you can, as I shall — always.

WOODLEY — Laura!

LAURA — We shan't meet again . . . ever, I expect. But I want you to remember . . . gladly, if you can.

WOODLEY — Gladly!

LAURA — Yes, — gladly. You're young . . . you have the world before you. I want you to be happy. Don't let me be a bitterness and a reproach to you always . . . don't let me spoil love for you. It's the most precious thing in the world . . . but it is so often wasted and it can be so cruel, it can turn so easily to hate and beastliness. Don't let me feel that I've done that for you.

WOODLEY — Never . . . Laura, never. I swear it. (*Laura takes his hand.*)

LAURA — I have loved you, Roger, — with all my heart. I want you to know that and remember it, that's all. (*She rises.*) Now, say good-bye to me. (*He rises.*)

WOODLEY — Laura . . . You're all the world . . . I can't . . . (*He takes her in his arms.*)

LAURA — Roger . . . dearest boy . . . you must be brave. Don't make it harder for me. (*With an effort he raises his head.*) Good-bye and God bless you always. (*She kisses his forehead gently and then goes out. Woodley falls on settee and breaks down. There*

is a knock on the door. Woodley pulls himself together.)

WOODLEY — Come in. (*Mr. W. comes in. He puts his arm around the boy's shoulder and smiles at him.*)

MR. W. — Are you ready, Roger?

WOODLEY — Quite ready.

The curtain falls.

THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN

A Comedy in Three Acts

By GEORGE KAUFMAN

SO far as George Kaufman is concerned, this volume of "The Best Plays" is an anniversary edition. It is his first appearance in these pages as what the vaudeville folk term "a single." Previously he has figured only as a collaborator. With Marc Connelly he wrote "Dulcy" (1921-22), "Merton of the Movies" (1922-23), "Beggars on Horseback" (1923-24), and with Edna Ferber, "Minick" (1924-25).

To be prolific as a playwright is no uncommon distinction. But to be prolific as a successful playwright is sufficiently unusual to be noteworthy. "The Butter and Egg Man," produced by Crosby Gaige at the Longacre Theatre, September 23, 1925, proved something of a surprise to the trade. Being a true and intimate reflection of theatrical Broadway, many believed it would fail to interest the larger public to which the argot of the showshop is more or less foreign, and its more distinctive characters a strange and curious breed.

What may be termed the play's professional success was immediate. The first night crowd loved it. The reviews were guarded but enthusiastic. After eight or ten weeks there was a slight falling off in receipts, but very soon thereafter the patronage established a steady demand and the comedy practically ran out the season.

"The Butter and Egg Man" title is derived from a slang expression applied to those innocent angels of the theatre world who have traditionally rushed in where wiser investors have feared to tread. It was coined,

according to the Broadway gossip, by Texas Guinan, hostess of a night club, the evening she introduced a patron who had made himself conspicuous by insisting on standing treat for the revellers assembled.

"Who is he?" the crowd demanded.

Miss Guinan relayed the query to the willing host and he mumbled something about being a dairyman from the hinterland.

"He's a big butter and egg man from the west," announced the hostess, and within a week the term "angel" was an obsolete classification in theatre land.

The Kaufman comedy opens in the office of Lehmac Productions, Inc. "It is situated in any one of two-score buildings that sprinkle Broadway above Forty-second street, and even just below it," explains the author. "It is the kind of building whose elevators are invariably a trifle too small. They are filled (the elevators) with girls who look exactly alike and men likewise cut to pattern . . ." The Lehmac office has been only lately taken possession of, for Joe Lehman's vaudeville days are extremely recent. As a matter of fact, a pile of miscellaneous junk from the old vaudeville office occupies a large part of the rear wall. There are great bundles of newspapers, most of them copies of Christmas issues of the *Morning Telegraph* containing Mr. Lehman's advertised seasonal greetings to all artists everywhere; there are a few moldy box files, part of a stray, bespangled costume, and even a ballet dancer's slipper. Except for a huge and shining and obviously new desk, the pile is the most prominent object in the room."

Mr. Lehman and his partner, Jack McClure, are in conference. "Lehman is a more emphatic edition of the type that rides in the elevators. Except for a colored shirt, his clothes are not of the kind known as loud, and yet he has the knack of making them seem a bit exaggerated. He bulks large and forceful as he sits in his

desk chair — cigar in mouth, derby hat on head, one clenched fist thoughtfully pounding an open palm. Joe Lehman gets his effects by solid driving; Jack McClure is a more ingratiating type. Mac, as a matter of fact, is even rather attractive. His attire is up to the minute and a shade beyond it; he wears a fashionable gray soft hat. The hats of Lehman and McClure remain on their heads throughout the three acts; they are a part of them, and you could hardly imagine them bare-headed."

The conferees are deeply concerned with the financing of a play — a play, accept it from Mr. Lehman, that is at least "a pipe," and as certain to make a fortune for anyone who invests in it as anything reasonably can be. They have practically exhausted their prospects. Ackerman, the bootlegger, was ready to sign a check when he went and got himself pinched with four cases in his car. The Levi boys, who are in ladies' shirt-waists as a regular business, have recently been bit in theatres and are shy of having the experience repeated.

Which at the moment leaves Mr. Lehman with a trick that can be done for a measly ten thousand dollars, literally the best proposition in twenty years, for which he can't raise a nickel, while Ziegfeld and a lot of other ham managers can go out any time and command rolls for a lot of bum shows. The situation, to Mr. Lehman, is practically unbelievable.

The manager is further embittered by the fact that Mrs. Lehman has failed him. After an all-night session she also has flatly refused to risk a cent of her money on the venture. And look, as Mr. McClure suggests, what Lehman done for her!

"You took her out of that five-a-day and put her on Broadway! Didn't you tell her that?" he demands.

"I didn't tell her nothing else for four hours," sadly reports Lehman. "And she ain't only got the shack in Freeport — she's got a hunk in the bank come due on a bond or something, and she's going to buy another slice

of Long Island with it. Beats all how them vaudeville hams ain't happy unless they're buying up a bunch of bum lots."

Fanny Lehman is one who can speak for herself when it comes to that, as presently it does. Now, as she enters the office — "a woman in the late thirties, perhaps, with an enormous poise and an insolent assurance acquired in years of touring the South Bends and the Wichitas, she does not even give Mac a contemptuous glance. Instead her eyes go to Lehman, who is leaning far back in his swivel chair, his feet on the desk. Fanny drifts down to the desk and plants herself squarely in Lehman's line of vision. She has fortified herself with evidence with which to continue the battle begun at home, and she feels pleasantly sure of herself."

Fanny, as she reports, has been taking a peek at her husband's "trick troupe" and she has been visibly impressed.

"I caught that bit where the leading lady was supposed to be sixteen or something, climbing up apple trees," says she. "The stuff to make them trees out of is re-enforced concrete."

So far as Fanny Lehman is concerned they can get their money where they can get it, and put it in any show they fancy, with as many ham actors in it as they want to risk exhibiting. But they need not count on her. She has made her money juggling — honest plain and fancy juggling — and she's going to keep it.

"Aaaah!" sneers Lehman. "There ain't a stage between here and California ain't got dents in it from them clubs of yours! They wouldn't let nobody sit in the first five rows! Fanita!"

FANNY — Yes, Fanita! And I'm as good today as I ever was.

LEHMAN — Just about!

FANNY — All right, all right! I was a bum juggler



Photo by White Studio, N. Y.

"THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN"

"Kitty, the phone girl, has nothing constructive to offer. Syracuse, she points out, is a hard town to please. If a show goes in Syracuse it is pretty sure to go anywhere. Which, Mr. Lehman admits, is 'a hot lot of news.'"

(Sylvia Field, Robert Middlemass, Tom Fadden, Lucille Webster, Gregory Kelly, Eloise Stream, Harry Stubbs, John A. Butler, Puritan Townsend, Harry Neville and Marion Barney)

and you were a great agent. But I got the house and lot in Freeport and you're trying to get it.

MAC — What are you going to do with your money, Fanny, leave it to a home for jugglers?

FANNY — You lay off the jugglers! They can take care of themselves! They ain't none of them hanging on to the edge of show business pretending to know all about it just because they bum a lunch at the Astor every day! And what are you doing in here anyhow? Me and Joe can get along without you!

MAC (*works toward the door; turns to Lehman*) — I'll go down and meet that certain party. (*Lehman, his eyes fixed on Fanny in a steady glare, circles slowly around her and back to his chair behind the desk. He gives his derby hat a push down over his eyes — a characteristic gesture. Then he explodes.*)

LEHMAN — Why don't you go home if you're so crazy about it?

FANNY — Now listen, Joe — this ain't your game. Why don't you go back to agentic, where you know the ropes?

LEHMAN — Because I don't want to, see? I'm in the legit from now on.

FANNY (*a sigh*) — All right. But you ain't going to find nobody to back that junk show. I seen a rehearsal.

LEHMAN — I don't want no advice! Go on home!

FANNY — All right, then — go on and produce it. Produce it with some butter and egg man's coin and that dame of the Colonial Revolution that you got in the leading rôle.

LEHMAN — Never you mind about Martin! She's going to make the hit of her life!

FANNY (*entirely too sweetly*) — I ain't got nothing against her. I suppose she either had to join up with your troupe or go back to her original rôle in "The Two Orphans." Who tipped you off to her, The Evening Post?

LEHMAN — Just because you ain't never heard of her don't say she ain't good.

FANNY — Say, my not hearing of her don't prove nothing. They didn't have no rotogravure sections in them days. What's her name again?

LEHMAN — Her name is Mary Martin! And it'll be in the lights!

FANNY (*thoughtfully*) — Mary Martin. And what a temper she's got. Why, I wasn't even talking to her.

LEHMAN (*taking a moment for it to sink in*) — You mean you let fly one of them wise cracks at that rehearsal?

FANNY — I didn't open my mouth.

LEHMAN (*not deceived for an instant*) — What did you say?

FANNY (*innocently*) — I only asked a question.

LEHMAN — What was it — when was she born?

FANNY — I told you I caught that scene where she's mama's little darling — climbing up that cherry tree.

LEHMAN — Yah — and what was your question?

FANNY — I says to the director — "What does she wear in that scene?"

LEHMAN — Go on!

FANNY — And he says — "Blue pants."

LEHMAN (*fearing the worst*) — Then comes the gag.

FANNY — I just says — "Drop your curtain on that laugh."

LEHMAN — Oh, you did, did you? And if Martin goes and has hysterics on me I suppose that don't mean nothing to you, does it — but what about me? I suppose you're trying to see how much you can help, when here I am sweating blood to get this show on, and worried all the time whether — (*Jane Weston enters somewhat uncertainly from the reception room. She is twenty or so, and, since she is the heroine of this fable, she is good-looking and neatly dressed. She is Lehman's stenographer and office girl.*) I'd think the least a

man's wife — (*He breaks off as he sees Jane.*) What is it?

JANE — Miss Martin is outside.

FANNY — Wheel her in!

LEHMAN — Take them small time jokes and get out of here! (*To Jane.*) Is she behaving all right?

JANE — Why, yes, sir.

LEHMAN — Not crying or nothing?

JANE — No, sir.

FANNY — Has she got a knife?

LEHMAN — You get out! (*To Jane.*) Bring her in! (*Again to Fanny.*) Go on — I don't want no scenes in here!

FANNY — I just want to time her to the desk.

LEHMAN — If you — (*He stops as Jane ushers in Mary Martin. The latter is the familiar type of slightly passe actress. She stops short as she sees Fanny; draws herself up. Fanny strolls slowly and impudently toward the centre door; flips it open. She gives another look to Mary, then turns to Lehman.*)

FANNY — Yes, sir — blue pants!

Miss Martin is anxious about the financial stability of the firm. The check they have given her has come back three times and she thinks maybe that entitles her to permanent possession. But she prefers to have the cash. And if she doesn't get cash — some cash, at least — she will see that Equity —

The phone and young Mr. McClure save the scene, Mac being at the other end of the wire. He has "hooked a live one" and is bringing him up to the office.

Immediately Lehman is a new man. With a millionaire coming into the firm he can afford to promise payment of debts and talk grandly of profits to come. With sweeping gestures he proceeds to stage the office for the reception of the approaching investor. The stenographer, Jane, receives her instructions as when

and how to enter most importantly. The room is hastily straightened and Lehman has assumed his most business-like air when McClure pops in with confirmation that the prospect in tow has been built to order for the Lehman demands.

"A big butter and egg man from the West," he reports. And only a kid at that. A kid who wants to go into the show business!

The prospect, it soon transpires, is Peter Jones. "Peter is a boy of twenty-one or so, and it may be said without exaggeration that there are some things he does not know about the world. For the rest he is simple, likable and just about average."

In the Lehman offices Peter is a little awed by his surroundings, and a bit startled by the intimate friendliness of the Lehman greeting.

"This is Mr. Peter Jones," announces Mac. "Mr. Lehman, Mr. Jones."

"How are you, sweetheart?" replies Lehman, cordially, waving Peter to a seat; "Have a cigar?" . . .

Peter's story is soon told. He comes from Chillicothe, Ohio. He has had some experience in the theatrical business, having helped stage two shows in Chillicothe during the hospital drive—shows that made nearly a hundred dollars. He has come to New York with a little money that has been left him, is interested in the show business and, meeting Mac, has heard that Mr. Lehman is about to make a theatrical production.

Mr. Lehman assures Peter that he has heard aright, that he is, in fact, about to produce what may reasonably be termed a knockout, seeing that it is the first good medium-brow show the people have had a chance to see, and that a fortune awaits the man who comes in on it now.

Peter is interested, but cautious. He feels that he should know more about the play before he invests his money in it. Could he read the script?

LEHMAN — Hm! Think we can dig up a script for Mr. Jones, Mac? (*His tone tells Mac that he is expected to say no.*)

MAC — Afraid not. You see, the troupe's in rehearsal, Mr. Jones, and they're using 'em all.

LEHMAN — I'll show you where it's sure fire. Now look! (*With one sweeping gesture he pushes all the desk objects out of his way.*) It's a play about a dame, see? Only it starts this way. There's a prologue — with a playwright in it, that's in love with this skirt. So he asks a bunch of people to come around and hear him read his new play. Now! (*He rises.*) He starts in to read, and he says, "The first scene is in an orchard." And when he says "Orchard," instead of his going on reading, we work that new trick everybody's talking about.

PETER — What's that?

MAC — We call it the "cutback."

PETER — Oh!

LEHMAN — Black out, quick change, lights up, and it's this orchard! Get it?

PETER (*nods*) — Just the way he said.

LEHMAN — You got it! Then all the rest of it is his play. First, here she is in the orchard, only it's the same dame you seen in the prologue. Neat?

PETER — You bet.

LEHMAN — She's younger, see? About seventeen, and playing around the trees. Then along comes this guy —

PETER — Who?

MAC — The same fellow that was the playwright.

LEHMAN — He makes love to her, only he's too nice about it. She wants some bozo that'll give her a lot of hot stuff. You know women.

PETER (*with a wiseness that hardly fits him*) — Say!

LEHMAN — So this fellow does a getaway and in blows this other baby. From New York, see, and dressed

sorta loud. He gives her an earful about how beautiful she is, and any how, she falls for him.

MAC (*casually*) — Don't forget the priest.

LEHMAN — Oh, yah! There's a priest comes in, see, and there's some gab with him. Now! The next scene the dame's hitched up to this baby, and having a swell time. It's a big cabaret in New York, music and dancing — *you* know. One thing and another happens — anyhow, a guy comes along and insults her. And her husband he says what the hell, and back and forth, and out with a gun and — (*He climaxes the episode with an explosive snap of the fingers.*)

PETER (*excited*) — Who does?

MAC — The fellow she's married to croaks the guy that insulted her.

PETER — That's good, all right.

LEHMAN (*by this time giving a performance that the elder Guitry would have been proud of*) — Music stops, police — who done it? (*He leans far across the desk.*) She says *she* done it!

PETER (*mildly puzzled*) — But — weren't there a lot of people around?

LEHMAN — Sure they was.

PETER — Then don't they see the husband shoot him?

LEHMAN (*with vast scorn for Peter's ignorance of stage mechanics*) — No! They're all looking the other way.

PETER — Oh! All right, then.

LEHMAN (*getting ready for a new climax*) — And now comes the trial scene! She don't recognize this judge, see?

MAC — He has a beard on!

LEHMAN — Yah — the judge has got a long beard on, and she don't — (*A snap of the fingers.*) — I forgot to tell you this part. When she run off with this guy her father kicked her out, see — didn't want no more to do with her, and she ain't seen him since. Got it?

PETER — Well, I'm not —

LEHMAN — Wait for the surprise! (*He takes a breath.*) A lot of trial stuff — so-and-so and so-and-so and so-and-so, she keeps on saying she done it, and finally this judge he gives her fifteen years!

PETER — Gee!

LEHMAN — Then everybody does an exit, she's just there with him, and who does the judge turn out to be but her *own father*? (*He is exploding a bombshell.*)

PETER — Say! That's a great — coincidence.

MAC — Well, the father used to be a lawyer.

LEHMAN — Yah! Any how, it goes back and forth, and she gets crying, and more and more, and goes crazy sorta — and finally they drag her off, cursing like a trooper. That's your first act! (*He strips off his coat.*)

PETER — It's a great start, all right.

MAC — The name of it is "Her Lesson."

LEHMAN — Yah! — "Her Lesson." It's a big moral play, see — we get all the women.

PETER — That's fine.

By the time Lehman has finished the play, Peter, flushed with excitement, is eager to know how much money it would take to produce so perfect a masterpiece. If they knew how much he would like to invest they could tell him better, but as he prefers to keep that to himself for the present they figure that they could, in a pinch, let him right in on the ground floor, with a forty-nine per cent interest, for \$30,000!

When Peter frankly confesses that he could not think of paying that much they reconsider solemnly and agree that they might, for a quick answer, let him in for \$25,000. But that sum, too, is more than Peter had thought of investing. Now he reaches for his hat — and nearly gets it.

"Now, hold on," expostulates Lehman, urging him

back into his chair. "This coin of yours? You ain't got it out West some place, have you?"

"Why?"

"Well, if it was where you could dig it up in a hurry, maybe we can do business."

"It's right down the street in a bank."

"I wasn't going to let it go for this, but you give me your check for \$20,000 and forty-nine percent of the show is yours. And that's a bargain, ain't it, Mac?"

"He couldn't have bought in on 'Sally' for that."

"And that was a big hit, too," agrees Lehman.

Peter hesitates, but not for long. By the time he arrives at his first "Well, I might —" they are ready for him.

"With a quick movement Lehman dips a pen in the ink and proffers it to Peter; Mac simultaneously clears a space on the desk. Before he knows it the bewildered Peter is made to feel that immediate action is expected. For a moment he faces the two of them, then slowly begins to draw out his check-book. Two pairs of eyes follow his every movement; it is with difficulty that the two men keep from taking the book out of his hands and spreading it open on the table. Peter, with another look at the two, opens the book himself, takes the pen from Lehman's hand. He starts to write."

But just as Peter is about to sign the check in bursts Fanny Lehman, red of face and aggressive of manner. She has just come from her bank and she has come to tell the "four-flushing bum" to whom she is married that the next time he sends a guy wearin' a check suit and a trick tie around trying to find out what her balance is he's going to be shot on sight. Not a nickel of her money are they goin' to get — not for a rotten show like theirs. And out she rages.

The incident gives Peter pause. "Did she say rotten?" he queries, interestedly. And they both answer him

quickly. "She wasn't talkin' about our show. It's another one we got!"

Still, Peter feels that he must be careful. There are reasons —

Now they are starting their campaign all over. Surely he (Peter) is a smart fellow, with judgment of his own! Think of the chance they are giving him! Think of the bookings — the very cream of the show towns — Syracuse, Providence, Worcester, Albany — "all them soft spots." . . .

Then Jane comes in, per instructions, and as she turns at the desk she casts a friendly smile in Peter's direction. Peter is unsettled by that smile. His gaze follows Jane to the door and his thoughts trail after.

"Would I work right in this office?" he asks.

"Sure! Give you a desk right in here."

"Well — either in here — or out there."

"Whatever you say."

He signs the check, and before the ink on it is dry Lehman and McClure are on their way to the bank. The new partner they leave in the office to look after things, and call Jane to look after Peter.

They get along very well, these two. Peter is interested in his new business, and she in his story of how he happened to come to New York. More particularly in how he came to put money in the Lehman play.

When she learns the details of the investment, and realizes that she is partly responsible for Peter's decision, on account of the smile, she is considerably perturbed.

JANE — You did it because — I smiled? (*He starts to protest.*) Oh, it's all right, only — it just makes me feel a good deal of responsibility, that's all. (*A pause.*) Was it *all* your money, that you invested?

PETER — Oh, no! I've got — some left. A little.

JANE — Money you'd — saved?

PETER — We couldn't save much. I didn't earn enough.

JANE — Your folks, you mean?

PETER — Mother and grandfather. You see, we were all living together in Chillicothe, and I was working in the hotel there. Sort of in the office. Grandfather had this money he'd saved, and then last June he died. And he left the money to us — mother and me.

JANE — Was it much?

PETER — Oh, yes. Twenty-two thousand, four hundred dollars.

JANE — How much did you invest?

PETER — Well, first I want to tell you. You see, if you just take the interest on that, why, it isn't very much to get along on. Then Mr. Madden — that's the man at the hotel — he heard I was getting this money, only he thought it was more — and he was sort of tired of running the hotel, anyhow — and he said if I could pay him fifty thousand dollars he'd let me have it. It makes a lot of money.

JANE — I see.

PETER — That's when I thought, if I could take this money we had and make more out of it, quickly — everything would be fine. So of course I thought of the theatrical business, because I'd read about that sort of thing happening — and anyhow I'd been connected with it, sort of. Mother thought too, it would be a good thing, and so I left fourteen hundred dollars with her, and I came to New York to look around. That was last week.

JANE — You brought twenty-one thousand with you?

PETER — Well, the bank there put it in a bank here for me. So all I had to do was give Mr. Lehman a check.

JANE — For — all of it?

PETER — Oh, no. Only twenty thousand. (*She rises angrily.*) What's the matter?

JANE — Nothing.

PETER — You're not — going, are you?

JANE (*still half afire with rage at Lehman*) — Yes, I — I think I must.

PETER — Well, much obliged for coming in and talking to me.

JANE (*her mind half on Lehman*) — I — I hope again that it's a big success. The Play.

PETER — Oh, I feel better about that now, since you talked to me. You see, it's the first time I've talked regularly with any one since I left home.

Mary Martin, the leading woman of "Her Lesson," interrupts the conference and likewise the flow of Peter's thoughts. She is back for the money Mr. Lehman promised her, and she is, of course, more than charmed to meet the new partner. So charmed that Jane feels that the least she can do is to leave them alone, even against Peter's protest.

With this opportunity Miss Martin "prepares to be just lovelier than ever," and before she goes she has borrowed a hundred dollars from Peter, on account, and promised him that they are to be much better friends, now that he is in the firm. And Peter, flattered by the attention, ventures to suggest a point or two of which Miss Martin may take advantage in her portrayal of the lead in "Her Lesson."

PETER — You know that part where you're in — that place?

MARTIN — Place? I'm not sure just which scene —

PETER — You know. The place — that you go to?

MARTIN — You don't mean the heaven scene?

PETER — No, ma'am. Just before that.

MARTIN — Oh, the brothel.

PETER — Yah. That's where, if I were you, I'd really do some of my best acting — where you bring in the strong talk. You priests are no better than a lot of rabbis — I'd really give it to them — like that.

MARTIN — Oh, yes! Indeed I will, Mr. Jones. And thank you.

PETER — I'll come to rehearsals myself, tomorrow.

MARTIN — Yes, indeed. (*Heads for the centre door.*) I can go out this way, can't I?

PETER — Yes, ma'am. I guess so. (*He opens the door.*)

MARTIN (*takes his hand again*) — It's been a great pleasure, Mr. Jones.

PETER — It has been for me, too.

MARTIN — Something tells me we're going to be very good friends. Because I know you'll produce other plays too, won't you?

PETER — I don't know.

MARTIN — Of course you will — a man like you.

PETER — Well, a few.

MARTIN — And now goodbye — until tomorrow. And I want to tell you what a pleasure it is to be under your management. Goodbye.

PETER — Goodbye. (*She goes. For a second Peter watches her down the hallway, then turns and looks the office over before he closes the door. The interview with Miss Martin has plainly left him in a glow, and any earlier apprehensions are forgotten in the greater pleasures of this new-found proprietorship. For a satisfied second or two his glance roams over the autographed photographs, then goes to Lehman's opulent-looking desk. He approaches it, looks at a letter or two, inspects the route sheet. His glance falls on that important-looking swivel chair; he tests it, rather gingerly. Then, finding that it tips comfortably back, he gets an idea. He reaches for his hat. Leaning far back in the chair, he puts the hat on his head and both feet upon the desk. In the manner of Lehman, he gives the hat a little push over one eye. He surveys the office with satisfaction. He is a theatrical manager.*)

The curtain falls.

ACT II

It is the night of the opening in Syracuse. In the hotel Peter has been given one of the best rooms, being the producer. But it is still in "all respects a typical hotel room, from the heavy maroon hangings on the windows to the picture of the signing of the Declaration of Independence on the wall."

It is eight o'clock, or near it, and Peter is busily completing his toilet. "He is resplendent in evening clothes — as resplendent, that is, as a Chillicothe dress suit can make him." He is having some trouble trying to tie his tie when Lehman bursts in, "his derby hat still on his head," his manner one of eager expectancy and good fellowship.

It is going to be a big night for Syracuse, Lehman insists, and the show is certain to be a hit, but when Peter suggests that perhaps, under the circumstances, it would be possible for him to draw a little advance on the profits he is rather doubtful. "Her Lesson" is an expensive show, and there are still two weeks of try-out engagements before the big money starts to come in, so Peter agrees to wait.

There are still some arrangements to make. For one thing Lehman wants to borrow Peter's room for a sort of conference after the show. There is always a get-together party after an opening — suggestions to be made about changes in the dialogue and that sort of thing. Everybody ought to make notes about anything that is wrong and talk it over.

Peter was of the opinion that such a party was usually in the nature of a celebration, with a supper and, maybe, champagne. He would like to give a celebration supper and invite Jane Weston.

Inviting Jane is all right with Lehman, and agreeable to Jane, when Peter asks her. But she is plainly worried when she again realizes the high hopes of the innocent Peter and the possibility of their being rudely dis-

appointed. She has come to Peter's room at Mr. Lehman's request. The manager wants her to be sure to stay close to him during the performance and take down all the suggestions he may make, and she remains to help Peter tie his tie. Her being there is all right, he assures her, with the door open.

PETER (*as she ties the tie*) — You see, at home my mother always did it for me when I wore it. But I only wore it once. They gave a big dance at the hotel. We had it all fixed up —

JANE — There!

PETER — Oh! Finished? Thanks. Oh — wait a minute. (*He goes to the closet; brings out a great box of flowers.*) I got these for you for the opening.

JANE — Oh! Why — that was lovely of you.

PETER (*a quite gratuitous bit of information*) — They're flowers.

JANE (*taking out an enormous bunch of extremely red roses*) — They're beautiful. You shouldn't have done that.

PETER — Well, on account of the opening, and besides — I wanted to. You know, you look awfully lovely with them — I mean — the way you're standing there — and the way — gosh! (*With sudden recollection she comes back to reality; she puts the flowers down on the bed.*) What's the matter?

JANE — I'm the last person — that you should give flowers to.

PETER — How do you mean? Why, you're the first. You're the only one I want to give any to — the only one I ever wanted to give any to. That's — the truth.

JANE — I can't let you say those things.

PETER — But I can't help it. And I've got to say something more. I've got to ask you a question. I — I've just got to. I want to know whether — some day — you think you could ever — marry a theatrical producer.

JANE — Please!

PETER — I don't mean just a producer with forty-nine per cent of one show — but there'll come a time when I'll have my own theatre — and —

JANE — Peter, don't! You're going to hate me! Just — hate me!

PETER — Not much. I'm going to — love you. I do now, Jane. That's what I've been trying to get at — only I guess —

JANE — Oh, Peter!

PETER — I realize it's sort of nervy of me, but — (*Lehman strides in, followed by Mac.*)

LEHMAN (*as he enters*) — How about you in there? Ready? (*He sees that he has interrupted something.*)

PETER (*breaking away*) — I'll get my things.

JANE (*turns to go*) — I'll be at the theatre.

PETER — Aren't you going over with us?

JANE — I've got some things — to attend to — if you don't mind. (*She goes out.*)

PETER (*calling after her*) — See you over there!

LEHMAN (*expansively*) — Well! Ready?

PETER — Yes, sir. (*He goes to the closet; brings out a light coat, a cane, and a high hat. He turns — the coat flung carelessly over his arm, the stick and silk hat held in his hand in what is meant to be a casual manner.*) Well, here we go!

LEHMAN — Right! And it's going to be a big night! Come along!

PETER — Well — shouldn't we wish each other — good luck or something?

LEHMAN — Why, of course. (*Strides across to him; shakes his hand.*) Good luck, Mr. Jones!

PETER — Good luck to you!

MAC (*likewise shaking his hand*) — Good luck!

PETER (*making quite a ceremony out of it*) — Good luck to you, Mr. McClure!

LEHMAN (*booming it out*) — A whale of a hit, sweet-

heart! That's what we're going to have — a whale of a hit!

MAC — You bet we are! (*He gives Peter an affectionate clap on the back.*) Aren't we?

PETER (*likewise determined to be a good fellow*) — Yes, sir! A whale of a hit! (*He settles the high hat on his head; gives it a reassuring tap. Then he seems to remember that his last sentence is uncompleted. He hesitates a second, then fortifies himself with a gay swing of the walking stick as he starts to walk toward the door. With not a little effort he brings out the final, rounding word.*) Sweetheart! (*The trio are walking towards the door as the curtain falls.*)

The curtain is down briefly. At its rise it is near midnight and the room is in semi-darkness. But not for long. Soon Peter is back from the theatre. And following Peter comes Lehman, "a disconsolate figure, with hands in pockets and eyes on the floor." After Lehman comes McClure, also greatly depressed.

"Lehman drops on to the bed with a sigh that could be heard in Spokane, and Mac slumps into a chair. Peter is vastly puzzled."

"Is something the matter?" he demands. "I thought it was all right . . . except here and there, maybe."

But the most he gets in reply is another audible sigh from Lehman. Then Fanny Lehman comes in. "Victory is so completely hers that she hardly feels that words are necessary."

"Now one thing we ain't going to have none of is wise cracks," her husband warns her. "They can't nobody tell me we ain't got a great show — when it's fixed. Just because this bunch tonight give us the raspberry don't prove nothing. Syracuse is the bummiest show town in the world."

Peter, having been told otherwise, is mildly surprised at this attack on Syracuse, but before he can put his

thought into words the waiter is in to prepare for the supper.

Fanny is willing to be quiet, but she would like to ask one question. "Are you going to put anything in that five-minute spot where Martin couldn't think of the next line?" she queries. "Because if she's going to wait like that every night I figure it'd be a great place for a specialty. I could come on with the clubs—" . . .

Several people are expected at the conference. Bernie Sampson, for one, and Benham, the stage manager. One by one they drift in. Jane Weston is there with her notes and the scene is set for such suggestions as may be made for the improvement of what evidently has proved to be a terrible show.

Bernie Sampson is a play fixer. "Once, many years before, he had made a suggestion for the improvement of a play that had just opened out of town. The suggestion was misunderstood by the producer, and the mistaken suggestion saved the play." Ever since then Bernie has been famous as a play doctor.

He arrives now, bringing with him his friend, Peggy Marlowe, who is not unknown to the choruses of Broadway. "It is her custom to appear for about a month in one of the most prominent musical comedies of the town — and then to desert abruptly for Florida. She is smartly dressed and ever so good looking." Save for a few impertinent interruptions Peggy does not interfere with the progress of the conference — much.

It is Bernie's conclusion that "Her Lesson" needs fixing. For one thing the direction has been, as Mr. Sampson expresses it, "lousy." This statement Mr. Benham, who has been associated with Sir John Hare and Sir Charles Wyndham, spiritedly resents. Then Bernie suggests that instead of the cabaret scene he would drop in a "wow" scene that he had used once in a show that never reached New York, a scene showing a hop joint in Hong Kong.

Lehman is afraid the hop joint would hardly do. "We got to stick to the story, Bernie. We can't throw away the whole play."

"Why not?" innocently inquires Fanny.

Before that can be settled Mary Martin arrives. She, too, has a grievance. Not only had she been desperately ill all day, and frequently interrupted during the performance, but the reason she missed her lines was because Mr. Benham had given her the wrong cue.

There is heated discussion of that point, and then McClure suggests that the real way to get a line on the play is to get a fresh viewpoint on it. Let him send for his little friend Kitty, the telephone operator in the hotel. She seen the show and she is as smart as a steel trap. So they send for Kitty.

By the time Kitty arrives they have had an opinion from Miss Martin that the real trouble with the play is a lack of sympathy for the heroine. She ought to have a scene early in the show which would win her the sympathy of the audience at once — a scene with a baby, perhaps. But Peter points out that such a scene could not come too early, seeing that the heroine is not yet married.

Kitty, the phone girl, has nothing constructive to offer. Syracuse, she points out, is a hard town to please. Its people know what they want and if a show goes in Syracuse it is pretty sure to go anywhere.

Which, Mr. Lehman admits, is "a hot lot of news." Peggy, the show-girl, however, is of a mind to tell this young intruder, whom she fancies her Bernie is taking a fancy to, that if she starts anything at all she (Peggy) will take a great delight in pushing her face in.

It is following this disturbance that Peter puts in a word. He has been brushed aside and humiliated time and again by the increasingly exasperated Lehman. Now he demands to be heard. First — the trees in the orchard scene are all planted wrong —

LEHMAN — Now, listen! I'm pretty near fed up — get me? You been interrupting all night long — one fool idea after another — and I had all I can stand.

PETER — But this isn't a fool idea. I'm right about it. There's —

LEHMAN — All right, and I tell you I don't want to hear about it. Who's producing this show, anyhow?

PETER — Well, I'm part producer, and —

LEHMAN — Yah? Well, I'm the main producer — get me? And I'm going to do the talking! Forty-nine per cent — that's what you got!

PETER — Well, I didn't mean to — do anything, but — you told me to take notes, and —

LEHMAN — You're going to keep on, are you?

PETER — No, sir, but if I see something I know is wrong — and an orchard isn't planted that way. The trees —

LEHMAN — Good heavens! You half wreck the show, prowling around back stage, and then come here and — what in blazes do you know about show business? I been all my life in it and you come green out of the country, trying to tell me — I'm running this show — you're nothing but a butter-and-egg-man! And now, keep still!

MAC — Now, this ain't no way —

PETER — What — what did he say I was?

LEHMAN — Never mind! Only I want you to butt out of this show, see? I had all I can stand, and I want you to keep out!

JANE (*finally springing to action*) — Mr. Lehman, that isn't fair! He hasn't done half as much as the others!

LEHMAN — Oh — now it's your business, is it?

JANE — I simply say you're being unfair to him! I think — I think it's an outrageous way to treat him! You take his money — all you can get — for a play you must have known was worthless —

LEHMAN — Oh, I did, eh? And who asked you to say anything? Huh?

JANE — I've stayed silent as long as I can!

LEHMAN — Then suppose you try getting out of here — and you needn't come back!

PETER — Hold on, there!

JANE — Peter!

LEHMAN — What?

PETER — This is my room! You can't order her out!

LEHMAN — I can't, eh?

PETER — No, sir. I mean *no*.

LEHMAN — I warn you to lay off me!

PETER — Well — well, I won't. You — you can't talk to her like that — here — or any other place.

LEHMAN — I'll talk to her anyway I want to — and you too!

PETER — Well, you won't. Because — I won't let you.

LEHMAN — Oh! Besides running the show you're going to run me? Go on back to your sap town, whatever it was! And you can take her with you, because she's fired!

PETER — She wouldn't work for you anyhow, any longer. Do you want to know why?

LEHMAN — I'd love to!

PETER — Because she's going to work for me. You think I don't know anything, huh? I'm just a bread-and-butter man? And I don't know anything about shows, huh?

LEHMAN — How'd you guess it?

PETER — Well, I'll show you whether I know anything about them. And I'll show you whether you can talk to people like that. Do you want to sell the rest of it to me — the show?

JANE — Peter, you can't!

PETER — *Do* you?

LEHMAN (*taking his time. A look to Mac — a glance in return*) — I might — for a price. It's a valuable property.

PETER — How much?

LEHMAN — What do you say, Mac?

MAC — Up to you, Lehman.

LEHMAN — McClure and me is in together. Give us — ten thousand apiece, and the show's yours.

PETER — I'll give you five thousand apiece.

LEHMAN — Seventy-five hundred.

PETER — Five thousand.

LEHMAN — Cash?

PETER — You give me — an option — 'til this time tomorrow — and I'll give you — five hundred dollars for it. It's all I have — with me.

JANE — Peter, you can't

PETER — You're all witnesses.

LEHMAN — Five thousand apiece for the rest of the show! Ten thousand altogether!

PETER — For Lehmac Productions — all of it.

LEHMAN — And a one-day option! That goes! Give me the five hundred.

PEGGY — If there's anything I hate it's business men.

BERNIE — Ssh!

PETER — You all know the arrangement?

FANNY — I'm a witness.

LEHMAN (*preparing to depart*) — Well, I guess that's that.

Now they are all gone except Peter and Jane, and she is terribly worried by what Peter has done. But Peter isn't worried. He couldn't let Lehman talk to her the way he did. And he got mad. He's glad he did. As he quiets down he begins to realize that perhaps he has gone too far. It is not going to be easy to raise ten thousand dollars — seeing that he doesn't know anybody anywhere who has ten thousand dollars. And he has sent his mother a telegram telling her the show is a big success! What will he tell her now?

As Peter's courage sags, Jane takes command of the situation. Something will happen, she just knows it

will. They will meet the first thing in the morning and plan something. He is encouraged a little by her optimism.

PETER — No matter what happens, I met you.

JANE — If only you hadn't.

PETER — Oh, but I love you, Jane. I do, terribly. And if ever I get out of this trouble — don't you think — really —

JANE — I think you're just the finest person that ever lived. But I've got you into an awful mess —

PETER — No —

JANE — I didn't mean to, but I have. And that's why you mustn't say anything that —

PETER — Well, I'll get out of it somehow, if that's all you mean. You just watch me. I'll get the money, some place, and — the play — it might be a success in New York, don't you think?

JANE — It — might.

PETER — I mean — even if it isn't awfully good. That isn't supposed to matter so much in New York, is it?

JANE — Oh, Peter, I'm afraid —

PETER — It — it just can't be a failure, that's all. If we can just get the money, I'll bet they'd like it. Why — *(There is a knock on the door. Peter breaks off — works slowly over toward the door. The knock is repeated.)* Who's there?

OSCAR *(from the hall)* — This is Mr. Fritchie.

PETER — Who?

OSCAR *(slightly louder)* — Mr. Fritchie. The assistant manager.

PETER *(in a whisper to Jane)* — He's the man that gave us the champagne. *(Aloud)* — What do you want?

OSCAR — May I come in? *(Peter, realizing that he has no choice, opens the door. Oscar Fritchie, who steps in is a sufficiently nice-looking young man, but just a little dumb.)*

PETER (*anxious to explain*) — It wasn't locked.

OSCAR — Huh? (*A look around.*) Oh, broke up early, eh?

PETER — This is — Mr. Fritchie, Miss Weston.

JANE — How are you?

OSCAR — Hello.

PETER — Miss Weston was just going out when you — she was just going out.

OSCAR — Oh! Well, don't let me disturb you. I just —

PETER — Isn't that what you came about?

OSCAR — What?

PETER — They just telephoned me from the office — on account of Miss Weston being here.

OSCAR — Oh, they didn't know you was friends of mine. That's all right.

It isn't easy to get from Mr. Fritchie the object of his call, more than that he has always been fond of show folk and likes the theatre. Oftentimes he is included in these after-theatre parties.

But as the talk rambles on it is discovered that Mr. Fritchie has himself nourished ambitions of one day getting into the show business. What is more important, he has saved his money.

On the instant Jane sees a chance of interesting Oscar in the future of "Her Lesson." The next minute Peter, remembering his experience in the office of Lehmac, Inc., is explaining to the willing listener the chances that are always coming up in the show business for a fellow who thinks standing up — to make millions.

"Her Lesson" offers Mr. Fritchie such a chance. Has he heard the story of the play — about the Hong Kong scene and everything? And the scene where the priest and the rabbi come in? And so-on-and-so-on-and-so-on? It just can't help making a lot of money!

Oscar is interested, but hesitant. How much money would it take?

It won't take much if he acts quickly, Peter tells him. He can have forty-nine per cent of it right now for thirty thousand dollars. Which, as Oscar shakes his head, goes rapidly down from thirty to twenty-five, to twenty, to fifteen! But that's the very lowest! At that it's a bargain.

"Why, there's a fellow we know could have bought some of the 'Follies' or something, only he didn't — and look — it's gone now!"

OSCAR — Now, wait! I — I don't know what to say. I know I'd like the theatrical business, and I'm getting kind of tired of the hotel lately —

PETER — Sure! I did too! Why — you're not the kind of man to stay cooped up in a hotel all his life.

JANE — Mr. Jones got out, and look at him!

PETER — Yah. (*Oscar looks.*)

OSCAR — I'd love to quit and tell Mr. Hemingway what I thought of him.

PETER — That's the stuff!

JANE — Then, why don't you?

OSCAR — I'm scared.

PETER — Well, this is your chance!

JANE — A chance to leave this old hotel behind you!

PETER — I guess for a man to look back at an opportunity he's missed, like this, that must make him feel pretty terrible. When it's a big hit in New York —

OSCAR — Now — now wait! I haven't said I wouldn't, yet.

PETER — You've got to act quick with us, Mr. Fritchie!

OSCAR — You say it's — a good play?

PETER — Good! There's never been anything like it!

OSCAR — There are certainly some things I'd tell Mr. Hemingway, the big stiff!

PETER — Write a receipt!

JANE — All right!

OSCAR — Now wait!

PETER — Only, unless you give us your check right now, Fritchie, we couldn't do it. Can you?

OSCAR — I haven't said I was going to at all, yet.

JANE — But if you do it right away, Mr. Fritchie, you can go to Mr. Hemingway tonight and tell him all those things! Just think!

OSCAR — He made me work twelve hours a day.

PETER — You don't have to work at all in the theatre! It's just fun.

OSCAR — He'd be sore, all right.

PETER — And look! There's no reason why we have to produce just this one show. We could go ahead and do a lot more.

OSCAR (*drawing out a check-book*) — Could we?

PETER — Of course — when this is a big success. Can't we?

JANE — Of course!

PETER — Why, we can be the biggest producers there are. All kinds of shows — (*clutching at the check-book*) — shall I open this for you?

OSCAR — No, no! I can do it!

PETER — Well, here's ink and everything — and here's the pen! You just make the check out to me — Peter Jones!

JANE — What's your first name, Mr. Fritchie, and how do you spell this one?

OSCAR — Oscar Fritchie. F-r-i-t-c-h-i-e. But I haven't made up my mind yet.

PETER — F-r-i-t-c-h-i-e. Got it?

JANE — Yes!

PETER — How are you getting along? Have you started yet?

OSCAR — You've got me all excited —

JANE — Here's the receipt! It just says you're giving

us the money for forty-nine per cent of it. Is that all right?

PETER — That's fine! Now all you have to do is to write the check, see?

OSCAR — Do you think I ought to?

PETER — Of course you ought to! It's a great big drama, and there's an orchard in it, and Mr. Hemingway comes in —

PETER (*Oscar is feverishly writing the check*) — Oh! Have I told you about the bookings? Did I tell him about the bookings?

JANE — No!

PETER — We've got the greatest ever! Look! We go from here to Providence — then Albany and Seattle — all those soft spots! (*He clutches the check.*)

OSCAR — Look out! It's wet!

PETER — I'll dry it! (*The curtain starts down as Peter continues talking.*) It's going to be a whale of a hit, sweetheart — a whale of a hit!

The curtain falls.

ACT III

Several weeks later, back in the Broadway offices of Lehmack Productions, Inc., Jane Weston has been kept busy straightening up the desk and answering the telephone interruptions. It is the morning after the Broadway production of "Her Lesson" and there is every indication that the show is a hit.

Peter, bustling in early, is naturally much impressed. He is a changed Peter now, "jaunty and businesslike," not to say slightly vain of his judgment in picking the sort of theatre entertainment the public really wants. One thing he doesn't quite understand, and that is the attitude of the critics. Most of them, he has noticed, have completely missed the idea of "Her Lesson." He

is thinking of not letting any of them come to his next production.

Peter is even busier than Jane. All morning people have been wanting to consult him about the foreign rights of his play, and one man has already offered to build a New York theatre for him. He thinks perhaps it would be better for him to reorganize Lehmac Productions completely and make it Peter Jones Productions, Inc., and use his own picture as a trademark.

Oscar Fritchie, however, is less sanguine and considerably less affected by his first success as a play producer. He has heard all the fine stories, and he has seen the people at the theatre buying tickets, but he is not at all sure there will be any one coming the next night. He thinks he probably would like to get his money back, until Peter grandly offers it to him. Then he is not so sure.

Peter is indulging a grand flight of the imagination for Oscar's benefit — telling him how they will yet control all the playwrights and most of the theatres in the country — when A. J. Patterson calls. A. J. is a lawyer and a formidable person, and that he has come on no friendly mission is apparent from his attitude.

Having properly impressed them with his importance, Mr. Patterson clears the desk to make room for several packages of official-looking legal documents, which he takes from his brief case and slaps down with ominous decision. Then "he adjusts a pair of glasses on his nose; clears his throat; takes up one of the documents and unfolds it. You gather, from a look at Peter and Oscar, that they would much rather be somewhere else. Jane, standing quietly in the background, seems thoroughly possessed, however."

PATTERSON (*with the air of a man trying a case in court*) — You are the owners of Lehmac Productions, Incorporated, Fourteen Hundred and Sixty-eight Broad-

way, New York, New York. (*A second's pause; he reads the next few words as though they constituted deadly evidence.*) A New York corporation.

PETER (*much impressed; raises his right hand on high*) — We are.

OSCAR (*still hoping to get out of it*) — He owns most of it.

PATTERSON — Said corporation being the producers of a dramatic composition, or play, entitled "Her Lesson."

PETER — Is it — something about the play?

PATTERSON (*ignoring the question and taking a magazine out of the brief case*) — In November, Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen, there appeared in this magazine, "Peppy Tales" published in New York City, an article of fiction, or short story, entitled "A Woman's Honor." Said story having been written by my client, Mr. Rodney Rich, of Northampton, Massachusetts. (*A deadly pause.*) And, as we shall duly prove in court —

OSCAR — Court?

PATTERSON — In court.

OSCAR — I thought you said court.

PATTERSON — The said story was, on January eighth, Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen, accepted as the basis of a play by one Harley Thompson, since deceased.

PETER (*to Oscar*) — Dead.

PATTERSON — Subsequently, as we shall prove, the said play was purchased or acquired by one Joseph Lehman, and by him duly produced. (*He takes a breath.*) It will be shown that the said dramatic composition, or play, is similar to the aforesaid short story at — one hundred and forty-six points.

PETER — One hundred and forty-six?

PATTERSON — And that no less than six characters in the aforesaid play bear the same names as those in the aforesaid short story.

PETER — Well, was the aforesaid —

PATTERSON — One moment, please. (*An impressive pause.*) My client, Mr. Rodney Rich, has received no payment for this play, nor has his permission been sought in any way. It is, gentlemen, a clear case of plagiarism, and one of the most flagrant that it has ever been my privilege to encounter.

OSCAR — But — but — but — look here —

PETER — We didn't know anything about it. I bought it from Mr. Lehman, and then Mr. Fritchie here —

PATTERSON — Unfortunately —

OSCAR — That's a bad word.

PATTERSON — My client cannot take that matter into account. His composition has been produced in dramatic form without his permission. Not unnaturally, he seeks redress.

OSCAR — Seeks what?

PATTERSON — Redress.

PETER — Money.

PATTERSON — My purpose in laying these facts before you, prior to bringing suit, is to afford you the opportunity, if you so desire, of adjusting the matter outside of court.

PETER — Well — well — what are we supposed to do?

PATTERSON (*more impressively than ever*) — My client will accept sixty-six and two-thirds per centum of all profits derived from said play, when, if and as produced, and in those circumstances will permit the play to continue. Failing to receive sixty-six and two-thirds per centum —

OSCAR — That's money too.

PATTERSON — He will apply for an injunction and cause the play to be closed at once.

PETER — He'll close it?

PATTERSON — He will close it.

OSCAR — Close it?

PATTERSON — You understand me.

OSCAR — Yah. (*To Peter.*) Look! Most of it's yours, see? I don't know much about lawyers. You — do something and I'll go over and see if the theatre's burned down. (*He leaves.*)

PETER — What do you think we ought to do, Jane?

JANE (*to the lawyer*) — Must you — must Mr. Jones give an answer immediately?

PATTERSON — I regret that he must.

PETER — But it's — I haven't had time —

JANE — Can't we — even talk it over? That is, Mr. Jones and I?

PETER — Yes, indeed.

PATTERSON — At best, I could allow but a brief time.

PETER — Well, that would be better than —

PATTERSON — Shall we say — fifteen minutes?

PETER — Shall we?

PATTERSON — Very well. I shall return for your decision in fifteen minutes.

Peter's hopes and plans go crumbling. He is a greatly depressed young producer now. But Jane is still courageous. She knows more about the show business than he does, and how often such charges of plagiarism go wrong. But she does suffer a disquieting recollection that there was something about a short story in "Her Lesson's" past.

Anyway, for Peter's sake she thinks she is a little glad of this threat of failure. It gives her a chance to help again, and to confess, while things are still black, that she loves him.

"I did want you to be successful," she says, "but somehow you lost something that was you. It's just as you said, Peter — you're not that kind of person — you never could be. You belong back in Chillicothe, in the hotel. You're — simple, and — sweet, and — you don't really like all this, do you?"

"I don't know. I thought I did, but — I don't know."

"Don't you realize how little it amounts to, really? You're too fine for it, Peter."

"Did you mean what you said about — loving me?"

"More than anything that ever was. I thought for awhile you'd gone away from me, but now I know you never can. It made me so unhappy to think that — but now, it's all over."

They are ready for Mr. Patterson, and waiting to have it out with him, when who should knock at the door but Fanny Lehman! She is, she tells them, no more than a short jump ahead of Mr. Lehman, and she has come to warn them of what to expect.

"You know, I got a kind of fool liking for you two," Fanny confesses. "Somehow suckers always appealed to me."

Lehman, it appears, "has smoked out a bank roll" and wants to buy back "Her Lesson." And as there is a tip out that the police are going to try and stop the brothel scene, which means that people will be "hanging to the rafters" Fanny wants them to know that they have got about three times as big a hit as they think they have. And Lehman's got a lot of money on him in certified checks!

When a knock at the door announces Lehman "A smile spreads over the face of Mr. Jones." With a lordly gesture toward the door he bids Jane admit the "butter-and-egg-man" and Lehman finds him seated far back in the swivel chair, his feet on the desk and his derby hat cocked carelessly over one eye.

"How are you, sweetheart?" queries Peter, as Lehman glares first at Fanny, and suspects her errand, and then at Peter, whom he recognizes for the moment as his master.

He has come, says Lehman, to give Peter back his money. To buy back the show at the cost price and let the young fellows out clean. But thirty thousand dollars doesn't interest Peter at all.

PETER — The point is, it's a valuable property, see? It starts with a prologue —

LEHMAN — You're going to believe that stuff of hers, huh? Listen, sweetheart, I'm an old hand at this game. I can make something out of this show, but you can't.

PETER — Its the biggest dramatic novelty in twenty years.

LEHMAN — I'll give you forty — and I've got the certified checks in my pocket. Set? (*Jane's eyes flash a negative to Peter. Peter shakes his head.*) Forty-five, and that's all. That's netting you fifteen. (*Jane signals again; Peter says no.*)

LEHMAN — I only got fifty — do you want it all? (*Mac bursts in through the centre door.*)

MAC — So!

FANNY — The boy friend!

MAC (*accusingly*) — I thought so!

LEHMAN — Thought what?

MAC — Trying to double-cross me, eh? Have you sold it to him yet?

PETER — Why?

MAC — If you haven't, don't — because he's going to skin you.

PETER (*innocently*) — Mr. Lehman?

MAC — He didn't tell you about the police, did he?

FANNY — I did.

LEHMAN (*giving her a look that just misses killing her*) — Just a pal.

MAC — Look here! I'll give you fifty thousand dollars. I've got it right here.

PETER — Fifty thousand? Why, even Mr. Lehman offered that much.

MAC — He did?

PETER — Do you want to go any higher? It's a great play. There's a priest in it —

MAC — Fifty thousand — that's a lot of jack.

PETER — How about you, Mr. Lehman?

LEHMAN (*to Fanny*) — I'm going to brain you.

PETER — Well then, I guess we're — (*Almost as a matter of course, he turns to Jane.*)

JANE — I know a way to fix things. Mr. Lehman has fifty thousand dollars and so has Mr. McClure.

LEHMAN — Well?

JANE — Why shouldn't they — buy it together?

PETER (*as it dawns on him*) — Oh, say! That's an idea. (*He gives Jane an approving pat on the shoulder.*) Very good. (*He faces his late partners.*) One hundred thousand dollars!

LEHMAN — What?

JANE — That's the price, Mr. Lehman.

LEHMAN — A hundred thousand? (*Mac sinks slowly into a chair.*)

PETER — And think on your feet! (*Mac rises again — this time quickly.*)

LEHMAN — Is that — final?

PETER — Yep!

FANNY — Five-star!

PETER — Only I got to know right away. (*Snaps his fingers.*) That's the show game.

LEHMAN — Come out here a minute, Mac.

MAC — O. K.

LEHMAN — We'll be right back.

When they do come back, which is almost immediately, they just barely get inside the room ahead of Mr. Patterson. For a moment it looks as though Peter would have to open the door, and that the appearance of the lawyer would kill the sale. Fortunately, without too broad a hint from Peter, Lehman and McClure think the man outside is also an eager purchaser and they hurriedly close the deal.

And then Peter informs them that they have just paid a hundred thousand dollars for — thirty-three and one-third per centum of what they think they are buying!

There is a roar of protest from Lehman at this — but he is really not seriously frightened by the Patterson threat. He has been through too many things of that sort. "There ain't been a hit in twenty years that some guy ain't said it was swiped from him," he philosophizes.

Besides he plans to lessen the chance of loss by selling a part of what he has got to some one else. He can even now be heard just outside the door assuring Fritchie that if he wants a bargain in hits he will have to think quick. A moment later Oscar bursts eagerly into the room.

OSCAR — I just come in to tell you the good news.

PETER — What?

OSCAR (*with a broad grin*) — Mr. Lehman is going to let me buy my share back again.

FANNY — Let me out first! (*She goes to the door; turns to Peter.*) At that maybe you're not such a sucker. You certainly put it over. But how that charade ever turned out to be a hit is a mystery to your Aunt Sadie. (*She departs.*)

LEHMAN (*heard as the door opens*) — And another thing. The girl in that story was named Honora —

OSCAR — Could you let me have my share of the money right away — to give Mr. Lehman?

PETER — Now — now look here, Oscar —

OSCAR — But I'm afraid Mr. Lehman won't wait.

PETER — He'll wait. You don't want to go back into the theatrical business. (*To Jane.*) Does he?

JANE — Of course not.

OSCAR — Don't I?

PETER — A man like you ought to be in the hotel business. Shouldn't he?

JANE — Of course.

OSCAR — But last time you said I ought to get out of it!

PETER — Oh, that was different. Listen, have you ever been in Chillicothe?

OSCAR — No.

PETER — Well, it's a wonderful place — wonderful. Jane and I are going there. Aren't we?

JANE — I hope so.

PETER — You bet we are. We're going back to Chillicothe, and buy the hotel — for fifty thousand dollars — and with your money too it could be made one of the greatest hotels in the world — anywhere.

OSCAR — But now — now, wait —

JANE — It's a real chance, Mr. Fritchie — the chance of a lifetime!

PETER — Oh, it'll be wonderful! Look! We'll build a great big addition — it'll be the greatest hotel that ever — I'll tell you what I'll do! (*In an instant he is the salesman of Act II again.*) I'll sell you forty-nine per cent of it for — (*He quickly steers Oscar toward a chair.*) Sit down, sweetheart! (*The curtain is falling.*) Now here's the idea! You and Jane and I — (*And by that time it ought to be down.*)

THE WISDOM TOOTH

A Comedy in Three Acts

By MARC CONNELLY

THERE was considerable speculation along Broadway, particularly in the offices of the producing managers, as to what would follow the dissolution of the play-writing partnership of George Kaufman and Marc Connelly. They had worked so successfully as collaborators in writing "Dulcy," "Beggar on Horseback," "Merton of the Movies," and other plays there was a natural curiosity as to which of them would prove the more successful working alone.

So far as their first season of separation is concerned honors are about even. Mr. Kaufman wrote "The But-ter and Egg Man," which achieved a long run, and Mr. Connelly followed a few months later with "The Wisdom Tooth," which, though produced in a smaller theatre, also proved popular, though with a smaller public. Both plays justify, I feel, their inclusion in this record.

Both are comedies, and quite characteristic of their authors' mental reactions. Mr. Kaufman's play is mined from the rich vein of observant wit and satire that are his most distinguishable gifts. Mr. Connelly's fantasy is born of a somewhat deeper sentimental urge and an evident desire to cleave more closely to a definite theme. Mr. Kaufman, I believe, is not greatly concerned as to who writes his country's serious drama so long as he can provide its popular entertainment. Mr. Connelly hopes to achieve popular entertainment through the medium of the purposeful play.

"The Wisdom Tooth" was produced by John Golden, with the coöperation and indorsement of his co-worker, Winchell Smith, who staged it, at the Little Theatre, February 15, 1926. Its reception was favorable. Both its first audiences and the professional reviewers liked it. The play did not immediately take place among the outstanding successes, however. Its advance in favor followed that more substantial indorsement word of mouth advertising gives a play. Within a few weeks it was what the trade knows as a sell-out, and though there was a later falling off it easily ran through until June.

The first act of "The Wisdom Tooth" is concerned with the routine day of a clerk associated with one of the larger business houses in New York. The first scene shows a section of a tiled washroom where the boys sneak off occasionally for a puff of a cigarette, smoking being forbidden in the outer offices. The entrance is through swinging half doors at the right. There is a row of wash basins along the wall at back. Two of the boys, Carter and Sparrow, have escaped the boss. There is some danger of their being discovered at any minute, but they feel, as Sparrow says, that "a man's got to have a little luxury."

The subject of the conversation at the moment is the baseball pool, Carter being the collector. It amounts to fifteen dollars. Charley Bemis has just won it for the second time and is probably eager to have it paid, Charley being the saving type.

Office gossip is also concerned with the sudden and unexpected disappearance of the Duchess, she who had been secretary to the boss, was a swell looker and yet had been "given the gate" without apparent reason.

Bemis, come to collect his pool, is also interested in the fate of the Duchess. His mind at the moment, however, is distracted by the pain a sore tooth is giving him. He is about to take sick leave and see a dentist. He may as well have the thing out and get it over with.

But about the Duchess? Why should she be fired? She was the prettiest one the office ever had, and this was her first job. Looks like the boss might have been a little more considerate. Perhaps he tried to get fresh with her. Or maybe his wife objected once she knew the Duchess was takin' all the old man's dictation.

Anyway, whatever happened, Bemis is inclined to think an injustice has been done one of the fairest of her sex, which is likely to give her a black eye when she goes to get another job, and he, for one, is of no mind to stand for it. Somebody ought to say something to that boss. "Who the hell does he think he is, anyway," demands Bemis, "picking on a stenographer —"

At which moment Mr. Porter, the boss himself, enters the room and Bemis and the others quietly subside. Slyly they get rid of their cigarettes and are for moving back to work when Porter, after a friendly inquiry as to the state of the Bemis tooth, passes on.

SPARROW (*to Bemis*) — Gee, you certainly did talk up to him. If ever a guy got a bawling out!

CARTER — My God! At one time it looked as if you were killing him.

BEMIS — Well, all right. What would you have done?

SPARROW — Nothing. Only you was the one that was shooting off your mouth about it.

BEMIS — Yes, I know I was. But, my gosh, you know how a fellow gets excited.

SPARROW — Sure. Only you said you were going to do such a hell of a lot.

BEMIS — All right. And I decided I wouldn't. Why shouldn't I change my mind? Think I want to go out on my ear? I've been working here seven years and this job's my bread and butter. A guy like me can't take chances like that. Why, if every clerk in New York came out and said what he thought to a boss when the



Photo by Florence Vandamm, N. Y.

"THE WISDOM TOOTH"

"At which vote of confidence Skeeter himself, a sturdy little fellow of 12 years, comes briskly into the tent. He is the boy Charley Bemis used to be. Back come Barnum and Bailey, the ice cream man, the circus lady, etc."

(William Wadsworth, Jefferson Lloyd, Patricia Barclay, Edwin Phillips and Thomas Mitchell)

boss did something he didn't like, why there wouldn't be any of us with jobs. You've got to watch your step. I know I've got to watch *mine*.

CARTER — Still you're a wealthy bachelor.

BEMIS — As a matter of fact I have got some money. Money I save on this job. And believe me I want to keep on saving it. I don't know where else I'd rate a senior clerk's salary and bonus every year. And how do you know but what I'm intending to get married?

CARTER — Yes, you are.

BEMIS — Well, I am. Even if I don't mention my private affairs down here. A man's got a lot of things to consider.

CARTER — Who is it? Anybody I know?

BEMIS — No. It's a lady uptown. What a darn fool I'd be to go get myself canned. I just felt kind of sorry for the Duchess, that was all.

CARTER — Well, it ain't my funeral. (*Exits.*)

SPARROW — Come on. What the hell. (*Going to the door.*) I want to take a peek at your ledger — (*Sees he is not coming.*) What's the matter?

BEMIS (*lightly*) — If anybody insults those girls I suppose they ain't any of them got any comeback. I'd like to have told him what I thought about him.

SPARROW — Well, you didn't.

BEMIS (*smugly*) — No, I did the sensible thing. How much does that dentist of yours charge? (*Bemis exits, followed by Sparrow.*)

The curtain falls.

The second scene is the reception room in a dentist's office. There are several patients waiting their turn, dividing their attention between a furtive reading of accumulated and well-thumbed magazines and anxious glances toward the door leading to the operating room.

The arrival of Bemis is momentarily of interest to the others. Having found a seat, he probably would have

passed their casual inspection and been forgotten if it had not been for his selection of a book from the bookcase along the wall. Bemis was perfectly willing to look at a magazine, but it just happened that they were all in use — so he took the book. It is a book of fairy tales, and his pleasure at its discovery is so apparent that it moves one man to speak to him about it. Seems funny, according to this man, that a grown man should still be interested in fairy tales. But it isn't funny to Bemis. Nor to a lot of other people. There was a fellow wrote a piece for a magazine, Bemis remembers, in which there were pictures of elves and gnomes and things actually taken by a little girl and they weren't more'n an inch high —

FIRST MAN — I guess you believe in them yourself, don't you?

BEMIS (*looks at man*) — What?

FIRST MAN — Don't you believe in them?

BEMIS — I didn't say I did.

FIRST MAN — You said your grandmother did.

BEMIS — Well it was different times, that was all. My grandmother could tell a fairy tale wonderful, but maybe it was me that believed in them then, and I just thought she did.

FIRST MAN — Maybe your grandmother was a little cuckoo. (*All laugh.*)

BEMIS — No she wasn't. She was — all right.

SECOND MAN — Don't let them *kid* you, fellow. Why they're flying around everywhere. (*All laugh.*)

BEMIS — All I was saying to that gentleman was that it was nice for kids to think of there being a fairyland and all. You probably have ideas that ain't like other people's.

SECOND MAN (*looks at first woman — smiles — then to Bemis*) — Say! Do you believe in Santy Claus?

BEMIS — That's not the argument we're talking about.

SECOND MAN — Don't you tell a cop you believe in things like that, or they'll put you in the funny house. (*He glances at the two women and gets a laugh of approval.*)

FIRST MAN — You know you're living in New York — not in Podunk.

BEMIS — Lots of people believe in spiritualism, don't they?

FIRST MAN — Sure. We all do. Don't you?

BEMIS — What are you trying to do? Just kid me all you can?

FIRST MAN — Certainly not.

SECOND MAN — Take me for instance — I'm a medium.

(*Bemis puts the book back in the book-case. The first man takes it out.*)

SECOND MAN — Say read one of them out loud to us —

BEMIS (*looks about — is disgusted — picks up hat, starts out*) — You're fine —

The curtain falls.

The scene now is before the fireplace in the sitting room at Mrs. Poole's boarding house. It is supper time and Mrs. Poole, still amiable though the hour grows late, is concerned about those boarders who seem likely to miss their supper. Especially those who prefer their food hot.

The Farradays are late. Mr. Farraday is an artist who frequently accepts commercial assignments that irritate him excessively but pay very well. Mr. Bemis has not come, and Miss Fields, just in, has discovered that she has no appetite. It is rather a disturbing evening at Mrs. Poole's.

Now Bemis is back from the dentist's, and, evidently to his pleasure, he finds Sally Fields still outside the dining room. His sore tooth and her lack of appetite effectively destroys their interest in supper. Bemis

thinks maybe they might go to a movie or something. Miss Fields, being a sort of "second string sob sister" on a newspaper, has a story to write, but she can put that off till later. Not long enough to permit of theatre-going, but long enough to spend a little time teaching Bemis to play cribbage, seeing he has come prepared with a board and everything. His thoughtfulness has long appealed to Sally.

SALLY (*after a pause*) — You do a lot of sweet things.

BEMIS — I want to learn how to play it.

SALLY — You knew that I spend so many evenings alone.

BEMIS — This is that dress you had on Tuesday.

SALLY — Yes. How did you remember that?

BEMIS — Don't you remember you said you wished the hat went with it better?

SALLY — That's right. I did.

BEMIS — Why, you look wonderful in that hat. I looked at the rest of the audience when we were coming out. There wasn't a nicer hat there.

SALLY — But it doesn't go well with this suit.

BEMIS — Your eyes are really blue, aren't they?

SALLY — Are they?

BEMIS — I was trying to think what they were today. I don't think I'd ever noticed.

SALLY — Your eyes are brown?

BEMIS — They're a kinda brown. My grandmother used to say they were a kind of a gray-brown.

SALLY — I think they're brown.

BEMIS — Yours are certainly blue all right.

As the preparations for the cribbage lesson continue Bemis grows increasingly confidential. And seeks Sally's confidences as well. For one thing he is curious as to why she never has married. And he thinks perhaps she may wonder at his being a bachelor. As a

matter of fact, he confesses, all the boys at the office think he is engaged. Because he saves his money. He might be engaged, if he had had more time to give it any thought. Counting his Atlantic Oil stock and the money he has in the bank, he has already saved nearly nine thousand dollars. Which isn't so bad, considering. But Bemis always has been a saver — ever since his grandfather started a bank account for him when he was ten.

As for Sally — well, there are a lot of reasons why she never has married, but with the boarders coming out of the dining room there isn't much chance to talk about them. And by the time she and Bemis are alone again the subject has taken on a new significance, thanks to certain remarks by their fellow boarder, Farraday.

It is when Bemis has gone to the drug store, at Sally's suggestion, to get some toothache gum that Farraday takes occasion to speak of Bemis, and the evident interest that he is taking in Miss Fields. Of course, Farraday admits, it is none of his or Mrs. Farraday's business, but they like Sally and they would hate to see her make the mistake of becoming interested in this quite commonplace young man. Bemis, to Farraday, is a boy with very little, if any, mind of his own, and practically with no point of view.

"He has every aspect of the typical New York clerk," insists Farraday. "He looks like a clerk; he talks and thinks like a clerk, and he's as smug as he can be. . . . He will accept your statements that black is white if you give him enough idiotic reasons."

Sally is inclined to resent the Farraday opinion of her friend, nor is she willing to admit that merely because Bemis had given way in a war argument with Farraday the day before that he has been proved either weak minded or unintelligent.

"Perhaps he was being polite to a man who was talking nonsense — He's a sly person," Sally insists. But her confidence is a bit shaken a moment later, when

Bemis returns just as the Farradays are leaving for the movies, and Farraday can't resist an opportunity to prove his point.

"Hello, Bemis," he calls. "We were just talking about you. How's the tooth?"

"Oh, it's all right now . . . Well, I haven't seen you since we settled the war question. There's a bright man for you," he advises Sally. And then he turns back to Farraday. "You ought to be down helping Coolidge," he ventures, jocularly.

FARRADAY — He needs it, doesn't he?

BEMIS — He sure does.

FARRADAY — Just listen to that, Miss Fields.

BEMIS — He don't seem to know what it's all about.

FARRADAY — No?

BEMIS — Well — I don't think he's — intelligent!

FARRADAY — He came from a little farm just as Lincoln did.

BEMIS — Yes — but look who Lincoln was.

FARRADAY — People thought Lincoln was no good at first, you know.

BEMIS — Yes, that's true.

FARRADAY — It takes time for a man's real qualities to *come out*.

BEMIS — That's right.

FARRADAY — So when President Coolidge faces a real issue, he may be just as able as Lincoln.

BEMIS — You mean everybody may be giving him very hasty opinion.

FARRADAY — Exactly.

BEMIS — I agree with that. We ought to give him a fair chance.

FARRADAY — Why just think of how he kept the cabinet completely under his control.

BEMIS — Yeh!

FARRADAY — It takes a strong man to do that.

BEMIS — That's so — it must.

FARRADAY — I have a whole lot of respect for Mr. Coolidge.

BEMIS — I guess I have too, when you come right down to it.

FARRADAY — I don't know another man I'd trust with a job like that.

BEMIS — You don't, eh?

FARRADAY — No, I don't — do you?

BEMIS — No, I don't.

FARRADAY (*laughs*) — That's the point I had in mind —

BEMIS — I see what you mean — By Golly, I believe you are absolutely right. I guess I had entirely the wrong idea.

A sad little smile of disappointment overshadows Sally Fields' face, and when Farraday presses his advantage by leading Bemis on, first to a statement that he has heard the picture they are going to see is a great picture and then to confess that it probably is a bad picture because he has no faith in Mrs. Poole's judgment after having accepted it, she is really hurt. By the time the Farradays leave she is fighting to hold back her tears and Bemis is greatly distressed.

It isn't a question of whether Farraday was right or wrong, Sally admits, when pressed for an explanation of her hurt feelings. It is her disappointment in Bemis for allowing his opinions to be so easily swayed. "He just says: 'Think my way, because I'm New York,' she explains, 'so don't you dare have your own ideas.'"

SALLY — Listen, Charley, other people don't see you the way I do. And I'm frightened for fear that you're really going to be the man they think you are.

BEMIS — You mean I'm just one person to you and somebody else to —

SALLY — But you are. Other people see you with —
BEMIS — What?

SALLY — Second-hand ideas about everything. And you needn't have second-hand ideas, no matter whether they're about the kind of hat you wear or the kind of God you pray to. You see, I've been seeing a lovely person inside you for months, and never realized till tonight that he was fighting for his life.

BEMIS — Fighting for his life?

SALLY — Charley, I'm going to tell you something — I didn't intend to let you know, but I want you to know I care a lot about you.

BEMIS — Sally!

SALLY — But I don't care for the Charley Bemis that Mr. Farraday and the others know — Why when I hear him talk to you, I'm ashamed of you.

BEMIS (*pause*) — You mean — you think I'm a fool.

SALLY — I mean, I learned to care for something that I'd looked for and hadn't found in the seven years I'd been in New York. I've learned to care for a gentle, simple boy, who worked as a clerk because he hadn't been ambitious to be known as a great man, but was really great because he wasn't trying to pretend he was anything but what he was. If they'd said you were dull I'd have said, "All right. He isn't trying to be clever. He isn't all covered with a lot of pretense. You can see him. You can see him standing there. A man who is too honest to swindle you, with a lot of tricks. He's wiser than all of you put together, because he hasn't allowed anything to change him from what God made him. He's real. I love that man."

BEMIS — But Sally, I'm not pretending to be anything but what I am.

SALLY — Charley, what do you think you are?

BEMIS — I'm a clerk — I'm not bright, but I'm not a fool either. I couldn't become a senior clerk and save nine thousand dollars if I was a fool, could I?

And I can think quick when I have to, and I can prove it to you. If I hadn't thought quick in the office this afternoon, I'd have been out of a job tonight. Do you know what happened?

SALLY — No.

BEMIS — They fired a stenographer the other day. I didn't know much about her, but it seems like she was getting a raw deal. I was talking it over with some of the fellows at the office. We all agreed it was wrong, and I told them I had a good mind to go to the boss and tell him so, and just at that minute the boss happened to come in. And as quick as that, I pulled myself together. I saw if I wanted to keep on working and be a success, I wouldn't dare butt in on something that wasn't any of my business. And I didn't. That was quick thinking, wasn't it? *That* wasn't going right ahead and making myself ridiculous and everything else besides.

SALLY — If that's what you call success. Then I wish you were a failure.

Bemis is hurt and rather mystified. If he hasn't done right, what does she think he should have done? He should have had the courage to face the boss and demand to know why he had fired his stenographer, if the only alternative was to admit that he didn't dare take such a stand for fear of losing his job.

"That's being a man," she tells him, "and no matter what you say, Charley, you know in your heart you're not a man right now. You could have nine hundred thousand dollars — you could be the president of the company yourself and you'd be nothing more than you are right now — a carbon copy of everybody else —"

Before he can answer her she has gone. For the moment Bemis sits gazing abstractedly into the fire. "If that's the kind of a thing I am, I wouldn't want you to marry me," he mutters to himself. "People always

have respected me. Nobody ever told me before they didn't. When my grandpa and grandma were living, they respected me. They thought I was going to be President some day. If they were alive they could show her I ain't just a carbon copy. What makes her *think* I'm a carbon copy? I'm just what I was when I first met her, and I hadn't changed then from what I used to be. New York ain't done nothing to me. I keep whatever nice ideas I had. My grandma could tell her that."

The lights begin to fade, gradually, as he is talking. From the hall there comes a voice. It is the voice of his grandmother calling him by his boyhood's pet name, "Skeeter!" Then the voice of his grandfather calls. "Skeeter! Where are you, Skeeter?"

The lights are out and faintly there is the sound of fairy music from a distance. "You're a good boy, Skeeter," insists Grandma.

Slowly the hall doors open automatically and there is a flood of blue light. Standing in its centre are two gentle old people dressed in the clothes of ten years ago. They slowly enter the rooms as Bemis continues to gaze into the fire.

"Hello, Grandma," he calls, softly. "Hello, Grandpa! Gee! I certainly need your help!"

The curtain falls.

ACT II

There has been no lapse of time. Charley Bemis is still gazing into the fire and carrying on his greetings with the old folks without seeing them. Now, as they become more persistent, he rises and recognizes them. But he is still mildly mystified. They are there, and yet he knows they are dead and have been for ever so many years. Which they cheerfully acknowledge.

Though they have almost forgotten the details of their passing.

Now there is a third member of the group, a fairy-like creature who has shown them the way. Bemis seems to remember her, too, but vaguely. He had thought of her when he picked up the fairy story book in the dentist's office. And the moment after he thought of her, she explains, she had met his grandma and grandpa on a road she passed. They were wandering around looking for their little grandson.

Now all three of them want to do anything they can to help Bemis. He needs their help, he admits. Needs it a lot. But first he wants them to reassure him that he is just the way he has always been.

They can see no difference. His hands are clean. Grandma makes sure of that. And he always was about the best boy Grandpa had ever known. Certainly the nicest mortal the fairy ever wanted to see.

It will be a great help if they will tell that to Sally, he says, because she doesn't believe it. He calls Sally and introduces her. First to Grandma and Grandpa and then to the fairy. The fairy is an old Idea of his, he explains. If she must have a name he thinks Lalita would be nice, and everybody is delighted.

Bemis is still a little in doubt as to how he established communications with Lalita and she tries to explain that it was the click. When he picked up the fairy book there was simply a wonderful click. And a click —

"A click," explains Lalita, "is when a mortal and one of us think of each other at the same time. I mean when they both sort of see each other at the same time. You see, where I came from, they try to tell us there are no such things as mortals. Often they'd say, 'Oh, stop believing in mortals and all that sort of nonsense. Mortals indeed!' But I kept on believing. I guess I was the only one there who was believing. You see, when

I was very small, I saw a mortal once. I played with a kite he was flying. (*To Bemis.*) Then today, just for an instant you thought of me. That was the click."

They send for Katie, who knows Lalita the minute she sees her. At least Katie, probably because she is Irish, knows a lot about fairies. She agrees to give Lalita something a little more modern to wear, so everybody won't be staring at her.

They have a fine time getting acquainted. Grandpa explains how all his rheumatism has disappeared since he died. He feels simply elegant now. And Grandma is proud of Charley for remembering to inquire. But then Charley always was the kindest, most thoughtful boy. No ordinary fellow. And the clearest thinker — remember the day the mule fell in a hole and Charley thought of piling in the dirt until the mule could walk right out? That took a bit of thinking.

And the day the tramps set fire to the barn and there wasn't anybody home who could get into the barn to save Captain, the horse? And Charley came running and unlocked the door, even though the lock was hot and blistered his hands, and went in and led Captain out just as cool as you please?

That's the kind of a boy "Skeeter" was. Even Sally is impressed by the recital. But she always knew the real Charley was fine and brave. And it wasn't really she who said she was ashamed of him. It was Farraday. Farraday is the one who should hear about the real Charley Bemis.

So they send for Farraday and tell him. But he is still sneery and cynical. He isn't interested in the kind of person Bemis used to be when he was twelve. It's what he is now that counts.

"All right, we'll talk about that," agrees Grandpa, a little testily. "You've got nerve to criticise a man who holds the position Skeeter does. It ain't patriotic."

"What position?"

"He means you have no right to go around slandering our grandson, the President of the United States," speaks up Grandma.

That's a laugh for Farraday, and Bemis is embarrassed. He isn't the President, he is forced to admit. Not yet. And they're not in the White House, as Grandpa thinks. He's just a clerk.

GRANDMA — What kind of a clerk are you, son?

BEMIS (*going to Grandma*) — A senior clerk. That means I'm higher than the other clerks — I get the biggest salary — and the biggest bonus.

GRANDPA — Why of course you would! (*Going to Farraday.*) (*To Farraday.*) What do you think of that for a boy who didn't start goin' to school till he was eight years old!

FARRADAY — I think just what I've always thought. He doesn't dare call his soul his own.

BEMIS — Yes, I do.

GRANDMA — If I was you, I'd apologize to him for saying that.

FARRADAY (*smiles*) — I'll be glad to if he can change my opinion.

GRANDPA — There Skeeter — there's your chance, now just listen everybody.

FARRADAY (*after a pause*) — Well, I'm waiting, Bemis.

GRANDPA — Go after him Skeeter.

FARRADAY (*looking at Bemis — pause*) — He can't. (*Rises.*) Because he has nothing to say. (*Goes to Bemis.*) He has no mind of his own.

SALLY — Tell him it isn't so — tell him he lies.

FARRADAY — You have no mind, have you Bemis? And you're afraid of New York. That's why you had to bring these old people to help you, isn't it?

BEMIS — That isn't so, is it Grandma and Grandpa? (*To Farraday.*) And you can't prove I ain't independent.

FARRADAY (*to Grandpa*) — No?

BEMIS — No.

Before he can offer further proof Mrs. Poole bustles in. She has found Katie and Lalita upstairs and she doesn't care for such goin's on in her house. Charley ought to know that. Lalita may be only an old idea of Mr. Bemis's, but that idea is a little old-fashioned. It don't fit in with her scheme of things.

"You're what I call the ideal boarder, and I'm going to see you stay one," is Mrs. Poole's ultimatum.

Charley must promise not to have any more ideas like Lalita. In fact all his visitors will have to get out, insists Mrs. Poole. And Charley weakly agrees.

Grandpa can't understand that. Skeeter isn't one to put up with such things. Skeeter was always a scrappy little fellow when anybody was trying to do mean things. Where is he, now? He was there a minute ago!

Bemis tries to assure Grandpa that he is still there, but he can't make himself heard. Something has happened, the old folks insist. They had come in search of their grandson but they must have got into the wrong house. "I was certain sure you wasn't him when you didn't talk up to that man," Grandpa insists, sadly. And they all three — Grandpa, Grandma and Lalita — go out the opened door.

"I don't know a better man to be President," ventures the sarcastic Farraday.

BEMIS (*as the lights grow dim*) — And I came from a little farm. I came to the city, and my people came to help me, but they couldn't. They didn't even know me. Or they couldn't stand for what I'd become. They left me. And now I'm all alone.

SALLY — You're not alone, my dear. (*The room is getting dark.*)

BEMIS — Yes I am. And why are you here?

SALLY — Because you know I love you.

BEMIS — But Sally, I'm nothing at all. That's why they left me.

SALLY (*kneeling beside him*) — No, Charley, you left them. They wanted to help the little boy they knew long ago. If you could find him, he'd take you to the man *I* love.

BEMIS — Do you think I could find him?

SALLY — Only *you* can find him.

BEMIS — But where is he?

SALLY — He's somewhere on the road they're traveling. Tell me you will find him, Charley. Tell me that.

BEMIS — I've got to find him. (*He stands at the open door.*)

SALLY — And when you find him, bring him back to me.

BEMIS (*as he exits*) — Grandpa! Grandma! Here I come! (*The lights go out.*)

In the darkness Bemis can be seen as he searches for the way.

He calls pitifully after his grandpa, "I am the way I always was. I haven't changed at all." But there is no answering call. From somewhere voices are heard, but they are the voices of strangers.

"Look!" calls Bemis, pitifully. "I don't want to do anything wrong. I only want to do what I think I ought to do. I want to be fair and square and not do anything I don't think is right. You remember I always did that. Show me anything is wrong and I'll fix it. I'll do anything for her. Remember how I used to play I was a knight going out on an adventure? That's what I want to do now. Where are you people?"

Still there is no answer. Only the repeated voices,

sometimes of boys and sometimes of men. Circus men, evidently, getting their show ready.

The circus! That was the time people ought to remember Charley Bemis. It was at the circus he had that fight with Porky Mason. Grandpa was proud of him that day, if he could only remember —

Now the lights are bright again and Bemis is standing in the centre of a circus tent. A sort of dressing tent it is, full of properties that are used in the show. The show is going on and the music of the band can be heard in the near distance.

Bemis remembers the circus. That was the day he got up early — at three in the morning, it was — and left a note for Grandma. And she was worried and sent Grandpa after him and came herself as soon as she could to make sure he was all right. He had been carrying water for the animals and making friends with the performers and hundreds of people who were just managers.

Here are Grandpa and Grandma now, very proud of him. He calls to Mr. Barnum and Mr. Bailey to come and meet them. They come, looking much as they used to look on the billboards and feeling very jovial.

BARNUM AND BAILEY — Well, well, well, well, well, well —

BEMIS — Well this certainly is a surprise. Mr. Barnum and Mr. Bailey, would like to have you meet my Grandma and Grandpa.

BARNUM AND BAILEY — Well, this is a pleasure. Quite a treat I must say. Certainly glad to meet you. Welcome, welcome!

GRANDPA — I remember seeing you, Mr. Barnum, when I was a little fellow like Skeeter here. Then you died, I believe.

GRANDMA — Why, yes, I thought you were both dead.

BARNUM — Oh, Lord, no. You don't see anything

mortal about us do you? We've had all the mortality knocked out of us. You know if a fellow's having a good time, he can stay a mortal just so long.

BAILEY — Barnum! Boy!

BARNUM — Boy?

BAILEY — Trying to get in.

BARNUM — Just a second. (*Barnum goes back of the tent, lifts the bottom of the tent and allows a small boy to crawl through.*)

PORKY — Which way is it?

BARNUM (*pointing to entrance D.R.*) — Right through there, sir.

BAILEY (*gets paper bag of peanuts from circus wagon and hands it to Porky*) — With our compliments.

BEMIS — Hello, Porky.

PORKY — Hello, Skeeter, comin' in?

BEMIS — A little later. (*The little boy runs off D.R.*)

BARNUM — Yes indeed. You get fifty or sixty million kids imagining you're a magician and you just see how long a handful of adults can keep you just a dead person. You can't be just a dead person, can you Bailey?

BAILEY — Come one, come all.

GRANDMA — Well, we want to thank you for having been so nice to our grandson. It's quite an honor to have him introduce us to people like you.

GRANDPA — They tell me you're a millionaire, Mr. Barnum?

BARNUM — Many times over. Could my partner and I escort you and your good wife to the Congress of Animals, personally?

BEMIS (*helpfully*) — That's the menagerie.

GRANDMA — Why it would be a rare pleasure. Come on, son.

BEMIS — No, you go ahead. I think I'll stay around here for awhile and get acquainted with some more of the men.

Now there is Everett Rogers, the town roustabout, "slightly drunk, very dirty and most genial," just as he was that other circus day when Bemis was a little boy. Things are happening just the same.

Now Mr. Barnum and Mr. Bailey are back to escort Grandpa and Grandma into the big show which is just about to begin. Now the clowns are running through, getting ready to change suits and be more comic than ever.

Here's the professor who trains the animals — tigers, panthers and reptiles. His chest is all clawed, says Everett. They all get clawed to death sooner or later. He is a philosopher, this Everett. That's really his "spessyality."

EVERETT — I like to study the world. And I'm willing to pay for it. I suppose it costs me about a million dollars every year, just living the way I want to live.

BEMIS — You ain't got that much, Everett.

EVERETT — Oh, you don't know how to figure it. Suppose I'd settle down and decide I'd go into some business. Suppose I said I guess I'll be a banker. With my mind and education I suppose if I put myself right to it, I *could* be a successful banker. I could be one of the most successful bankers in this country. Say, I was. Say my income is a million dollars a year. Well, I give that up. I say, no sirree. I don't want to live that way. I want to live the way *I* want to, *go* wherever *I* want to, and make my own *friends*. Well, it costs me that million, one million dollars, regular, every year, but it's worth it.

BEMIS — But you're pretty lazy too, Everett.

EVERETT — That's part of what I pay for.

BEMIS — You've got a bricky way of lookin' at it, Everett, but I don't think it's right. I know what it is. You're being independent is fine, but then you say you gave up a million that's just an excuse for being lazy.

EVERETT — Let me see. Yes. I guess you're absolutely right.

BEMIS — You had entirely the wrong idea.

EVERETT — That was exactly what I was going to say.

Now the beautiful equestrienne enters — the lady with the ballet clothes and what Everett admits is a "nice form." She's the lady Charley saw aridin' on the elephant in the parade, the little lady from sunny France where they used to drink champagne out of her slipper — Lalita, Mam'selle Lalita, the Queen of the Ring — that's who she is. The ringmaster is calling her turn.

"Lalita! Lalita! She's my girl!" cries Bemis, wonderingly.

But Everett corrects him. Millie is Charley Bemis's girl, and he'd promised to take her to the circus! And almost forgot! Here she is, now, come by herself, knowing what boys are like when it comes to callin' at a girl's house.

It is after they have had the strawberry assorted ice cream that Charley begins to remember a lot of things. It was Mildred, for instance, to whom he had given the book of fairy tales. And it was Mildred who used to go with him over to Suttner's pond, which was a sort of headquarters for fairies. It was there they actually saw the Fairy Queen dancing —

Lalita's the Fairy Queen! She's the very one they had seen dancing. And she's here now. It was Lalita who used to tell all the fairies what to do. All except the King, Lalita corrects them. The King was the real ruler. All kings do, in fact, is to rule and sit around.

It is a nice party until Porky breaks it up. Porky is twelve and a doubter. There may be fairy queens around here and there. Perhaps one is sitting right now on the end of Skeeter's finger. But Porky can't see them. He never could. He can only see Mildred and Skeeter

and the clowns. And he thinks any fellow who believes in fairies would believe in Santy Claus. And that he is afraid of everything, and a sissy, and —

Even when Grandpa and Grandma come back to find out what has happened Bemis is afraid to talk back to Porky. But suddenly he begins to understand. He, Charley Bemis, is only a fellow from New York who doesn't dare face anybody. "I don't dare face my boss. That's who I am," he admits, pitifully. "I ain't Skeeter. Skeeter's all right. Skeeter's just as brave as you think he is. Skeeter would fight for anything he believed in, wouldn't you, Skeeter?"

At which vote of confidence Skeeter himself, a sturdy little fellow of twelve years, comes briskly into the tent. He's the fellow Charley Bemis used to be. And right away he wants to know what all the trouble is about. Back come Everett, and Barnum and Bailey, the animal trainer, the ice cream man and the circus lady. They make quite a crowd, and before them all Skeeter faces Porky and makes him apologize. He has to apologize or fight. That's the kind of a fellow Skeeter is.

PORKY — Oh, wait a minute, Charley.

SKEETER — I'll wait to give you one chance to apologize. If you don't apologize and before I count ten, I'm going to give you a licking that you'll remember all your born days.

SKEETER — *Now, one, and two and three and four —*

PORKY — I wasn't trying to hurt him any.

SKEETER — And eight and nine and

PORKY — Wait. I apologize. (*Turns away — others laugh.*)

SKEETER — To Milly.

PORKY — Yes. I'm sorry, Milly.

SKEETER — And to me.

PORKY — I didn't mean to make fun of you.

SKEETER (*after a pause*) — All right.

PORKY — Want me to apologize to your fairy, too?

SKEETER (*angrily*) — What?

PORKY — Of course I can't see her. But if you want me to —

SKEETER — You can't see her. Of course you can't see her. You can hardly see anything. You're too dumb. How can you be expected to apologize to someone you can't see. Ain't I right, Grandpa and Grandma?

GRANDPA — Certainly, you're right. (*Porky starts to leave.*) (*Skeeter is putting on his coat again helped by Mildred and Lalita. Grandpa turns to Barnum and Bailey.*)

GRANDPA — Pretty fine grandson I've got here, ain't he?

BARNUM — He's a boy to be proud of.

EVERETT — Independent, that's what he is.

FIRST CLOWN — He's O.K.

SECOND CLOWN — Sure he is.

BEMIS — What about me?

SKEETER — What?

BEMIS — I'm in trouble.

SKEETER — Oh, you? You're the fellow that's been using my name, ain't you?

BEMIS — Yes.

SKEETER — Well, that's all right. You had a right to do it in a way. Wait a minute. Look Grandma. I just thought of something.

GRANDMA — What, Skeeter.

SKEETER — Why, I won't be home in time for supper tonight. I don't know when I'll be back.

GRANDPA — What's the trouble boy?

SKEETER — I've got a little job on my hands with this fellow here.

GRANDMA — Where are you going, Skeeter?

SKEETER — We're going years and years away from here! This old thing and me we're going on an adventure. We're going to an office. We're going back to

J. H. Porter & Company, Incorporated, and avenge a woman's good name. Come on. (*Takes Bemis's hand — the band begins — the crowd cheers.*)

The scene changes to Mr. Porter's office, furnished with Mr. Porter's handsome desk and Mr. Porter's large chair, with comfortable leather chairs for visitors. Bemis and Skeeter are standing in the centre of the room and Skeeter is still counting "and seven and eight and nine and ten — this is it, ain't it?"

This, admits Bemis, is it. That is where Mr. Porter sits and here is where you stand when you bring him the papers. But this time, prompts Skeeter, you sit, you don't stand.

Bemis isn't so sure he can carry the thing off alone, but he knows he will have to do the talking. All Skeeter can do is to stand by, inspiring the old time physical courage and lending moral support.

Now Mr. Porter comes bustling in, followed by Sparrow, to whom he is giving orders about Bemis. Bemis is to take charge of the A and B accounts when he gets back to the office. He knows more about them than any one else. Bemis is a valuable man around the first of the month.

Now Sparrow has gone and Mr. Porter notices Bemis for the first time. Of course he can't see Skeeter pushing Bemis into the centre of the room. Nor does he know that it is Skeeter's prompting that forces Bemis to ask for a moment of Mr. Porter's time for a frank talk.

First of all Bemis wants to resign. The things he wants to say to Mr. Porter demand that. And having resigned, and been asked to be seated, much to Skeeter's satisfaction, Bemis would like to know a few things. What, for instance, was Mr. Porter's idea of firing the blond? "I don't know what her name was," admits Bemis. "We call her the Duchess. You gave her the gate yesterday."

Mr. Porter admits the charge. And Bemis is frank to say that it was at the very least a despiga-a — despicable thing to do.

PORTER — Despicable? Could you be a little more explicit?

BEMIS — I certainly can. I wish to say in behalf of that girl that I don't know from Adam that she was just startin' out to be a stenographer and that she got the gate after she'd only been here a couple of days and that you tried to make up to her. Am I correct or not? I want to get the various points straightened out, Mr. Porter. I mean as follows: I happened to have a talk with the lady while coming up in the elevator yesterday, and she struck me as the kind of a person who'd be very zealous about her work. And from our brief talk, I got the idea that a great deal depended on her success or non-success with her position. I told her all she had to do was to be prompt and use her brain and she needn't worry. And this afternoon, two other clerks, whose names I won't mention, told me that her good looks had been her downfall. I just wanted to come to you and say I think that's a pretty rotten piece of business. If it's true. Now, you see why I resigned first. I guess that's about all I had to say, except that when I get another job, I'll try to get that girl a position there, too. (*Starts for the door.*) Come on Skeeter. To hell with him.

PORTER — Bemis, just a minute. I hope you get your job all right. But may I make a suggestion?

BEMIS — Certainly.

PORTER — Don't get her one.

BEMIS — Why not?

PORTER — Because, as I told her, just before she left, yesterday, it would be wise for her to go back to business school and resume her studies.

BEMIS — She needs a job.

PORTER — Then I hope she gets one, but not as a stenographer, Bemis. (*Rises.*) May I invite you back into the office again, Bemis, as my guest? (*He is waved into the chair again.*)

PORTER — Bemis, at what time do you think stenographers ought to come to work?

BEMIS — Some decent hour, around nine o'clock.

PORTER — By an odd coincidence, nine o'clock is what I think, too. Miss Hartman, or the Duchess, if you prefer, apparently agreed with me, the day she was engaged. I doubt if you met her in the elevator while coming to work in the morning.

BEMIS — No. It was at two o'clock when I come back from lunch, yesterday.

PORTER — She'd been out since twelve, and the three days in which we were honored with royalty, she appeared consecutively at nine-fifteen, nine-thirty-five, and ten-six. I believe the subway had its agents to work to retard her trains. On arriving at the office, she mitigated the discomforts of an alien and seemingly unfriendly atmosphere by the solace of chewing gum. Duchess or no Duchess, she chewed it more noisily than I had believed possible. I should like to have you look at a letter which she transcribed on a typewriter the evening of her second day. You can take it with you, if you wish, as I've had several copies made to show my friends. (*Hands letter to Bemis.*) That interesting anagram at the top stands for "T. J. Smith, Esq., Dear Sir."

BEMIS — Mr. Porter — Well, I misjudged her, that's all.

PORTER — I wish I could put to rest your suspicion concerning any amorous overtures from me, a commoner, to her Highness. As a matter of fact, and this is in the strictest confidence, her own decided friendliness put me in such a state of mind that during the last few hours of her stay, I was obliged to have Miss Keedrick chaperone us. Now I don't wish to appear as a saint

in your eyes, but I should like you to recognize in me a firm believer in the sanctity of the office. Were there any other points you wished to discuss?

BEMIS — No.

PORTER — Well Bemis, I want to thank you for your interest in this matter.

BEMIS (*rises*) — I told you what I thought, and I was mistaken. All I can say is I'm sorry I took up your time. (*To Skeeter.*) Come on, kid.

They are on their way out when Mr. Porter calls them back. There is a strange look in his eyes. He has just made a most interesting discovery. Heretofore he had always thought of Bemis as a mere clerk — a very competent employee but still a clerk. Now, for the first time, he sees him as an individual. In fact Mr. Porter is ready to go even so far as to admit that Bemis is really a man. And Mr. Porter would regret very much losing a man. Won't Bemis reconsider his decision about resigning? Bemis would be very glad to reconsider. In fact he would like to stay.

Skeeter is not so greatly pleased at this decision. It's all right to think a lot of a job, but what if you do lose it? What of it?

That's right, admits Bemis. He's a lot stronger than he used to be — but when Skeeter is ready to leave him he becomes panicky again. He needs Skeeter — to help him keep on being a man.

SKEETER — But you are a man now.

BEMIS — Only because you were helping me.

SKEETER — But I didn't do anything. You took charge. You got through it all right. You got through it fine.

BEMIS — But, gee, I'll be scared if you go.

SKEETER — If you are, then I'd never want to see you again. I can't be with you all the time.

BEMIS — Where are you going?

SKEETER — Just back to Grandpa and Grandma. You'd like me to be with them wouldn't you?

BEMIS — Sure. But I'd like to kind of keep in touch with you.

SKEETER — Don't worry about that. I'll let you hear from me every now and then.

BEMIS — How?

SKEETER — All you'll have to do will be to think of me, and then gradually, why, it'll get so that even when you ain't thinking of me you'll know I'm trying to help you.

BEMIS — Yeh?

SKEETER — Sure. Sometimes when you're trying to think something out that you ought to do, you'll feel me tug at your coat. I'll say — (*He tugs at Bemis's coat.*) "Come on, make up your mind." (*Offers his hand.*) (*Bemis shakes it.*) So-long.

BEMIS (*after Skeeter has gone*) — So-long. (*Smiles.*) (*Skeeter goes to door.*) Gee, I certainly was a nice little kid. (*Skeeter exits.*) Skeeter! Skeeter!

The curtain falls.

ACT III

Back in Mrs. Poole's sitting room Bemis is still gazing into the fire as he was when Sally left him to his reverie. His tooth has been swelling. He is muttering to himself as Mrs. Poole passes through the room to answer the front doorbell.

"Skeeter — Skeeter! That's what I should have done, and that's what I didn't do."

The caller is Sparrow, come to borrow enough to pay for a taxi to take his girl home. He finds Bemis in a funny mood — kinda solemn and touchy. Also a bit defiant. When Mrs. Poole suggests that she fix a com-

press for the swelling wisdom tooth, and Sparrow expresses the belief that his friend will sure look funny with his head all tied up and the knot at the top of his dome, Bemis curtly orders Mrs. Poole to bring the poultice. Being laughed at is what he needs.

Another thought troubles him. If he were a socialist, like a fellow named Palmer who used to live in Mrs. Poole's house, and he had a toothache, would Mrs. Poole fix him up? She would not! She would not even have him in the house! Which proves to Bemis that being the kind of a fellow he is is pretty easy on other people.

Kellogg and Fry are back from their pool game. They stop long enough to have a laugh at Bemis and to talk over a few minor national issues with Sparrow. Business is generally pretty good, they agree, taking one thing with another and the hotels being crowded the way they are. Of course there's the matter of the French debt. If Sparrow had his way he wouldn't lend France another nickel. No, sir. Not a nickel. Money's too tight as it is. As a matter of fact, Kellogg and Fry are agreed, things aren't lookin' any too good. Collections are bad. The average man doesn't realize how serious things really are —

Bemis laughs. He has been watching himself in that conversation, and the revelation is amusing. Kellogg thinks Charley may be sore or something. But he isn't. "You can't be sore at a looking-glass," he says. "You cant be sore if somebody shows you that one and one make two. I ain't that much of a fool."

Sally Fields comes down to get the sandwich and glass of milk Katy has kept for her. She notices the poultice, too.

SALLY — I'm glad you put a poultice on.

BEMIS — Why don't you laugh?

SALLY — Charley — Do you hate me?

BEMIS — How could I hate you?

SALLY — I hurt you. I know I hurt you a lot.

BEMIS — You told me what was good for me. That always hurts.

SALLY — I told you what I thought I saw — some one who was fine.

BEMIS — I've been seeing him, too. I don't see how you ever saw him with me standing in the way. What you saw was the little boy I used to be.

SALLY — Yes, perhaps.

BEMIS — I guess my back was turned towards him too long. I hardly knew him when I saw him.

SALLY — He's never been far away.

BEMIS (*after a rueful smile*) — I'm changed, Sally. And I changed long before you met me. I didn't realize I'd changed as much as all that.

SALLY — As what?

BEMIS — I never realized that I've changed into the kind of a fellow that runs away from things that don't matter. That I've let myself be scared of things no one ought to be scared of. I've changed so much from the fellow I used to be it's a wonder I even hung on to my name. That was the only thing that made me different from thousands of other fellows, my face was different. "Charley Bemis, that's the one with a different face." You see, people like me ain't born, they're printed. Anyway you had a lucky escape, Sally.

FARRADAY (*with Mrs. Farraday suddenly bursts into the room*) — Oh, excuse me.

MRS. FARRADAY — Have you been here all evening?

SALLY — Yes. Did you like the picture?

FARRADAY — Very good, surprised me. (*Starts to go.*)

BEMIS — Well, Mrs. Poole was right for once.

FARRADAY — She certainly was.

MRS. FARRADAY — How's your tooth, Mr. Bemis?

BEMIS — It's coming through fine now.

MRS. FARRADAY — Have you got a good dentist?

BEMIS — I've got one I'm satisfied with.

FARRADAY (*to Mrs. Farraday*) — We ought to send him to Dr. Ferris.

MRS. FARRADAY — Oh, yes.

FARRADAY — Dr. Ferris is a friend of ours and is very good.

BEMIS — I don't doubt it.

FARRADAY — Yes, he's one of the best in New York. I know I can get him to make a very reasonable fee for you.

BEMIS — Thanks very much, but I don't think I'll change the one I've got. He's got a book down in his office I want to read again. I suppose everybody has the best dentist.

FARRADAY — I guess you can't change a man's opinion about his dentist.

BEMIS — But about everything else though, eh?

FARRADAY — About politics, yes.

BEMIS (*he kneels on sofa with his back to audience*) — Do you know what I really think is the matter with Coolidge?

FARRADAY — What?

BEMIS — He seems to be afraid to say what he thinks.

FARRADAY (*pause*) — Mr. Bemis, I think you're absolutely right.

There is a smile of satisfaction on Charley Bemis's face as he bids the Farradays good night. He has made a start. He feels stronger already. He wouldn't be afraid to face New York now. Or to talk up to the boss —

Which reminds him. He still has that to do. He thinks perhaps he had better go right up to Mr. Porter's office the next day. Sally tries to reason him out of that. "That's the way to feel, Charley," she admits; "but

now that you know that I don't think you need to bother about actually doing it."

But Bemis is not going to be talked out of decisions any more. That's been his trouble. As a matter of fact he thinks instead of waiting until next day he will call up Mr. Porter right now, even if it is late.

SALLY — Wait a moment and we'll finish our game. (*Exit in dining room.*)

BEMIS (*has a mental struggle with himself*) — Mr. Porter, why did you fire that blond? (*His hand grasps the front of his coat, and he is tugging at it as Skeeter did — he realizes what he is doing and rushes up to phone.*) Murray Hill 7439. Yes please — (*Pause.*) Hello! Is this Mr. Porter's residence? (*Pause.*) Is Mr. Porter there? . . . Bemis. . . . Bemis, from the office. Yes. (*Pause.*) Yes — very important. I've got to speak to him. . . . Thanks. . . . (*Pause.*) Hello! Hello, Mr. Porter. . . . This is Bemis. Why, Mr. Porter, I'm sorry I'm calling you up so late. It's just that there's something on my mind an' I thought I'd feel better if I called you up about it. I won't keep you but a moment. . . . Mr. Porter, you discharged a stenographer yesterday, you know the one I mean? . . . Well, I just want you to tell me she didn't do her work right, if that was the reason, then I won't bother you any more. (*Sally enters from dining room.*) It's this to me, if she was doing her work all right, I want to know why you discharged her? (*Pause.*) Well, I don't mean to be impudent; but you see I'm not exactly a clerk. That just happens to be the job I have. (*Pause.*) What, sir? (*Pause.*) All right, but do you think you was fair to that girl? (*Pause.*) Hello! (*There is no answer and Bemis hangs up phone.*)

SALLY — What happened?

BEMIS — He fired me.

SALLY — That's what I thought.

BEMIS — Yes, sir. He fired me. Not that I blame him much either. (*Pause.*) Or that I care a damn. (*Smiles.*) I don't care a damn. That's it, Sally, I don't care a damn!

SALLY — Charley, I can't see a single trace of the man they know, now.

BEMIS — Don't you?

SALLY — Not one.

BEMIS — Every word that Farraday said about me was right. I couldn't be sore at him.

SALLY — Of course you couldn't.

BEMIS — Gee! What a second hand thing I've been.

SALLY — Charley. (*Pulls at his coat.*)

BEMIS — What?

SALLY — Shall we go on with the game?

BEMIS — All right. You know I'm going to like this game an awful lot.

SALLY — Now I deal out twelve cards — we each get six — now keep four and throw two away, they make what is called the crib, etc.

The curtain falls.

THE PLAYS AND THEIR AUTHORS

"Craig's Wife." By George Kelly. Copyright, 1925, by the author. Published and copyrighted, 1925, by Little, Brown & Co. New York.

George Kelly, whose second appearance in these volumes this happens to be, was born in Philadelphia thirty-odd years ago. He has been an actor, principally in vaudeville, to which he contributed many short plays. He is the author of "The Show-Off," ("Best Plays of 1923-24") and "The Torchbearers" and is, of course, writing another play for next season.

"The Great God Brown," by Eugene O'Neill. Copyright, 1925, by the author. Published and copyrighted, 1925, by Boni & Liveright.

Mr. O'Neill, as becomes the internationally acknowledged representative American playwright, has made his appearance in four previous volumes of this year book—with "Beyond the Horizon" (1919-20), "Emperor Jones" (1920-21), "Anna Christie" (1921-22), and "Desire Under the Elms" (1924-25). The son of James O'Neill, better remembered as "The Count of Monte Cristo" by the playgoers of his day, he was born in Provincetown and prefixed Eugene Gladstone. His first short plays were produced by the Provincetown Players, of whom he was the inspirational leader. Last year he formed, with Kenneth Macgowan and Robert Edmond Jones, a producing firm which was this year merged with the Actors' Theatre for the purposes of a continued fostering of the experimental drama.

"The Green Hat," by Michael Arlen. Copyright, 1924, by the author. Published and copyrighted by Doran & Co., New York.

Michael Arlen was born of Armenian parentage thirty years ago. He was very young, however, when he went to England, where he was educated. He was a student at Oxford for a time, but being ambitious to write books gave up college and started as a free-lance in London. He was eighteen then. His first book, in fact, was called "The London Venture," and he was considerably flattered when knowing folk whispered that Arlen was a *nom de plume* for George Moore. He next did a book of short stories under the title of "The Romantic Lady," which created a bit of a stir, but his third book, "Piracy," did not. With "These Charming People" he definitely arrived, and this was followed by "The Green Hat," first as a novel and then as a play. He has since written "Mayfair" and helped to make a play of "These Charming People" for Cyril Maude.

"The Dybbuk," by S. Ansky. Alsberg-Katzin translation; published and copyrighted, 1925, by Boni & Liveright, New York.

Ansky is a *nom du theatre*, Rappaport being the family name. Ansky was born in 1859 in Russia, where he lived until 1892, when he settled in Paris as a political emigrant. There he served as private secretary to the Russian philosopher, P. Ladrow. He acknowledges a period of complete indifference to Jewish people and Jewish thought, but was brought back to the racial fold by the Dreyfus affair and soon thereafter wrote "In a Jewish Family" and "Mendel the Turk." From Berne, Switzerland, he took an active part in various Jewish revolutionary move-

ments. In 1913 he combined two of his folk stories in the play, "The Dybbuk," which was first called "Between Two Worlds." He died during the preparation of the play for production in the Jewish Theatre in Warsaw. "The Dybbuk" soon became a favorite in the Yiddish theatres of the world.

"The Enemy," by Channing Pollock. Copyright, 1925, by the author. Published and copyrighted, 1926, by Brentano's.

Channing Pollock is also an alumnus of the "Best Plays" academy. His "The Fool" was included in the issue of 1922-23. He was born in Washington, D. C., in 1880, was graduated from the Bethel Military Academy and studied at the Polytechnique in Prague. He was for many years a newspaper reporter and dramatic critic in Washington and later went in seriously for press agency, heralding many of the attractions of William A. Brady. He dramatized "The Pit" during this service, and followed this in later years with some thirty comedies and dramas, including "The Little Gray Lady," and the dramatizations of "In the Bishop's Carriage," "The Secret Orchard," and "The Inner Shrine." He wrote "Clothes" with Avery Hopwood, and a series of musical comedies with the late Rennold Woolf, including the book for one of Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies." "The Roads of Destiny" and "The Sign on the Door" were among his successes.

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," by Frederick Lonsdale. Copyright, 1925, by the author. Published and copyrighted, 1925.

Mr. Lonsdale is an Englishman, born in London, and began writing plays in 1908, when both his "The

Early Worm" and "King of Caledonia" were produced. He did the books for numerous musical comedies, including "The Balkan Princess" and "The Maid of the Mountains," both of which reached America. He made the adaptation of "Monsieur Beaucaire" and was notably successful two years ago with "Spring Cleaning."

"Bride of the Lamb," by William Hurlbut. Copyright, 1925, by the author. Published and copyrighted, 1925, by Boni & Liveright, New York.

William Hurlbut was born in Belvidere, Ill., in 1883, which gives him the right, he feels, to speak authoritatively of small-town life and its influences. He studied art at the St. Louis Art School and the Chicago Art Institute, and for a time did illustrating for Harper's, Cosmopolitan, Life, etc. Being ambitious to write plays, he foreswore art and has been playwriting ever since with varying degrees of success. His first produced play was "The Fighting Hope," in which Blanche Bates starred, and he afterwards wrote "The Writing on the Wall" for Olga Nethersole, "The Strange Woman" for Elsie Ferguson, "Romance and Arabella" for Laura Hope Crews and "Lilies of the Field" for Marie Doro. At least these actresses starred in these plays after they were written. His "Trimmed in Scarlet" was played in America by Maxine Elliott and in England by Irene Vanbrugh. O. P. Heggie did "The Cup," and Edmund Breese "Chivalry." "The Bride of the Lamb," with Alice Brady, is his most pronounced success to date. He got the idea, he admits, from a newspaper story which told of a minister who killed his wife and a parishioner who murdered her husband in order that the two should be free to love each other.

"The Wisdom Tooth," by Marc Connelly. Copyright, 1925, by the author. Published and copyrighted, 1925, by Doran & Co., New York.

Marc Connelly's prominence as a playwright was gained as a collaborateur. With George Kaufman he wrote "Dulcy," "Merton of the Movies," and "Beggars on Horseback," all of which have been included in previous editions of the "Best Plays" series. He was a newspaper man in Pittsburg in his youth and later in New York. "The Wisdom Tooth" is his first long play written out of his own head.

"The Butter and Egg Man," by George Kaufman. Copyright, 1925, by the author. Published and copyrighted, 1925, by Boni & Liveright, New York.

This is George Kaufman's fifth appearance in this history of the American theatre. He was associated with Mr. Connelly, as previously noted, and with Edna Ferber in the writing of "Minick," a comedy included in last year's volume. He, too, began as a newspaper man in Pittsburg, gravitated to New York and, after some experience as a columnist, took to playwrighting. For several years he has been the dramatic editor of the New York Times. "The Butter and Egg Man" is the first of his original plays to reach production.

"Young Woodley," by John Van Druten. Copyright, 1925, by the author. Published and copyrighted, 1925, by Simon & Shuster, New York.

John Van Druten, though he admits having written considerable verse, several short stories and four plays, was really quite unknown in his jolly but

none too curious old England when he submitted "Young Woodley" to the English playbrokers and sold it the same day to Basil Dean for London and George Tyler for America. Afterward the English production was stopped by the censor with the excuse that the play reflected discredibly upon the English school system. Investigation uncovered Van Druten as a youth of twenty-three who gains a livelihood lecturing at a Welsh university at Aberystwyth. He writes for the theatre because he is fond of the theatre, has always had a bit of ambition to act and hopes one day to give up lecturing and go in for playwriting exclusively. Which, if his "Young Woodley" royalties amount to anything, may be soon.

PLAYS PRODUCED IN NEW YORK

June 15, 1925 — June 15, 1926

GRAND STREET FOLLIES

A musical revue. Book and lyrics by Agnes Morgan; music by Lily Hyland. Produced at the Neighborhood Theatre, New York, June 18, 1925.

Principals engaged —

Helen Arthur
Irene Lewisohn
Esther Mitchell
Lois Shore
Vera Allen
Lily Lubell
Paula Trueman
Ann Schmidt
Dorothy Sands
Sadie Sussman
Blanche Talmud
Michel Barroy
Philip Mann
George Heller

Albert Carroll
Ian Maclaren
Edgar Kent
Whitford Kane
Otto Hulcius
Marc Lobell
Junius Matthews
J. Blake Scott
George Bratt
George Hoag
William Beyer
Allen Vincent
Thomas Tilton
Dan Walker

GILBERT'S ENGAGED

A burlesque by W. S. Gilbert. Music and lyrics by Brian Hooker. Produced by The Stagers at the Fifty-second Street Theatre, New York, June 18, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Maggie Macfarlane	Marjerie Vonnegut
Angus Macfarlane	Albert Hecht
Mrs. Macfarlane	Margaret Love
Belvawney	Jay Fassett
Belinda Treherne	Antoinette Perry
Mr. Symperson	George Riddell
Cheviot Hill	J. M. Kerrigan
Major McGillicuddy	Peavey Wells
Parker	Dollé Gray

Minnie Rosamond Whiteside
 Act I.—Garden of a Cottage Near Gretna, on the Border Between
 England and Scotland. Acts II and III.—Drawing Room in Symper-
 son's House in London. Staged by Edward T. Goodman.

A revival of the Gilbert two-act farce, with songs added, the melodies being of the period with lyrics by Brian Hooker.

A GOOD BAD WOMAN

A play in three acts by William J. McNally. Revived by William A. Brady and A. H. Woods at the Playhouse, New York, June 22, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Archie Capper	Arthur Albertson
Mrs. Capper	Florence Earle
Dr. Carlyle Lawler	Calvin Thomas
June Lawler	Frances Goodrich
Bobbie Lawler	Doris Freeman
Mary Ferris	Josephine Evans
Bull Ferris	Hal Clarendon
Otto	Walter Kenny

Acts I, II and III.—Living Room of the Capper Suite at the Hotel Miramont.

See "The Best Plays of 1924-25."

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS

A musical revue. Book by William K. Wells and George White; music by Ray Henderson; lyrics by B. G. DeSylva and Lew Brown. Produced by George White at the Apollo Theatre, New York, June 22, 1925.

Principals engaged —

Harry Fox	Helen Morgan
Tom Patricola	Alice Weaver
Gordon Dooley	Helen Hudson
Norman Phillips	Mrs. Norman Phillips
Norman Phillips, Jr.	Martha Morton
Harry Morrissey	Dorothy McCarthy
Arthur Ball	Helen Wehrle
Chris Crane	McCarthy Sisters
James Miller	Albertina Rasch Girls
Jim Carty	Vada Alexander
Fred Lyon	
Elm City Four	

Staged by George White.

ARTISTS AND MODELS

A musical revue. Skits and sketches by Harold Atteridge and Harry Wagstaff Gribble; lyrics by Clifford Grey; music by Alfred Goodman, J. Fred Coots and Maurice Rubens. Produced by The Messrs. Shubert at the Winter Garden, New York, June 24, 1925.

Principals engaged—

Gertrude Hoffman Girls
Lulu McConnell
Llora Hoffman
Aline McMahon
Jane Carroll
Beatrice Swanson
Eleanor Willems
Frances Willems
Sunshine Jarrman
Margaret Merle
Gene Wallin
Carol Maybury
Miriam Fine
Shari Hockman
Betty Lawrence
Staged by J. J. Shubert.

Walter Woolf
Billy B. Van
Phil Baker
Jay Brennan
Stanley Rogers
Herbert Corthell
George Rosener
Herbert Ashton
Caits Brothers
Teddy Claire
Andrew Joachim

EARL CARROLL VANITIES

A musical revue. Music by Clarence Gaskill; dialogue by William A. Grew; additional sketches by Jimmy Duffy, Arthur ("Bugs") Baer, Blanche Merrill, Julius Tannen, Lester Allen, Owen Murphy, Jay Gorney and Bozeman Bulger. Produced by Earl Carroll at the Earl Carroll Theatre, New York, July 6, 1925.

Principals engaged—

Julius Tannen
Ted Healy
Jack Norton
Wallace McCutcheon
M. DeJari
Oscar Lorraine
Van Lowe
M. Senia Gluck
Dave Chasen
Harold Yates

Bobby Folsom
Betty Healy
Kathryn Ray
Marjorie Peterson
Vivian Hart
Adele Neff
Felicia Sorel
Pearl Eaton
Josephine Sabel
Celia Branz

The Three Whirlwinds
 Dave Jones
 Ross Gorman
 Milton Suskind
 Jack Harris
 Saul Sharrow
 Tony Colicchio
 Staged by Earl Carroll.

Jeannette Gilmore
 Jessie Dragonette

ALL WET

A play in three acts by Willis Maxwell Goodhue.
 Produced by The Players at Wallack's Theatre, New
 York, July 6, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Thomas Finch Ingram	Charles Brown
Higgins	Edward Emery
Mae Ingram	Mary Duncan
Jane Hastings	Constance Molineaux
Violet Fish	Elizabeth Dunne
William Archibald Johns	Howard Freeman
Frederick Vallandigham Carter	Mann Holiner
Lucy Norton	Beauton O'Quinn
Captain Amos Ruggles	James Baber
Caroline Brewster	Carolyn McLean
Acts I, II and III.—The Living Room of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Finch Ingram, Situated in Yonkers. Staged by Edward Emery.	

Higgins, a bachelor butler, matrimonially uninclined, decides to bolshevizize his master's Yonkers household by giving a "nationalization" party over the week-end, with each woman and each man for himself. Higgins, it transpires, is crazy.

THE MORNING AFTER

A comedy in three acts by Len D. Hollister and Leona Stephens. Produced by L. M. Simmons at the Hudson Theatre, New York, July 27, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Will Sumner	A. H. Van Buren
Helen Sumner	Anne Morrison
Iola	Emma Wise
Jimmy Duff	Donald Foster
Ambrose Guthrie	Arthur Ayilsworth
Mrs. Madera	Verree Teasdale

Mrs. Lamb Gypsy O'Brien
 "Patsy" Andrews Kay Johnson
 Mrs. Guthrie Constance Beaumar
 Mrs. "Dickie" Deming Zola Talma
 Acts I, II and III.—Sumner's Bungalow on an Island in Sebago
 Lake, Maine. Staged by Lester Lonergan.

Will Sumner, giving a house-and-souse party in the Maine woods, discovers the loss of a valuable gas patent, and suspects all his hang-over guests. Two of the lady guests indulge in a hair-pulling match, and the loser, a divorcee, is revealed as the crook.

SPRING FEVER

A comedy in three acts by Vincent Lawrence. Produced by A. H. Woods at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York, August 3, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Jack Kelly James Rennie
 David Waters Joseph Kilgour
 Allie Monte Marion Coakley
 Harry Johnson Harry Whittemore
 Paul Tewksbury Leo Kennedy
 Martha Lomsdon Helen Carrington
 A Stranger Fred Sutton
 Harry Ayer John T. Dwyer
 Frank Hoyt Wilton Lackaye, Jr.
 Fred Lewis Lou Turner
 James Standish Charles Penman
 Servant Chandler Houghton
 Bell-Boy Edward Emerson
 Harriet Wilson June Starr
 Juliet Carrol Kathryn Brown
 Gladys Irving Agatha Frederic
 Muriel Devere Francetta Mallory
 Wallace Gilroy Arthur H. Allen, Jr.
 Robert King Stewart Seymore
 Charles Williams Emmet Ryan
 Monte Brooks J. Alden Cooke
 Prologue—Office of a Warehouse. Act I.—Out in the Country.
 Act II.—A Room in a Clubhouse. Act III.—A Suite in a Hotel.
 Staged by Bertram Harrison.

Jack Kelly, a shipping clerk employed by David Waters, having won the public course golf championship saves himself from being fired by teaching Waters how to cure a slice. As a reward Waters puts Kelly up at a swell golf club for his annual two weeks' vacation. At

the club Kelly's golf wins the interest of Alice Monte. He falls in love with her and forgets how to play. She laughs at him at first, but finally suspecting him of being an eccentric millionaire, she marries him. On their honeymoon she discovers he is just Kelly, by which time she doesn't care.

THE LITTLE POOR MAN

A play in four acts by Harry Lee. Produced by Clare Tree Major at the Princess Theatre, New York, August 5, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Guido	Le Roi Operti
Tavern Maid	Betty Woodruff
Pica	Isobel Merson
Pietro	Isidore Marciele
Market Woman	Lois Ross
Market Woman	Ruth Hastings
Flower Girl	Ann Hobson
Carter	Douglas Barrington
Dominic	Lewis Boulter
Lady Clare	Elsie Herndon Kearns
Her Duenna	Ruth Gerrick
Francesco Bernadone	Jerome Lawler
Children	Edwrey Keyes, George Offerman, Jr., Billy Klein, Omar Le Cant
Pietro Bernadone	Gustav Stryker
Beggar	Charles Voehl
Elias	Nelson Grant
Angelo	Lynne Berry
Ruffino	Howard Claney
Juniper	George Hare
Zita	Ann Lubou
Other Gypsies	Dorothy Major, Ellen Tether, Betty Woodruff, Phoebe Brand, Lassie Dalton, Stella Miller
Hermit	Charles Warburton
Bishop Ugolino	Charles Warburton
Pacifico	Arthur Fox
Leo	Wallis Roberts
1st Convert	Robert T. Daggett
2nd Convert	Charles Voehl
Diavolo	Gustav Stryker
Knight	Lynne Berry
Act I.—The Square of Assisi. Act II.—Scene 1—The Hermitage.	
Scene 2—The Square of Assisi. Act III.—The Hermitage. Act	
IV.—Diavolo's Hut in the Forest, and later the Hermitage. Directed	
by Charles Warburton.	

A meeting with St. Francis of Assisi when he was plain Francesco Bernadone and something of a roystering

blade about the town of Assisi. Thereafter he forswears wine and women and takes to the road and the convent, later to live his good life and die by the record.

JUNE DAYS

A musical comedy in three acts, after a play by Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton; book by Cyrus Wood; lyrics by Clifford Grey; music by J. Fred Coots. Produced by Lee and J. J. Shubert at the Astor Theatre, New York, August 6, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Butler	Ralph Reader
Susie Rolles	Gladys Walton
Mrs. Rolles	Winifred Harris
Sally Boyd	Berta Donn
George Boyd	Maurice Holland
Herman Van Zandt	Lee Kohlmar
David Stewart	George Dobbs
Austin Bevans	Roy Royston
Miss Hayes	Claire Grenville
Miss Curtis	Millie James
Elise Benedotti	Elizabeth Hines
Johnson	Jay C. Flippen
Helen	Aileen Meehan
Dorothy	Bobbie Perkins
Edna	Sylvia Carol
Muriel	Bebe Stanton
Renee	Joan Lyons
Act I.—Drawing Room of the Rolles Suburban Home, near New York.	
Act II.—Principal's Room at the Bevans School. Act III.—	
Scene 1—The Girls' Dormitory. Scene 2—Principal's Room.	
Staged by J. J. Shubert.	

Austin Bevans inherits a girls' school and undertakes to run it on the theory that the one thing girls really should be taught is charm. Falling in love with his most attractive pupil, Miss Curtis, Bevans rather neglects the school, but succeeds in singing and dancing himself out of that trouble into matrimony. Formerly a straight comedy called "The Charm School."

IT ALL DEPENDS

A comedy in three acts by Kate McLaurin. Produced by John Cromwell and William A. Brady, Jr., at the Vanderbilt Theatre, New York, August 10, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Jennie	Roberta Bellinger
Shirley Lane	Katherine Alexander
Maida Spencer	Lee Patrick
Nancy Lane	Jane Grey
Merson	Roland Rushton
Bruce Armstrong	Charles Trowbridge
Julian Lane	Norman Trevor
Ned Richmond	Felix Krembs
Nellie Richmond	Grace Andrews
Prologue—Shirley's Bedroom. Acts I, II and III.—Living Room at the Lanes'. Staged by John Cromwell.	

Shirley Lane, twenty, eager to know life and be thrilled, finds herself uncomfortably involved in a flirtation with forty-year-old Ned Richmond. Her father, Julian, being a modernist, sees little danger in Shirley's friendship, but her mother, Nancy, being old-fashioned, is frankly fearful and apprehensive. Shirley boldly has things her own way until suddenly she catches her father carrying on similarly with another friendly flapper. From that experience she gets her mother's viewpoint and helps to bring the Lane family back to domestic normalcy.

A LUCKY BREAK

A play in three acts by Zelda Sears. Produced by The American Producing Company at the Cort Theatre, New York, August 11, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Martha Mullett	Louise Galloway
Elmine Ludine Smith	Ursula Ellsworth
Nora Mullett	Lucille Sears
Benny Ketchum	Edgar Nelson
Mrs. Barrett	Viola Gillette

Claudia	Ruth Tester
Tommy Lansing	Edward H. Wever
Abner Ketchum	Charles Dow Clark
Mr. Martin	Percy Moore
Elise	Margaret Walker
Frank	Gayle Mays
Japanese Valet	Sinne
Chauffeur	Everett Gilbert
John Bruce	George Macfarlane
Acts I and II.—Office of a Summer Hotel in Matasquam, Conn.	
Act III.—Grounds of the Hotel.	

John Bruce, when he left the village, was shy of everything a hero needs. Twenty years later he returned a rich man. To test his old friends he pretends to have lost all. To his surprise everybody loves him just the same. So he marries Martha Mullett's niece Nora.

SOMETHING TO BRAG ABOUT

A farce-comedy in three acts by Edgar Selwyn and William LeBaron. Produced by Edgar Selwyn at the Booth Theatre, New York, August 13, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mal	Karl Van Vechten
Frieda	Beatrice Moreland
Dorothy Carroll	Marjorie Wood
Millicent Harrington	Sylvia Field
George Carroll	Mark Smith
Ronald Hobart	Earl House
Albert Holmes	Booth Howard
Edith Holmes	Cecil Kern
Willie Harrington	Richard Sterling
Amy Ralston	Enid Markey
Henry T. Warren (Uncle Henry)	Edward Robins
Sam Clough	Robert Cummings
State Trooper	Jay Murray
Acts I, II and III.—Living Room of the Harringtons, Gardenhurst, Long Island. Staged by Edgar Selwyn.	

Willie Harrington, a timid suburbanite who never has done anything his wife can brag about, loses \$1,500 going in on the 8.15. Suspecting the local realtor with whom he sat, Willie buys a gun and holds up the realtor that night, taking \$1,500 away from him. Then he discovers the money has never been lost, but is still at home on

the dresser with the hairnets. The realtor has Willie arrested and Willie is so proud of having done something his wife can brag about, he goes to jail willingly. After that he is a hero in his home and a strong man in the community.

THE FAMILY UPSTAIRS

A comedy in three acts by Harry Delf. Produced by Sam H. Harris (in association with Lewis and Gordon) at the Gaiety Theatre, New York, August 17, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Joe Heller	Walter Wilson
Emma Heller	Clare Woodbury
Louise Heller	Ruth Nugent
Willie Heller	Theodore Westman
Annabelle	Lilian Garrick
Charles Grant	Harold Elliott
Mrs. Grant	Enid Gray
Herbert	Sidney Salko
Miss Calahan	Nora Ryan
Acts I, II and III.—Parlor of the Hellers' Home. Staged by Sam Forrest.	

The eagerness of Emma Heller, wife of Joe Heller, street-car inspector, to find a husband for her daughter, Louise, embarrasses Louise and frightens most of the boys away. Even Charles Grant, who is fearfully in love with Louise, is made to feel small and in the way by Mrs. Heller's recital of the grand chances Louise has had and will have. A family explosion clears the air and makes it possible for the young people to find each other, naturally.

GAY PAREE

A musical review. Sketches by Harold Atteridge; lyrics by Clifford Grey; music by Alfred Goodman, Maurie Rubens and J. Fred Coats. Produced by The

Messrs. Shubert (in conjunction with Rufus LeMaire) at the Shubert Theatre, New York, August 18, 1925.

Principals engaged —

Charles (Chic) Sale
Richard Bold
Billy B. Van
George LeMaire
Wilfred Seagram
Newton Alexander
Eddie Conrad
Jack Haley
Bartlett Simmons
Chandler Christy
Salt and Pepper
Prosper and Maret
Louise Taylor

Winnie Lightner
Margaret Wilson
Ruth Gillette
Claudia Dell
Beth Elliott
Viola Griffith
Alice Boulden
Margie Finley
Florence Fair
Lorraine Weimer
Pauline Blair
Dorothy Rae
Frances Blythe
Dorothy Barber

Staged by J. J. Shubert.

OH MAMA

A farce-comedy in three acts, adapted from the French of Louis Verneuil by Wilton Lackaye and Harry Wagstaff Gribble. Produced at the Playhouse, New York, August 19, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Albert La Garde Edwin Nicander
Louise Edythe Shyne
Georges La Garde Kenneth McKenna
Jacqueline La Garde Alice Brady
Adolph William Leith
Julien Rhenal John Cromwell
Charlot Jean Burton
Fanny Martin Mildred Florence
Maitre de Hotel Paul Porcasi
Acts I and III.—The Home of the M. and Mme. La Garde, Paris.
Act II.—Private Dining Room at the Hotel des Reservoirs.

Jacqueline La Garde is married to Albert, who is fifty-odd and wicked. Really she prefers her handsome stepson, Georges. But she doesn't realize it until one night, when she is trying to be even with her wicked husband by eloping with Julien, Georges follows them to the Hotel des Reservoirs in time to save mamma. Thereafter she must have an annulment of her marriage to the old Albert that she may be free to marry his son.

THE MUD TURTLE

A play in three acts by Elliott Lester. Produced by A. E. and R. R. Riskin at the Bijou Theatre, New York, August 20, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Marie	Ellen Warner
Marcy	Claude Cooper
Trustine	David Landau
Mrs. Trustine	Viola Fortescue
Kate	Helen MacKellar
Lem Trustine	Buford Armitage
Mac	Victor Sutherland
Greasy	Julian Noa
Spike	Albert Bannister
Acts I, II and III.—A large Farm in the Wheat Belt of Northern Minnesota. Staged by Willard Mack.	

Kate was a waitress in Minneapolis the day she met Lem Tustine, in town selling his father's wheat. She fell for Lem, fell hard enough to marry him. But when they got back to the Tustine farm, near the Canadian border, her trouble began. Old Tustine, Lem's father, being a hard man and rough, accused her of being wanton and of having led his son on. He also undertook to break her spirit by slapping her and she swore to be even, so help her God. Weeks later, during the threshing, with a storm coming up, she offered to give herself to the head thresher if he would throw a wrench in the machinery, which he did. Then she couldn't go through with her bargain, and all the Tustines, convinced that she was good, helped her out of the mess.

THE ENCHANTED APRIL

A comedy in three acts by Kane Campbell. Produced by Rosalie Stewart at the Morosco Theatre, New York, August 24, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Lotty Wilkins	Elisabeth Risdon
Rose Arbuthnot	Merle Maddern
Clerk of the Club	Doris Carteret

Lady Caroline Dester Helen Gahagan
 Thomas W. Briggs Hugh Huntley
 Mrs. Fisher Alison Skipworth
 Domenico John Ravold
 Francesca Adelina Roattino
 Mellersh Wilkins Herbert Yost
 Ferdinand Arundel Gilbert Douglas
 Prologue—An Ante-Room of the Shaftesbury Avenue Women's
 Club in London. Acts I, II and III.—The main Living Room in the
 Castle in Italy. Staged by John Hayden.

Lottie Wilkins and Rose Arbuthnot, renting a castle in Italy for a month's holiday that shall take them out of the routine and burden of their lives and far from husbands and other relatives, accept as partners in the romantic adventure, Mrs. Fisher and Lady Caroline Dester. In Italy their experiences are lively and amusing, with Lady Caroline falling in love with the young landlord of the castle, Mrs. Wilkins and Mrs. Arbuthnot sending for their husbands and Mrs. Fisher becoming fairly soaked with humanity and good will.

THE SEA WOMAN

A play in three acts by Willard Robertson. Produced by L. Lawrence Weber at the Little Theatre, New York, August 24, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Pearl Rea Martin
 Engineer Roger Pryor
 Charlie Watts Paul Kelly
 Molla Hansen Blanche Yurka
 Captain Rodney Donaldson Clyde Fillmore
 Johnny Hickey Charles Halton
 Acts I, II and III.—A Lighthouse in Chesapeake Bay. Staged by
 William B. Friedlander.

Molla Hansen, saved from a burning ship by a lighthouse keeper who dies as a result of burns he suffers, agrees on oath to care for the latter's daughter, Pearl, sixteen and wild. The day Molla's lover, Captain Don-

aldson, comes for her, after having been given up for lost, Molla learns that Pearl has been betrayed and is in need of help. True to her oath she sends Donaldson away and seeks to find the man responsible for Pearl's trouble. The girl swears an innocent engineer into trouble when Charlie Watts is really guilty, and Pearl, learning later that Charlie isn't worth lying for, blows up the lighthouse, killing nearly everybody but releasing Molla.

BIG BOY

A musical comedy by Harold Atteridge. Music by James F. Hanley and Joseph Meyer; lyrics by Bud G. DeSylva. Revived by Messrs. Lee and J. J. Shubert at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, New York, August 24, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mrs. Bedford	Maude Turner Gordon
Phyllis Carter	Edith Rose-Scott
Joe Warren	Hugh Banks
Tessie Forbes	Flo Lewis
Annabelle Bedford	Edythe Baker
Jack Bedford	Ralph Glover
"Coley" Reid	Ralph Whitehead
"Doc" Wibbur	Leo Donnelly
Jim Redding	Franklyn Batie
Judkins	George Gilday
Steve Leslie	Cosmo Bellew
Gus	Al Jolson
"Bully" John Bagby	William L. Thorne
"Silent" Ransom	George Spelvin
Tucker	Franklyn Batie
Manager	L. C. Sherman
Wainwright	William L. Thorne
Legrande	William Bonelli
Mr. Gray	Frank Holmes
Dolly Graham	Frankie Jaames
Tout	Frank Holmes
Dancers	Dorothy Rudac and George Andre

Staged by J. J. Shubert.

See "The Best Plays of 1924-25."

THE DOVE

A melodrama in three acts by Willard Mack. Revived by David Belasco at the Empire Theatre, New York, August 24, 1925.

Cast of characters —

At the Purple Pigeon Café

Mike Morowich	John Wheeler
Madame Doublechin	Josephine Deffry
Madge	Ruth Dayton
Bertha	Vanita La Nier
Louise	Betty Brenska
Anita	Mignon Ranseer
Myra	Susanna Rossi
Marie	Dorothy Day
Dolores Romero	Judith Anderson
Flora Ray	Rachel Hunter
Annabell Flores	Julia McCabe
The Bouncer	Paul Wilson
Cigarette Girl	Yvonne D'Or
Don Jose Maria Lopez y Tostado.....	Holbrook Blinn

At Brayfield's Gambling House

Johnny Powell	William Harrigan
Little Bill	William Norris
Cashier	Albert Hyde
Floorman	James Keane
Bartender	Richard Cubitt
Pancho Gonzales	William E. Lemuels
Captain of Military Police	F. due Chaillu-Dalton
John Boise	Wilson Reynolds
Mabelle Boise	Grace Culbert
Juanita	Dorothy Day
Inez	Lucille Lortel
Clarita	Betty Brenska
A Mexican Cowboy	Edward Kelly
Slim, a Texas Ranger	John Clemence

At the Casa Cruz

Lolita	Isobel del Rey
Isabell	Yvonne D'Or
Act I.—The Purple Pigeon Café, Mexicana, Mexico. Act II.—	
Brayfield's Gambling House, Across the Street. Act III.—Scene 1—	
The Patio Back of the Purple Pigeon. Scene 2—The Casa Cruz.	
Staged by David Belasco.	

See "The Best Plays of 1924-25."

A KISS IN A TAXI

A farcical comedy in three acts by Clifford Grey (from the French of Maurice Hennequin and Pierre Veber). Produced by A. H. Woods at the Ritz Theatre, New York, August 25, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Victor	Arthur Bowyer
Armand	Frank Sherlock
Ginette	Claudette Colbert
Angele	Lee Patrick
Lucien	John Williams
Le Sage	Edward Rigby
Leon Lambert	Arthur Byron
Bergeot	Harry Hanlon
Gilbert	Charles Mather
Valentine	Janet Beecher
Julie	Patricia O'Connor
François	Marios Underwood
Celestin Maraval	George Graham
Act I.—The Café Ginette, Montmartre. Acts II and III.—The Home of Leon Lambert. Staged by Bertram Harrison.	

Leon Lambert, banker, has set Ginette up in a Montmartre cabaret. Every day at five he calls to see how she is getting on. Wearied by the regularity of the routine, Lambert decides to give up Ginette. But the very day he does so Mme. Lambert, hearing of Ginette through another source, that she is young and pretty and an orphan, having been "a little blossom of inadvertence," determines to adopt the girl, with the result that Banker Lambert, returning home chastened and free in spirit, suddenly finds himself about to become Ginette's daddy in fact instead of only in name.

THE FALL OF EVE

A comedy in three acts by John Emerson and Anita Loos. Produced by John Emerson at the Booth Theatre, New York, August 31, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Percy	Alonzo Fenderson
Mammy	Nadine Winstan

Larry Webb	Reginald Mason
Enid Craig	Diantha Pattison
Herbert Craig	Claude King
Amy Parker	Cora Witherspoon
Eva Hutton	Ruth Gordon
Ted Hutton	Albert Albertson
Sarah	Doris Kemper
Acts I, II and III.—Home of Larry Webb and Herbert Craig. Not far from New York.	

Eva Hutton, a flapper wife, is made furiously jealous of Ted, her husband, by her catty, gossipy women friends. No young lawyer would be as attentive to his moving picture clients as Ted is, they tell her — not merely for cash fees. Eva, swearing to run home and be divorced, is induced to stay to dinner with a bachelor friend of the family's. At dinner she drinks wine and later goes to sleep on the davenport. Thus she spends a night alone in the home of an unattached man and is even more seriously compromised than Ted ever was, which helps Eva see everything in a different light.

CLOUDS

A play in three acts by Helen Broun. Produced by Woodhouse Productions, Inc. (in association with Walter O. Lindsey) at the Cort Theatre, New York, September 2, 1925.

Cast of characters —

"Ma" Adams	Louise Carter
Richard Adams	Ramsey Wallace
Nancy Phelps	Isabelle Winlocke
June Phelps	Marian Swayne
Johnny Phelps	Alfred Little
Robert Campbell	Howard Freeman
Dr. Lawrence	Guy Hitner
Acts I, II and III.—At "Ma" Adams's Home. Staged by Edward Elsner.	

Ma Adams is greatly worried because she fears June Phelps, the girl her son Richard loves, has forgotten Richard while he has been away to war. She is dis-

tressed further when Richard comes home blinded by shell shock. But Ma hides her misery and, catching from the doctor the hope that another shock might restore Richard's sight, pretends to lose her reason and talks a lot about June having secretly married another man. The shock does restore Richard's sight, after which he recovers June and Ma is happy.

THE BOOK OF CHARM

A comedy in three acts by John Kirkpatrick. Produced by Rachel Crothers at the Comedy Theatre, New York, September 3, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mrs. Wilson	Maidel Turner
Mrs. Harper	Elizabeth Patterson
Joe Pond	Kenneth Dana
Mr. Harper	Charles D. Brown
Ida May Harper	Mildred MacLeod
Mr. Lester	Walton Butterfield
Rudolph Klein	Lee Tracy
Mabel Sykes	Anna Greenwood
Dr. Abrasinni	James Brady
Dr. Garfield	Robert Strauss
Mrs. Paxton	Elsie Esmond
Mr. Paxton	George Lydecker
Miss Mildred	Emily Dodd
Babe	Mary Walsh
Violet	Lulu Mae Hubbard
Claude	Edgar Henning
Acts I and II.—The Harper Sitting Room. Act III.—Doctor Garfield's Drug Store. Staged by Rachel Crothers.	

Ida May Harper, twenty, is fed up on being a small town girl. She wants to go to New York and meet smart, charming people. Joe Pond, twenty-two, in love with Ida May, conspires with her mother and father to keep her home. Buying the "Book of Charm," which guarantees to teach any one how to acquire and radiate charm in no time, Joe stages a party that is to open Ida May's eyes to the attractions of her own home circle. It is a funny party, but in a roundabout way it turns the trick.

OUTSIDE LOOKING IN

A play in three acts by Maxwell Anderson. Produced by Messrs. Macgowan, Jones and O'Neill at the Greenwich Village Theatre, New York, September 7, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Skelly	Wallace House
Bill	Raphael Byrnes
Rubiu	James Martin
Mose	Harry D. Blakemore
Little Red	James Cagney
Edna	Blyth Daly
Baldy	Reginald Barlow
Hopper	Barry Macollum
Arkansas Snake	David A. Leonard
Oklahoma Red	Charles A. Bickford
Blind Sims	Richard Sullivan
Ukie	Sidney Machat
Act I.—A Hobo Camp Near Williston, North Dakota. Act II.—	
The Box Car, Westbound. Act III.—An Abandoned Claim-shack	
in Montana. Staged by Augustin Duncan.	

Little Red, a hobo tramping the prairie country, meets and loves Edna, a youthful prostitute fleeing the law after having murdered her stepfather, who was her seducer. They run into a gang of hoboes dominated and led by Oklahoma Red. The hoboes organize a kangaroo court in a box car to try Little Red for being a "sissy." The court decrees he is unfit for hobo society and that he shall turn his woman over to the judge. Little Red fights off the gang, earns the admiration of Oklahoma Red and finally is helped to escape a sheriff's posse while the other hoboes go to jail.

CRADLE SNATCHERS

A play in three acts by Russell Medcraft and Norma Mitchell. Produced by Sam H. Harris (by arrangement with Hassard Short) at the Music Box, New York, September 7, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Susan Martin	Mary Boland
Ethel Drake	Edna May Oliver

Kitty Ladd	Margaret Dale
Anne Hall	Mary Loane
Elinor	Myra Hampton
Francine	Mary Murray
Jackie	Moon Carroll
Henry Winton	Raymond Hackett
George Martin	Cecil Owen
Roy Ladd	Willard Barton
Howard Drake	Stanley Jessup
Jose Vallejo	Humphrey Bogart
Oscar Nordholm	Raymond Guion
Paul	Gerald Phillips
Maid	Margaret Moreland
Act I.—Ethel Drake's Apartment, New York City. Afternoon.	
Acts II and III.—Kitty Ladd's Summer Home, Glen Cove, L. I.	
Staged by Sam Forrest.	

Kitty Ladd, convinced that her husband is cheating after she has caught him lunching with a flapper, determines to bring him back to normal by playing the same game. She hires a college boy to make love to her and arouse the jealousy of her husband. Hearing the scheme, and being also suspicious of their husbands, Susan Martin and Ethel Drake also try it. There is a party at which the hired cake eaters, under the influence of champagne, get pretty rough, and when the three husbands return unexpectedly from their "duck shooting" they find their wives happy but dishevelled. Charges and counter charges, with a compromise of sorts indicated. Meantime the wives go to the movies with their boys.

CANARY DUTCH

A play in three acts by Willard Mack (based on a story by John Moroso). Produced by David Belasco at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, September 8, 1925.

Cast of characters —

John Weldon	John Miltern
Mr. Lengloh	Albert Gran
"Biff" Schulte	Sidney Toler
Warden John Healy	George MacQuarrie
Herman Strauss	Willard Mack
Dick Smith	Charles McCarthy

"Greek" George John Harrington
 The "Snail" Ralph Sipperly
 Izzy the Fishhook Anthony Knilling
 Denver Red Royce Alton
 Doctor Higby William Boag
 Toby Charles Moran
 Old Dan Thomas Meegan
 Mrs. John Weldon Catherine Dale Owen
 Mrs. Gilligan Annie Mack Berlein
 Gwendolyn Slavin Beatrice Banyard
 Act I.—The Warden's Office. Act II.—The Living Room of The
 Try Again Home. Act III.—The Room of Old Canary on the Top
 Floor of The Try Again Home. Staged by David Belasco.

Herman Strauss, a Swiss engraver, caught in bad company is sent to the penitentiary for twenty years as a counterfeiter. In prison he makes a pet of a canary, hence the name, "Canary Dutch." Out of prison he goes to live in the Try Again Home. One of the old counterfeiting gang trails him and tries to force him to complete a job on a counterfeit \$20 plate. When Canary refuses, they threaten to tell his lost daughter, who happens to be the rich and happy patroness of the home, all about her jail-bird father. For this the old Swiss kills the counterfeiter, is embraced by his daughter and promised her love and protection.

CAPTAIN JINKS

A musical comedy in two acts. Music by Lewis E. Gensler and Stephen Jones. Lyrics by B. G. DeSylva. Book by Frank Mandel and Laurence Schwab, from the play by Clyde Fitch. Produced by Laurence Schwab and Frank Mandel at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York, September 8, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Captain Robert Jinks, U. S. Marine Corps J. Harold Murray
 Lieut. Charles Martin, U. S. Army Max Hoffman, Jr.
 Seaman Frederick Lane, U. S. Navy Arthur West
 Belliarti Ferris Hartman
 Hap Jones Joe E. Brown
 A Federal Inspector Sam Coit

A Policeman	O. J. Vanasse
Mlle. Suzanne Trentoni	Louise Brown
Honey Johnson	Marion Sunshine
Annie	Nina Olivette
Mrs. Hochspitz	Bella Pogany
Times Reporter	Wally Crisham
World Reporter	Bill Brown
Journal Reporter	Frederick Murray
News Reporter	Jack Forrester
Band Leader	Jackie Taylor
Act I.—A Dock of the French Line, New York City. Act II.—	
Music Salon in Aronson's Town House. Staged by Edgar MacGregor.	

In the modernized musical version the captain hero of the horse marines is in the Citizens' Marine Corps and permitted to wear his uniform on armistice day. On such a day he goes to the boat to meet Trentoni, a little American dancer from Trenton, N. J., home to make her American début. The dancer and the marine love each other and spend much time singing, dancing and quarreling between 8.30 and 11, when they agree to let bygones be bygones and get married.

ALL DRESSED UP

A play in three acts by Arthur Richman. Produced by A. H. Woods at the Eltinge Theatre, New York, September 9, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Raymond Stevens	Norman Trevor
Swords	George Riddell
Eileen Stevens	Kay Johnson
Donald West	James Crane
James Colleston	T. Wigney Pecyval
Wallace Stevens	Louis Bennison
Stuart Stevens	Elliot Cabot
Virginia Liscom	Lillian Kemble-Cooper
Philip Liscom	Malcolm Duncan
Acts I, II and III.—At Raymond Stevens's. Staged by Guthrie McClintic.	

Raymond Stevens, scientist, has perfected a truth-compelling drug that strips humans of their recently acquired social inhibitions and reveals them as they are at heart. He tries the drug on a dinner party of relatives and friends, including Donald West, his daugh-

ter Eileen's fiance. The relatives react variously, the good being mostly rotten and the rotten pretty good. Young West, having been rather cold and distant, becomes suddenly wild and tries to tear Eileen's gown loose at the shoulder straps. This rather disgusts Stevens, but Eileen, after thinking it over, believes she would rather have Donald as a rough lover than not at all. Hypocrisy, decides Stevens, or so much of it as society practices, is really necessary to society's preservation.

THE DAGGER

A melodrama in three acts by Marian Wightman. Produced by L. Lawrence Weber at the Longacre Theatre, New York, September 9, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Margot Legrande	Emily Ann Wellman
The Mole	Leslie King
Jean Dupont	Robert Brister
Ragbag	Mrs. Eugenie Woodward
A Little Man Who Plays a Guitar	Biagio Longo
A Big Man Who Plays the Violin	Joseph Livolsi
Jacques Hollard	Philip Heege
Gabriel	Manuel A. Alexander
Pierre the Dagger	Ralph Morgan
Colette	Sara Sothern
Georges Ponseau	Orlando Daly
Marie Ponseau	Isabel Leighton
Mademoiselle Mignonette Deruche	Leah Winslow
"Coe," the Dope	John F. Hamilton
Henri Du Pres	Saxon Kling
Rene Michelet	Charles Richman
Second Man	Harry Taylor
Francois	Walter Horton
Richard	Richard Bowler
Elaïne	Ruth Raymond
Acts I and III.—"The Burrow," Paris. Act II.—A Drawing Room in the Home of Rene Michelet. Staged by William B. Friedlander.	

Pierre, the Dagger, a daring and dastardly yeggman of Paris, suffering for the sins of a long-lost twin brother, has determined to be even with society and goes to jail. His rich uncle finally buys him a pardon and he marries Colette, a diva of the dives but good to her folks.

LOVE'S CALL

A play in three acts by Joe Byron Totten. Produced by Messrs Totten and Simmons at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, September 10, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Sweet-meat Man	Conde Brewer
Ox Driver	Singha
Juanita	Lita Lopez
Francesco	Rawls Hampton
Therese	Anne Mitchell
Pasquale	Barry Mervis
The Padre	Stanley Grand
First Water-girl	Arden Benlian
Second Water-girl	Geraldine Bartlett
Clyde Wilson Harrison	Mitchell Harris
Piquita	Galina Kopernak
First Porter	Alfred L. Rigali
Second Porter	Jose Rivas
Donkey Driver	George Spelvin
Don Pedro De Scarillo	Robert Gleckler
Sancho	Anthony Andre
Sue Gertrude Madison	Norma Phillips
Prologue—A Street in Guadalharra, Mexico. Acts I, II and III.—	
The Devil's Pass, Guadalharra, Mexico. Staged by Joe Byron Totten.	

Piquita, strolling the streets of Guadalharra, meets Clyde Wilson Harrison, the handsome American. Later they meet again in the Devil's Pass, where C. W. H. and his party, including his fiance, Sue Gertrude Madison, are held captive by the devil himself, Don Pedro de Scarillo. Piquita, in love, tries to save Clyde Wilson Harrison, but in the end Scarillo shoots her with the bullet he intended for her lover.

COURTING

A comedy in three acts by A. Kenward Matthews. Produced by Lee Shubert at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, September 12, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mrs. Grant	Jean Douglas Wilson
Elsie Ferguson	Betty Lely
Kenneth Grant	Angus Adams

Andrew Grant J. Nelson Ramsay
 Rev. J. Kilmarnock John Duncan
 Jeannie Grant Jean Clyde
 Maggie Houston Denzil Mather
 Robert Lindsay Vernon Sylvaime
 Acts I, II and III.—The Kitchen, Grant's Farm, Glentulloch.
 Staged by Archibald Forbes.

Jeannie Grant, twenty-five and unmarried, decides it is time she was taking her eyes off the ground and putting them on the men. She has been too guid. The night of the ball at the castle Jeannie wears a new Glasgow gown and cuts Maggie Houston out of Robert Lindsay, the good-looking English lodger.

ARMS AND THE MAN

A comedy in three acts by Bernard Shaw. Produced by The Theatre Guild at the Guild Theatre, New York, September 14, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Raina Lynn Fontanne
 Catherine Petkoff Jane Wheatley
 Louka .. Stella Larrimore
 Captain Bluntschli Alfred Lunt
 Russian Officer Maurice McRae
 Nicola Henry Travers
 Major Paul Petkoff Ernest Cossart
 Major Sergius Saranoff Pedro de Cordoba
 Act I.—A Lady's Bedchamber. Act II.—Garden of Major Petkoff's
 House. Act III.—The Library. In Bulgaria, 1885-6. Staged
 by Philip Moeller.

The familiar Shaw satire on war and the professional fighting man, with Captain Bluntschli escaping the pursuing enemy by climbing into Raina's room and going to sleep in her bed, followed by the fun and family fuming incident to his exposure.

THE JAZZ SINGER

A comedy drama in three acts by Samson Raphaelson.
Produced by Lewis and Gordon (in association with Sam
H. Harris) at the Fulton Theatre, New York, September
14, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Moey	Benjamin Horn
Cantor Rabinowitz	Howard Lang
Sara Rabinowitz	Dorothy Raymond
Yudelson	Sam Jaffe
Clarence Kahn	Robert Russell
Jack Robin	George Jessel
Gene	Ted Athey
Eddie Carter	Barney Fagan
Mary Dale	Phoebe Foster
Harry Lee	Arthur Stuart Hull
Randolph Dillings	Robert Hudson
Miss Glynn	Mildred Leaf
Franklyn Forbes	Paul Byron
Stage Doorman	Tony Kennedy
Sam Post	Arthur Lane
Avery Jordan	Joseph Hopkins
Mildred	Mildred Jay
Ruth	Ruth Holden
Irma	Irma Block
Betty	Betty Wilton
Rita	Rita Crane
Eleanor	Eleanor Ryan
Frances	Frances Dippel
Grace	Grace Fuller
Acts I and III.—The Home of Cantor Rabinowitz—Lower East Side, New York. Act II.—“Back Stage” of the Fulton Theatre, New York. Staged by Albert Lewis.	

Jakie Rabinowitz, son of Cantor Rabinowitz, runs away from home at fifteen because he had rather sing jazz songs than follow his father as cantor in the church. Discovered singing in a Chicago motion picture theatre as Jack Robin, Jakie is brought to Broadway and is about to make his début in a big revue when word comes that his father is dying and calling upon his son to follow where five generations of Rabinowitzes have led. Jakie struggles helplessly, but finally hearkens to the call of race and quits the show.

BROTHER ELKS

A comedy by Larry E. Johnson. Produced by Walter Campbell at the Princess Theatre, New York, September 14, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Worms	Phillip Campbell
Judge Evans	John M. Kline
Maid	Virginia Richmond
Jen Eddington	Betty McLean
Mrs. Radcliffe	Mildred Southwick
Woodward	Richard Mayfield
Mazie	Helen Burch
Martin Young	George W. Williams
Junior	Eugene Head
Jim	Leo Luthard
S. n. Dowling	Burr Caruth
Blanche	Florence Crowley
Mayme	Flora Daniel

Walter Woodward has always been able to make money for others, but none for himself. His friends incorporate him and proceed to manage and direct his life, including his love affair with Jen Eddington. Boasting the backing of all the brother Elks in the world he is able to bluff out the villains and bring his own affairs to a satisfactory conclusion.

LOVE FOR LOVE

A comedy in four acts by William Congreve. Revived by the Messrs. Kenneth Macgowan, Robert E. Jones and Eugene O'Neill at Daly's Theatre, New York, September 14, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Sir Sampson Legend	Henry O'Neill
Valentine	Stanley Howlett
Scandal	Clarence Derwent
Tattle	Edgar Stehli
Ben	Charles Romano
Foresight	John H. Brewer
Jeremy	William Franklin

Trapland	Clement O'Loughlen
Buckram	Farrell Pelly
Snap	John Mahin
Servant to Foresight	Joseph Thayer
Steward to Sir Sampson	Gerald Sheridan
Angelica	Margaret Douglass
Mistress Foresight	Eva Balfour
Mistress Frail	Adrienne Morrison
Miss Prue	Norma Millay
Nurse to Miss Prue	Louise Lorimer
Acts I, II, III, and IV.—Valentine's Lodgings and Foresight's House, London, 1695.	

See "The Best Plays of 1924-25."

THE GREEN HAT

A play in four acts by Michael Arlen. Produced by A. H. Woods at the Broadhurst Theatre, New York, September 15, 1925.

Cast of characters —

A Lady's Maid	Antoinette Parr
An English Reporter	John Buckler
Manager of Hotel Vendome	Gustave Rolland
Dr. Conrad Masters	A. P. Kaye
Gerald Havelur March	Paul Guilfoyle
Napier Harpenden	Leslie Howard
Maj.-Gen. Sir Maurice Harpenden, Bart.	Eugene Powers
Hilary Townshend	Gordon Ash
Iris Fenwick, nee March	Katharine Cornell
Venice Pollen	Margalo Gillmore
Lord De Travest	John Redmond
A Lady	Jane Saville
Turner	Harry Lilford
Sister Virginia	Gwyneth Gordon
Sister Clothilde	Anne Tonetti
Madelaine, a Nun	Florence Foster
Truble	Harry Barfoot
Act I.—Sitting Room in the Hotel Venedome, Deauville. Act II.—Napier Harpenden's Flat in Mayfair, London. Act III.—A Convent Nursing Home, Paris. Act IV.—Library of Sir Maurice Harpenden's Country House. Staged by Guthrie McClintic.	

See page 121.

THE VORTEX

A play in three acts by Noel Coward. Produced by J. P. Bickerton, Jr. (in association with Basil Dean) at

the Henry Miller Theatre, New York, September 16, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Preston	George Harcourt
Helen Saville	Auriol Lee
Pauncefort Quentin	Leo G. Carroll
Clara Hibbert	Jeannette Sherwin
Florence Lancaster	Lilian Braithwaite
Tom Vryan	Alan Hollis
Nicky Lancaster	Noel Coward
David Lancaster	David Glassford
Buntly Mainwaring	Molly Kerr
Bruce Fairlight	Thomas A. Braidon
Act I.—The Lancasters' Flat in London. Act II.—The Lancasters' Country House. Act III.—Florence Lancaster's Bedroom. Staged by Basil Dean and the Author.	

Nicky Lancaster, home from a year in Paris, brings Buntly Mainwaring, his fiancée, with him. Nicky finds his mother, Florence Lancaster, holding desperately to her painted youth and swirling around in a "vortex of beastliness." The peak of his disgust is reached when he discovers Tom Vryan, his mother's lover, taking over Buntly Mainwaring and hears his mother aroused to a shrill jealousy at losing Tom. Nicky accuses his mother of having had many lovers, which she admits, and in turn confesses that he himself has taken to drugs to deaden the sting of a heavy conscience. Mother and son, mutually miserable, agree to try to do better.

NO! NO! NANETTE!

A musical comedy in three acts. Books by Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel; lyrics by Irving Ceasar and Otto Harbach; music by Vincent Youmans. Produced by H. H. Frazee at the Globe Theatre, New York, September 16, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Pauline	Georgia O'Ramey
Sue Smith	Eleanor Dawn

Billy Early	Wellington Cross
Lucille	Josephine Whittell
Nanette	Louise Groody
Tom Trainor	Jack Barker
Jimmy Smith	Charles Winninger
Betty	Beatrice Lee
Winnie	Mary Lawlor
Flora	Edna Whistler
Helen	Helen Keyes
Ethel	Ethel Gibson
Beatrice	Beatrice Wilson
Eva	Eva Vincent
Beth	Beth Milton
Marjorie	Marjorie Bailey
Hazel	Hazel Pando
Ruth	Ruth Kent
Bonnie	Bonnie Bland
Lucille	Lucille Moore
Mrs. Holmes-Gore	Lillian MacKenzie
Mrs. Smythe-Smith	Veeda Burgett
Mrs. Townley-Morgan	Winefride Verina
Mrs. Brown-Maddox	Adele Ormiston
Mrs. Ormesby-Willard	Aline Martin
Mrs. Webster-Wylie	Ellen O'Brien
Mrs. Parker-Lyne	Peggy Johnstone
Mrs. Codman-Russell	Eleanor Rowe
Mrs. Whitney-Cabot	May Sullivan
Mrs. Lane-Gardner	Jane Hurd
Act I.—The Home of James Smith, New York. Act II.—The Lawn at Chickadee Cottage. Act III.—The Living Room. Staged by Mr. Frazee.	

Billy Early, wealthy publisher of Bibles, has a big heart and just can't restrain himself when he sees pretty women in need. Three, Winnie from Washington, Betty from Boston and Flora from Frisco, derive financial sustenance from him, which creates complications when his perfectly good wife learns the truth and his attorney, Jimmy Smith, tries to square things for him.

FIRST FLIGHT

A play in three acts by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings. Produced by Arthur Hopkins at the Plymouth Theatre, New York, September 17, 1925.

Cast of characters —

George Dozier	Blaine Corder
A Hessian	John Triesalt

Hawk Peevey	James P. Houston
Lonny Tucker	John Tucker Battle
Major Singlefoote	J. Merrill Holmes
Nigger	T. J. Glover
Capt. Andy Jackson	Rudolph Cameron
Charity Clarkson	Helen Chandler
Hairy Lake	Neill Neely
Wes Bibb	James Bowman
1st Buckskin	Jack B. Shea
2nd Buckskin	Joseph McInerney
3rd Buckskin	H. Ben Smith
Sairy	Virginia Morgan
Rachel Donaldson	Eilalee Ruby
Long John	Jo Duckworth
Cissy Clarkson	Julia Gorman
Mrs. Clarkson	Caroline Newcomb
Act I.—Hawk Peevey's Tavern in the Original State of North Carolina in 1788. Act II.—Cleared Ground in front of Wes Bibb's New Barn. Act III.—The Loft of Charity's Home. Staged by Arthur Hopkins.	

Capt. Andy Jackson, on his way to Nashville in 1788 to clear up the matter of the free state of Franklin, stops over at Peevey's tavern. There he picks up a couple of duelling engagements with hot heads of the neighborhood and seeks to protect Charity Clarkson, seventeen, in love with him at sight. After the duels Captain Andy kisses Charity good-bye and rides on to Nashville. His first flight from favorite sin, it may be.

DEAREST ENEMY

A musical comedy in three acts. Book by Herbert Fields; lyrics by Lorenz Hart; music by Richard Rodgers. Produced by George Ford at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, September 18, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mrs. Robert Murray	Flavia Arcaro
Caroline	Alden Gay
Annabelle	Marian Williams
Peg	Jane Overton
Jane Murray	Helen Spring
Jimmy Burke	Andrew Lawlor, Jr.
Captain Harry Tryon	John Seymour
General Henry Clinton	William Evill
Lieutenant Sudsby	Arthur Brown
General Sir William Howe	Harold Crane

General John Tryon	Detmar Poppen
Captain Sir John Copeland	Charles Purcell
Betsy Burke	Helen Ford
General Israel Putnam	Percy Woodley
Major Aaron Burr	James Cushman
Private Peters	Jack Shannon
Private Lindsay	Mark Truscott
Private Woods	Percy French
Envoy	Frank Lambert
General George Washington	H. E. Eldridge
Act I.—The Murray Mansion, New York City, 1776. Act II,— Drawing Room. Act III.—The Mansion. Staged by John Murray Anderson.	

An episode lifted from the history of New York in revolutionary days the time Mrs. Robert Murray held Gen. Sir William Howe's staff at her home on Murray Hill long enough to permit Putnam, encamped with three thousand Continentals down near the Battery, to join Washington on Harlem Heights. In the operatic version she is principally assisted by her romping Irish niece, Betsy Burke, who incidentally falls into lyric love with Captain Copeland, a redcoat tenor.

HARVEST

A play in three acts by Kate Horton. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert (in association with John Cromwell) at the Belmont Theatre, New York, September 19, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mrs. Sonrel	Louise Closser Hale
Emil Sonrel	Elmer Cornell
Sonrel	Augustin Duncan
Rose Sonrel	Ethel Taylor
Miss Knight	Hilda Spong
Old Man Knight	Wallace Erskine
Richard Knight	Frederick March
Chuck Rathbun	Ronald Savery
Acts I, II and III.—Kitchen in the Sonrel Farmhouse on the Eastern Shore of Lake Michigan. Staged by John Cromwell.	

The Sonrels are Michigan farmers, the Knights, summer visitors. Rose Sonrel and Richard Knight are in

love. The night they kiss and confess in the corn field a long prayed-for rain arrives and the saved crop is of greater moment than a threatened soul or two. Later Rose decides she does not love Richard well enough to marry him, despite what has happened, and her family, though hurt, agrees with her.

THE PELICAN

A play in four acts by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood. Produced by A. H. Woods at Times Square Theatre, New York, September 21, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Gen. Sir John Heriot, Bart.	Fred Kerr
Lady Heriot	Sybil Carlisle
Hermione Blundell	Cynthia Latham
Beadon	Ashton Tonge
Marcus Heriot	Cecil Humphreys
Charles Cheriton	Henry Stephenson
Wanda Heriot	Margaret Lawrence
Anna	Alice Fleming
Paul Lauzun	Jose Alessandro
Robin	Robert Andrews
Shaw	Harry Bates
Acts I and III.—Sir John Heriot's House. Acts II and IV.—	
Wanda's House at Bougival, near Paris. Staged by Fred Kerr.	

The Heriots are proud, suspicious and Victorian. Their attitude drives Wanda, their son's wife, out of their house some months before she is expecting a child. The family solicitor is set on her track, and when she defiantly admits that she has been another man's friend he advises a divorce action. The verdict is against Wanda, but when her son is born she demands that he be acknowledged as the son of a Heriot, in reply to which the Heriots bring suit to establish the illegitimacy of the boy. Seventeen years later Wanda's son, applying for admission to the English army, meets his own father as the adjutant general. Later the true relationship is

established, the stigma is taken from the boy's name and Wanda sacrifices the happiness she had hoped to gain by marrying another man and agrees to remarry her son's father.

THE VAGABOND KING

A musical version of Justin Huntly McCarthy's "If I were King." Music by Rudolf Friml; book and lyrics by Brian Hooker and W. H. Post. Produced by Russell Janney at the Casino, New York, September 21, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Rene de Montigny	Robert Craik
Casin Cholet	Leon Cunningham
Margot	Catherine Hayes
Blanche	Merle Stevens
Isabeau	Vivian Kelley
Jehan De Loup	Marius Rogati
Trois Echelles	Joseph Miller
Huguette Du Hamel	Jane Carroll
Jehanneton	Mimi Hayes
Guy Tabarie	Herbert Corthell
Tristan L'Hermite	H. H. McCullum
Louis XIth	Max Figman
Francis Villon	Dennis King
Katherine de Vaucelles	Carolyn Thomson
Thibaut D'Aussigny	Bryan Lycan
Captain of Scotch Archers	Charles Carver
An Astrologer	Leon Cunningham
Lady Mary	Olga Treskoff
Noel Le Jolys	Herbert Delmore
Oliver Le Dain	Julian Winter
First Court Lady	Marian Alta
Second Court Lady	Ann Auston
Toison D'Or	Earl Waldo
The Queen	Tamm Cortez
The Dancer	Helen Grenelle
The Bishop	G. L. Mortimer
The Hangman	William Johnson
First Courtier	Walter Cross
Second Courtier	John Mealey
Part I.—The Tavern. Part II.—The Court. Part III.—The Masque. Part IV.—A Gate. The Gibbet. Old Paris—the Time of Louis XIth. Staged by Max Figman.	

The story of Justin Huntly McCarthy's Villon romance, "If I were King," followed fairly closely, with Louis XI meeting the roystering poet in a taproom and making

him king for a day in a scheme to be even with the haughty Katherine de Vaucelles. During that day Villon loves Katherine, saves Paris from the Burgundians and luckily escapes hanging.

EASY TERMS

A comedy in three acts by Crane Wilbur. Produced at the National Theatre, New York, September 21, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Pet	Suzanne Caubet
Lou	Mabel Montgomery
Belle	Esther Somers
Dr. Alexander G. Torrance	Crane Wilbur
Ed	Donald Meek
Arthur Bogg	Homer Barton
Peter O'Neil	Walter Davis
A Tough Guy	Frank Fanning
Another Tough Guy	William Postance
Motorcycle Officer	Ellsworth Jones
Baxter Tutt	Worthington L. Romaine
Mrs. Tutt	Antoinette Rochte
Mrs. Bogg	Eleanor Marshall
Mrs. Schenck	Jeffreys Lewis
Willie Schenck	Arthur E. Seger
1st Instalment—Kitchen of a New House, the Front Door, a Street.	
2nd Instalment—Kitchen, Front Door, Living Room. 3rd Instalment—Living Room, Telephone Booths, Kitchen. A Suburban Town Not Far From New York. Staged by Frank McCormack.	

The humors and minor tragedies of home building and home making in the suburbs of New York.

SUNNY

A musical comedy in two acts. Music by Jerome Kern; book and lyrics by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein, II. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, September 22, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mlle. Sadie	Helene Gardner
Bally Hoo	Charles Angelo
Tom Warren	Paul Frawley

Jim Deming	Jack Donahue
Bob Hunter	William Ladd
"Weenie" Winters	Mary Hay
Sam	Cliff Edwards
Siegfried Peters	Joseph Cawthorne
Harold Harcourt Wendell-Wendell	Clifton Webb
Sue Warren	Esther Howard
"Sunny" Peters	Marilyn Miller
Marcia Manners	Dorothy Francis
Magnolia	Pert Kelton
Jane Cobb	Jackie Huriburt
Quartermaster	Louis Harrison
First Ship's Officer	Elmer Brown
Second Ship's Officer	Abner Barnhart
Ship's Captain	James Wilson
Diana Miles	Jeanne Fonda
Millicent Smythe	Joan Clement
Groom	Don Rowen
Act I.—In and About a Circus Tent, Southampton, England. Act	
II.—In and About New York. Staged by Hassard Short.	

Marylyn Miller as a circus rider in England becomes a stowaway on an Atlantic liner to follow Tom Warren, the American boy she met in France, back home. Arrived here she takes up dancing and singing and is quite successful.

THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN

A comedy in three acts by George S. Kaufman. Produced by Crosby Gaige at the Longacre Theatre, New York, September 23, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Joseph Lehman	Robert Middlemass
Jack McClure	John A. Butler
Fanny Lehman	Lucille Webster
Jane Weston	Sylvia Field
Mary Martin	Marion Barney
Peter Jones	Gregory Kelly
Waiter	Tom Fadden
Cecil Benham	Harry Neville
Bernice Sampson	Harry Stubbs
Peggy Marlowe	Eloise Stream
Kitty Humphreys	Puritan Townsend
Oscar Fritchie	Denman Maley
A. J. Patterson	George Alison
Acts I and III.—Office of Lehman Production, Inc., New York.	
Act II.—A Hotel Room in Syracuse. Staged by James Gleason.	

See page 339.

THE NEW GALLANTRY

A comedy in three acts by F. S. Merlin and Brian Marlow. Produced by John Cort at the Cort Theatre, New York, September 24, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mary	Edith Van Cleave
Alice Conway	Carroll McComas
Norman B. Giddings	Max Montesole
Ida Conway	Theresa Maxwell Conover
Veronica Valiant	Elsie Mackay
Dr. Joel Wesyon	Cyril Scott
Charles	Russell Morrison
John Brown	G. Pat Collins
Acts I, II and III.—The Living Room of the Conway Home in the Berkshires. Staged by David Burton.	

Alice Conway is restless and unhappy after two stirring years as an ambulance driver in France. A friendly physician diagnoses her case and advises marriage. She needs a new interest. She is threatened with an acute form of spinsteritis. Let her look for a man. At which moment John Brown, philosophical hobo, knocks at the door and asks for food. Interested in him Alice invites him to spend the week-end, buys him an outfit of clothes and introduces him to the family as a wartime buddy. Scandal impends, but Alice stops it by producing a marriage license. She had been married in France. But not to John Brown.

MERRY, MERRY

A musical comedy in two acts. Books and lyrics by Harlan Thompson; music by Harry Archer. Produced by Lyle D. Andrews at the Vanderbilt Theatre, New York, September 24, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Adam Winslow	Harry Puck
Eve Walters	Marie Saxon

A Subway Passenger	George Spelvin
Sadi LaSalle	Sascha Beaumont
Flossie Dell	Virginia Smith
Conchita Murphy	Lucila Mendez
J. Horatio Diggs	William Frawley
Stephen Brewster	John Hundley
Henry W. Penwell	Robert Pitkin
Mrs. Penwell	Perqueta Courtney
The Stage Manager	Larry Beck
Polly Schafer	Polly Schafer
Molly Morey	Molly Morey
Ruth Conley	Ruth Conley
Vivian Marlowe	Vivian Marlow
Gay Nelle	Gay Nelle
Ednor Fulling	Ednor Fulling
Frances Marchand	Frances Marchand
Gretchen Grant	Gretchen Grant
Ruth Farrar	Ruth Farrar
Ethel Emery	Ethel Emery
Act I.—A Subway Station—Sadi LaSalle's Apartment—A Street Corner. Act II.—Sadi's Apartment—the Stage of the Vanderbilt Theatre. Staged by Harlan Thompson.	

Eve Walters, in New York trying to get on the stage, goes to live with Sadi LaSalle and a lot of other chorus girls. Sadi is trying to put over a trick on a big business man who took her riding and squeezed her hard. Sadi claims he broke a rib and threatens suit unless he settles. Eve, dragged into the case as a witness for Sadi, proves a bad liar and exposure follows, which is one reason Eve agrees to marry Adam, the boy she met in the subway the day she arrived.

HUMAN NATURE

A comedy in three acts by J. C. and Elliott Nugent, produced by Gene Buck at the Liberty Theatre, New York, September 24, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Bess Flanders	Mary Duncan
Mr. Hale	Brandon Tynan
Mrs. Dr. Langdon	Helen Carew
Mrs. Trayne	Sue MacManamy
Jim Trayne	John Marston
Dr. Langdon	Fritz Williams

Phil Holt Frank Conroy
 "Dicky" Langdon Master Edwin Mills
 Act I.—Mr. Hale's Library, New York. Acts II and III.—"The
 Doctor's Place." Staged by J. C. Nugent and Frederick Stanhope.

Bess Flanders, secretary to an aging novelist, Mr. Hale, is in love with Jim Trayne, young and strong. When she hears Trayne is married she throws herself at Mr. Hale, hoping their intellectual companionship will help her forget. Two years later she and Trayne meet again. His wife is now an invalid and husband Hale is getting no younger fast. Bess and Jim are therefore drawn together. Later Mr. Hale agrees to bring up their child as his own.

A HOLY TERROR

A play in three acts by Winchell Smith and George Abbott. Produced by John Golden at the George M. Cohan Theatre, New York, September 28, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Dirk Yancey	George Abbott
Uncle Tod Yancey	George Thompson
Anse Yancey	Dan Moyles
Jim Massie	Ed Savold
Dan Massie	Henry Schaefer
Norm Massie	D. J. Carew
Lem Chapman	Frederic Malcolm
Becky Chapman	Leila Bennett
Lind Grover	George J. Williams
Boyd Chapman	G. Albert Smith
Sid Chapman	Frank Verigun
Sam Chapman	Ralph Hackett
Carlos Hatfield	Arthur Miles
Zeb Chapman	Edward T. Holland
Bill Chapman	Charles Wagenheim
Don Hagan	John F. Morrissey
Jake Hagan	William Pawley
Tremper	Millard Mitchell
Russ Logan	Richard Carlyle
Mayor Goodlow	Bennet Musson
Col. Willoughby Wall	Frank Monroe
Capt. Carter	William Goddard
Sergeant Brown	Harry M. Cooke
A Corporal	Ben Meigs
Schwartz	George Spelvin

Ellen Goodlow Leona Hogarth
 Judy Kirkpatrick Elizabeth Allen
 Mrs. Tesman Emerin Campbell
 Prologue—Lind Chapman's Pool Room. Act I.—Outside Mayor
 Goodlow's Store. Act II.—At Judy's House. Act III.—Inside Good-
 low's Store. Staged by Winchell Smith.

Dirk Yancey, a likeable, straight-shootin' bad man, had loved Ellen Goodlow long before she married the mayor. At the time of the mine strike they make Dirk chief of police and the day the hired detectives try to get him the mayor is killed. The detectives claim Dirk killed the mayor so he could have another chance with Ellen, but Dirk shoots their case full of holes at the military trial, and Ellen is happy.

APPLESAUCE

A comedy in three acts by Barry Connors. Produced by Richard Herndon at the Ambassador Theatre, New York, September 28, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Ma Robinson Jessie Crommette
 Paw Robinson William Holden
 Mrs. Jennie Baldwin Clara Blandick
 Hazel Robinson Gladys Lloyd
 Matt McAllister Albert Andruss
 Bill McAllister Allan Dinehart
 Rollo Jenkins Walter Connolly
 Acts I and II.—Sitting Room of the Robinson Home. Act III.—
 Upstairs Over a Drug Store. Staged by Allan Dinehart.

Bill McAllister has a gift of gab and an easy belief that making people happy should be the chief aim of man. He is a born salve spreader, a vanity booster; he deals, his enemies declare, exclusively in "applesauce." A lovable ne'er-do-well, Bill loses Hazel Robinson to the practical and successful, but mean, Rollo Jenkins, and then wins her back over the opposition of all her family.

BRIDGE OF DISTANCES

A drama in nine episodes by John and Ella Scrymgeour.
Produced by the International Playhouse at the Morosco
Theatre, New York, September 28, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Kwang-Mei	Polly Craig
Lady Susan Herryot	Mary Newcomb
Earl Herryot	Clarence Derwent
Lady Herryot	Barbara Allen
An hotel boy	William Janney
Li Wenk Lok	Ulrich Haupt
Yee Kee	Walter Howe
The Princess Li Sang	Katherine Grey
Tang Ku, a Lama Priest	Paul Wilson
A messenger from the Emperor	Harold Winston
Captain Aylmer Herryot	Ray Collins
Lieut. Rodney Mainwaring	Wheeler Dryden
Fy Yin Shut	Stephen Wright
Staged by Ulrich Haupt.	

Lady Susan Herryot, traveling in China, meets a young diplomat, Li Wenk Lok, in a Pekin hotel. Instantly their souls recognize each other, though Li is the only one who really knows. Susan merely swoons. Next day, taking a glass of magic wine at Li's place, Susan dreams herself into the past and follows herself as a Chinese princess and Li as the first of the Loks, through various exciting adventures to their voluntary suicide.

ACCUSED

A play in three acts by Brieux; English version by George Middleton. Produced by David Belasco at the Belasco Theatre, New York, September 29, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Edmond De Verron	E. H. Sothorn
Mme. De Verron	Mabel Bert
Judge De Verron	Henry Herbert
M. Du Coudrais	Lester Lonergan
M. Lemercier	Moffat Johnston

Louise	Ann Davis
Pauline	Octavia Kenmore
Armand	Leigh Lovel
Gourville	France Bendtsen
The Mayor of Nancré	Roy Cochrane
A Servant	Harold Seton
Acts I, II and III.—De Verron Home. A Small Town in France.	
Staged by David Belasco.	

Edmond de Verron, a brilliant attorney, is called to defend Louise, a sweetheart of his youth, when she is accused of having murdered her husband. Edmond takes the case reluctantly and later discovers that Louise is really guilty. Despite his high ideals he goes on with the case and pleads so eloquently that he gains his client's acquittal. Then she confesses that it was to save him (de Verron) that she had killed her jealous husband. She will not, however, marry him. The ghostly past still is between them.

THE BUCCANEER

A play in three acts by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings. Produced by Arthur Hopkins at the Plymouth Theatre, New York, October 2, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Carmencita	Jeanne Greene
Maria	Beatrice Maude
Capt. Manuel Montalvo	Brandon Peters
Basilio Fernandez	William R. Gregory
Don Jacinto De Esmeraldo	J. Colvil Dunn
Dona Lisa (Lady Elizabeth Neville)	Estelle Winwood
George Castle	Galwey Herbert
Dave	Harry Kendall
Capt. Henry Morgan	William Farnum
An Ensign	Frank Hearn
Commodore Wright	Leslie Palmer
Charles II	Ferdinand Gottschalk
A Councillor	Harry Kendall
A Herald	Lionel Percival
James Townshend	Cecil Clovelly
Eliphalet Skipworth, Esq.	Edmund Waller
Henry Marmion	Claude Allister
Lady Pierson	Gene Carvel
Lady Francis	Ethel Fisher

Mrs. Westley Irena Freeman
 Acts I and II.—Hall in a Hacienda on the Heights of Panama City.
 Act III.—Ante-room in the Palace at Whitehall. Staged by Arthur Hopkins.

Capt. Henry Morgan of the British navy, cruising the Spanish main, turns privateer and takes a port or two, sacking the towns completely but politely. At Panama City he meets and is prettily defied by Doña Lisa, who, before she married her Spaniard, was Lady Elizabeth Neville of London. Loving Doña Lisa, and she being susceptible, Morgan and his lady are parted by the arrival of His Majesty's admiral, who arrests Morgan. At Whitehall, Charles II, who knows a man when he meets one, not only refuses to hang Morgan, but knights him instead and makes him governor of Jamaica, whither he is about to fly with Lady Elizabeth as the new Lady Morgan.

HAY FEVER

A play in three acts by Noel Coward. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York, October 5, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Sorel Bliss	Frieda Inescourt
Simon Bliss	Gavin Muir
Clara	Alice Belmore Cliffe
Judith Bliss	Laura Hope Crews
David Bliss	Harry Davenport
Sandy Tyrell	Reginald Sheffield
Myra Arundel	Phyllis Joyce
Richard Greatham	George Thorpe
Jackie Coryton	Margot Lester

Acts I, II and III.—Hall of the Bliss's House at Cookham.
 Staged by Noel Coward and Laura Hope Crews.

Judith Bliss, retired actress, cannot quite forget her days of stage triumphs. She is given to dramatizing every adventure, practically every incident of her life, domestic and social. This keeps her temperamental family amusingly stirred up, particularly over one wild week-end with which the play deals.

AMERICAN BORN

A play in three acts by George M. Cohan. Produced by George M. Cohan at the Hudson Theatre, New York, October 5, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Delford	Arnold Lucy
Graham	Lawrance D'Orsay
Foster	Daisy Belmore
Lady Bertram	Aline McDermott
Lydia Bertram	Claire Mercereau
Stephen Clarke	Bobby Watson
Joseph Gilson	George M. Cohan
Welles	Allan Ramsay
Jeffries	John M. Troughton
Sir Arthur Petterling	H. Cooper Cliffe
Joycelyn Petterling	Joan Maclean
Annie	Lorna Lawrence
Andrews	Charles Cardon
Forrest Blythe	Harry McNaughton
Julius Snellinburg	Ralph Locke
F. B. Maxwell	Leonard Booker
George Maxwell	Hamilton Cummings
Acts I, II and III.—The Main Living Room of Malbridge Hall.	
Staged by George M. Cohan.	

Joseph Gilson is American born of English parents who had been disowned by his mother's people because she married the gardener. He comes into the English family estates after his parents' death and goes to England to sell all his holdings so he may have the money to spend in America. But over there he meets a girl, and that makes a difference. He comes back, but not alone.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

A play in four acts by Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Produced at the Liberty Theatre, New York, October 5, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mrs. John Allan	Aliee Knowland
Elmira Royster	Joyce Booth
Mrs. Clem	Jennie A. Eustace

Virginia Clem	Lila Lee
Washington	James H. O'Brien
John Allan	Hugh Chilvers
Mr. Royster	William H. Barwald
Edgar Allan Poe	James Kirkwood
The Editor	Henry W. Pemberton
Rufus Griswold	Paul Huber
Decatur	Peter Griffin
Helen Whitman	Ethel Intropodi
Frances Osgood	Viola Leach
John P. Kennedy	Redfield Clarke
J. H. B. Latrobe	William H. Barwald
Dr. James H. Miller	George Saunders
Mr. Gwynne	Laurence Tulloch
William Cullen Bryant	Thomas Gunn
N. P. Willis	Henry Oldridge
Pete	Thomas Gunn
Banjo Joe	William Pryor
Nick	George Saunders
Blackie	Henry Oldridge
Mamie	Agnes Marc
Sadie	Alice Knowland
Bartender	James H. O'Brien
Jim Crow	Peter Griffin
Act I.—Scene 1—Living Room in the Allan House, Richmond, Va.	
Scene 2—Mrs. Clem's Lodgings in Baltimore. Act II.—The Editor's	
Office. Act III.—The Poe Cottage, Fordham, N. Y. January, 1847.	
Act IV.—A Wharf Dive in Baltimore. October, 1849. Staged by	
Arthur Hurley.	

Picking up the life of the poet "in the late twenties" the play carries him through his marriage to his cousin, Virginia Clem; his engagement as poetry editor of a magazine in Baltimore; the death of Virginia and a last appearance in a wharf dive in Baltimore, where he recites "The Raven" for the price of a drink.

CAUGHT

A play in three acts by Kate McLaurin. Produced by Gustav Blum at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, October 5, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mrs. O'Mara	Lillian Booth
David Turner	Fairfax Burgher
Betty Martin	Gladys Hurlbut
Alix Carol	Eve Casanova
Pendleton Brown	Lester Vail
Judy Ross	Antoinette Perry
Robert Coleman	Robert Harrison
Carrie Morgan	Lillian Booth

Johnson Edwin E. Vickery
 Roddy Coleman Boyd Clarke
 Officer Edwin E. Vickery
 Act I.—Apartment of Pendleton Brown and David Turner, Gramercy Park, New York. Act II.—Library of Judy's House. Act III.—Betty's Apartment. Directed by Gustav Blum.

David Turner, in love with Betty Martin, a girl who is also a struggling Greenwich Villager, sacrifices this love to marry Judy Ross, a middle-aged lady who likes young boys and has a lot of money. In the end Betty dies and David Turner kills himself.

WHEN YOU SMILE

A musical comedy in three acts. Book by Tom Johnstone and Jack Alicoate; music by Tom Johnstone; lyrics by Phil. Cook. Produced by James P. Beury at the National Theatre, New York, October 5, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Elaine Le Mar Nita Martan
 Henderson Harold Vizard
 Michael Malone Philip Lord
 John W. King John Maurice Sullivan
 Ann Wynne Gibson
 "Larry" Patton Jack Whiting
 Jack King John B. Gallaudet
 "Wally" King Ray Raymond
 June Willard Carol Joyce
 Jimmy Flynn Richard Saunders
 R. H. Osgood Thomas McKnight
 June June Justice
 Imogene Imogene Coca
 Florence Florence Arledge
 Myrtle Myrtle Le Roy
 Dorothy Dorothy Humphreys
 Babs Babs Grieg
 Woody Woody Lee Wilson
 Mildred Mildred Tolle
 Carol Carol Seidler
 Marjorie Marjorie Brooks
 Betty Betty Colet
 Edna Edna Pierce
 Margaret Margaret Miller
 Act I.—Home of John W. King, Los Angeles, California. Acts II and III.—Office of "The Movie News," Los Angeles. Staged by Oscar Eagle.

The rewritten story of a newspaper comedy called "Extra." John W. King, publisher, has a troublesome

son in young Wally King. He also has a moving picture weekly, the News, he would like to wreck so he can buy in the stock cheap. Putting two and two together he also puts Wally in charge of the weekly, expecting him to run it into the ground. In place of which Wally, abetted by a youthful alcoholic named Larry Patton, runs the magazine into high circulation figures and a big advertising success, after which Wally marries his stenographer, June Willard.

THESE CHARMING PEOPLE

A comedy by Michael Arlen. Produced by Charles Dillingham and A. H. Woods at the Gaiety Theatre, New York, October 6, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Minx	Robert Vivian
James Berridge	Alfred Drayton
Pamela Crawford	Edna Best
Captain Miles Winter	Geoffrey Millar
Sir George Crawford, Bart, M. P.	Cyril Maude
Mrs. Berridge (Julia)	Alma Tell
Geoffrey Allen	Herbert Marshall
An Old Waiter	Frank Ranney
Acts I and II.—Sir George Crawford's House in Chester Square, S. W. Act III.—The Bat and Ball Hotel, Guilford. Staged by Winchell Smith.	

Sir George Crawford, Bart, M. P., has two daughters. The elder, Julia, is the wife of James Burrige, who owns most of the English press. Made unhappy by Burrige's neglect Julia is about to elope with one of his editors. Burrige, in whose debt Crawford stands to the tune of \$50,000, threatens to foreclose his claim upon the Crawford homestead unless Sir George brings Julia to her senses. For two active, hectic days the worried father labors with Julia and finally succeeds in patching the situation up so Burrige and his capital are kept in the family.

A TALE OF THE WOLF

A comedy in three acts by Ferenc Molnar. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, October 7, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Lieutenant Zagon	Seldon Bennett
Lieutenant Mikhail	Frederick Earle
First Waiter	Herbert Farjeon
Headwaiter	Edward Elkas
Bus Boy	Robert Clark
Dr. Eugene Kelemen	Roland Young
Vilma	Phyllis Povah
George Szabo	Wallace Eddinger
Second Waiter	George Greenberg
Maid	Rose Kean
Governess	Geraldine O'Brien
Mr. Balin	William Clifford
Peterle	Charles Walters
The Countess	Winifred Harris
Mitzi	Hilda Plowright
Mrs. Ritter	Mathilde Baring
Cook	Edna Vaughan

Act I.—A Room in a Large Restaurant. Acts II and III.—Scene 1—Living Room in Dr. Kelemen's Apartment. Scene 2—Hall in the Countess's Palace. Staged by Frank Reicher.

The original version of the play Leo Ditrichstein produced in 1914 as "The Phantom Rival." Vilma, wife of Dr. Eugene Keleman, meets in a Budapest restaurant the youth who was her first sweetheart. He had left her seven years before and written her a letter in which he promised to return to her some day as a great warrior, a great statesman, a great artist, or, it might be, as only a servant craving her favors. At home, after a jealous quarrel with her husband, Vilma dreams of the lover, George Szabo, and sees him in all four characters. When she wakes she meets him again. He is just a common dub.

STOLEN FRUIT

A drama in three acts by Dario Niccodemi (adapted by Gladys Unger). Produced by Henry W. Savage,

Inc. (in association with A. H. Woods) at the Eltinge Theatre, New York, October 7, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Marie Millais	Ann Harding
Mlle. Foulard	Virginia Farmer
Ballou	Harry Beresford
The Principal	Helen Strickland
Count Philippe de Verdois	Rollo Peters
Pierre	Lawrence Eddinger
Guideau	John R. Hamilton
Jacques Manovard	Felix Krembs
Annette	Vera Dunn
Act I.—Marie Millais' Room. Act II.—The Mayor's Room.	
Act III.—Hall in the Chateau of Count Philippe de Verdois. A	
Small Provincial Town in France. Staged by Rollo Lloyd.	

Marie Millais, as a girl of sixteen, was seduced by Jacques Manovard, a rich farmer. When her child was born it was taken from her, she was told it was dead, and she was hurried away to South America to cover up the scandal. Eight years later she returns obsessed by a desire to find her infant's grave. She accepts a position as the village schoolmistress, and is forced to confess her story to the mayor. In checking up the facts he discovers that Marie's baby not only is alive but that she is one of Marie's pupils. Manovard is forced to divulge the child's name, who is restored to her mother and seems likely to win the mayor as a step-father.

THE CROOKED FRIDAY

A play in three acts by Monckton Hoffs (by arrangement with Leon M. Lion). Produced by the Messrs. Shubert (in association with B. A. Meyer) at the Bijou Theatre, New York, October 8, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Alexander Tristan	John R. Turnbull
Micky	Master William Quinn
Bagley	Wallace Wood
Michael Tristan	Dennis Neilson-Terry

Howard Lampeter	Walter Walker
Charles Lampeter	Donald Foster
Roger Petermore	Richard Gordon
Felix	Elisha Cooke, Jr.
Inspector	Joseph Burton
Detective Jameson	Harry Nelson
Detective Ferguson	Joseph Singer
A Servant	Walter Plinge
Friday	Mary Glynne
Prologue—A road near Windsor, England, 1900. Acts I and III.—	
Howard Lampeter's Office, New York, 1925. Act II.—Michael Tris-	
tan's Apartments, New York. Staged by Dennis Neilson-Terry.	

Michael Tristan, aged ten, motoring with his father, finds an abandoned infant left in a potato sack alongside an English road. He is able to save the child's life, but his father insists on turning it over to a foundling home. Twenty-five years later Michael is a millionaire and the child, called Friday, has grown up a thief. Michael finds her in New York and secretly settles an allowance of \$2,000 a month upon her. Then, believing women love those men most who are dependent upon them, he proposes that Friday keep him, which she does. But when he refuses to accept her body as well as her money she has him arrested as a thief. Later the truth comes out, and Friday and Michael are betrothed.

JANE, OUR STRANGER

A play in three acts by Mary Borden. Produced by Herman Gantvoort at the Cort Theatre, New York, October 8, 1925.

Cast of characters —

The Marquise de Joigny	Mrs. Thomas Whiffen
Pierre	Joseph Greene
The Duchess of Lorraine	Katherine Stewart
Blaise de Joigny	Carlin Crandall
Philibert, Marquis de Joigny	Clarke Silvernail
Bianca, Princess D'Arvignon	Kay Strozzi
Mrs. Silas Carpenter	Camilla Crume
Jane Carpenter	Selena Royle
Marcel	Anthony Ascher
Courton	Thomas Williams

Butler Jess Sidney
 Susanne Jacqueline du Rodier
 Jacques Joseph Errico
 Hotel Manager Orrin Shear
 Hotel Porter William Griffith
 Act I.—Home of Marquise de Joigny. Act II.—The New Home of
 the de Joignys. Act III.—Room in a Hotel in Biarritz. Staged by
 William Perry Adams.

Jane Carpenter, American, is married to the rotter Philibert, Marquis de Joigny, who elopes with the tempting Bianca, Princess D'Arvignon.

POLLY

An operetta in three acts by John Gay (designed as sequel to "The Beggar's Opera"). Produced by the Cherry Lane Playhouse, New York, October 10, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mr. Ducat Edmund Forde
 Pirates:
 Morano William S. Rainey
 Vanderbluff Richard Abbott
 Capstern Orde Creighton
 Hacker Michael Kilborn
 Culverin William Burke
 Laguerre Oscar Amundsen
 Pohetohee David D'Arcy
 Cawwawkee Charles Trout
 First Footman William Broderick
 Second Footman Marion Cowen
 Polly Dorothy Brown
 Mrs. Ducat Maude Allan
 Diana Trapes Jeanne Owen
 Jenny Diver Geneva Harrison
 Flimzy Eunice Osborne
 Women of the Town:
 Damaris Kathryn Mulholland
 Betty Doxy Zoe Barry
 Mrs. Slammekin Grace Searles
 Molly Brazen Margot Andre
 Suky Tawdry Helen White
 Staged by Gordon Davis and William S. Rainey.

The adventures of the heroine of "The Beggar's Opera" continued, together with the additional goings on of McSheath.

THE CALL OF LIFE

A play in three acts by Arthur Schnitzler (English version by Dorothy Donnelly). Produced by the Actors' Theatre, at the Comedy Theatre, New York, October 9, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Moser	Egon Brecher
Marie	Eva Le Gallienne
Edward Rainer	Douglass R. Dumbrille
Doctor Schindler	Thomas Chalmers
Mrs. Toni Richter	Alice John
Catherine	Katherine Alexander
Max	Derek Glynne
Sebastian	Leete Stone
The Colonel	Hermann Lieb
Albert	Stanley Kalkhurst
Irene	Rosalind Fuller

Act I.—The Mosers' Apartment. Act II.—At the Officers' Quarters. Act III.—Mrs. Richter's Home. In and Near Vienna in 1850.
Directed by Dudley Diggs.

Marie, doomed to the constant and exacting care of her father, Moser, knows his ailment to be incurable. Seeing her own life slipping away, and being in love with Max, a soldier of the Blue Cuirriseurs, who is going to war and has sworn to die for the honor of his regiment, she puts sleeping drops in her father's drinking water and joins Max for his last night in town. Moser dies, but Marie is saved from arrest by her friend the doctor, and is thinking seriously of going to war as a nurse at the play's end.

HAMLET

Shakespeare's drama revived by Walter Hampden at Hampden's Theatre, New York, October 10, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Francisco	Marcel Dill
Bernardo	Reynolds Evans
Marcellus	Philip Wood
Horatio	William Sauter

Ghost	Max Montor
Claudius, King of Denmark	Kenneth Hunter
Gertrude	Mary Hall
Voltimand	J. Plimpton Wilson
Laertes	Ernest Rowan
Polonius	Albert Bruning
Hamlet	Walter Hampden
Ophelia	Ethel Barrymore
Reynaldo	S. Thomas Gomez
Rosencrantz	Thomas F. Tracey
Guildestern	Gordon Hart
Player King	Reynolds Evans
Player Queen	Mabel Moore
Prologue	Edith Barrett
Lucianus	P. J. Kelly
Fortinbras	Hart Jenks
A Captain	Louis Polan
A Sailor	S. Thomas Gomez
First Gravedigger	Cecil Yapp
Second Gravedigger	P. J. Kelly
A Priest	Thomas F. Tracey
Osric	Le Roi Operti
English Ambassador	J. Plimpton Wilson
Lords, Ladies, Players, Soldiers, Attendants, etc.	
Staged by Walter Hampden.	

The familiar three-act version with intermissions following the play scene and Ophelia's suicide.

CRAIG'S WIFE

A drama in three acts by George Kelly. Produced by Rosalie Stewart at the Morosco Theatre, New York, October 12, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Miss Austen	Anne Sutherland
Mrs. Harold	Josephine Williams
Mazie	Mary Gildea
Mrs. Craig	Chrystal Herne
Ethel Landreth	Eleanor Miah
Walter Craig	Charles Trowbridge
Mrs. Frazier	Josephine Hull
Billy Birkmire	Arling Alcine
Joseph Catelle	Arthur Shaw
Harry	J. A. Curtis
Eugene Fredericks	Nelan Jaap
Acts I, II and III.—A Room in Craig's House. Staged by George Kelly.	

See page 33.

THE GRAND DUCHESS AND THE WAITER

A play in three acts by Alfred Savoir. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, October 13, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Albert	Basil Rathbone
Matard	Elmer Brown
The Grand Duchess Xenia	Elsie Ferguson
The Grand Duke Paul	Paul McAllister
Countess Avaloff	Alison Skipworth
The Grand Duke Peter	Frederick Worlock
Cloche	Lawrence Cecil
Monsieur Hess	Ernest Stallard
Henriette	Olga Lee
Baron Nikolaieff	E. M. Hast
Prince Barovski	Lawrence Cecil
Baroness Nikolaievna	Olga Tristjansky
A Man	Converse Tyler
A Lady	Geraldine Beckwith
Another Lady	Norma Havery
Another Man	Frank Roberts
Act I.—Lounge of the Palace Hotel, Montreux, Switzerland. Act	
II.—Boudoir of the Grand Duchess in the Same Hotel. Act	
III.—A Cabaret at Deauville. Staged by Frank Reicher.	

The Grand Duchess Xenia, run out of Russia by the Bolsheviks, is staying at a Swiss hotel with a small but loyal band of royal relatives, living on her pawned jewels. Albert, the waiter, falls hopelessly in love with her and she undertakes to cure his passion by making him a sort of valet de chambre and submitting him to the most humiliating of intimacies. Then she confesses her love and learns that he is the son of the president of the Swiss republic learning the hotel business from the rugs up. She hates and dismisses him for being a republican, but he follows her to Deauville, where she opens a Russian cabaret. There she finds use for him.

A MAN'S MAN

A comedy in three acts by Patrick Kearney. Produced by the Stagers at the Fifty-second Street Theatre, New York, October 13, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Ma Tuttle	Margaret Love
Edie Tuttle	Josephine Hutchinson
Hazel Williams	Rita Romilly
Melville Tuttle	Dwight Frye
S. Barrett Blackstone	Arthur Hughes
Charlie Groff	Robert Gleckler
Mabel Plant	Olga Brent
Joe Plant	Jean Worth
Marjorie Tuttle	Marienne Francks
Herb Brown	Jerry Lynch
Eddie Eckles	Clarke Billings
Acts I, II and III.—Melville Tuttle's Apartment. Staged by Edward Goodman.	

Melville Tuttle, a bookkeeper, lives with Edie, his wife, "under the L." Melville is ambitious, reads the five-foot shelf and studies success and how to achieve it by correspondence. Edie thinks she looks like Mary Pickford and wants to get into the movies. Charlie Groff, a smooth cheater, promises to get Mel into the Elks for \$100 and to make Edie a movie star if she will give herself to him. Unknown to each other the Tuttles both accept Groff's terms, are pathetically and humiliatingly duped and are left at the end trying to forgive each other and recover from the effects of their shame.

WEAK SISTERS

A comedy in three acts by Lynn Starling. Produced by Jed Harris at the Booth Theatre, New York, October 13, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Faith Corey	Carlotta Irwin
Uncle Roger	William T. Hayes

Grandma Corey	Louise Galloway
Arthur Milbank	Allen Moore
Theresa Corey	Spring Byington
Lucy	Helen Leaming
Mrs. Strong	Minnie Stanley
Siegfried Strong	Osgood Perkins
Camilla Ginsburg	Beatrice Nichols
Pearl	Mareta George
Mabel	Grace Connell
Stella	Rowena West
Ethel	Jane Short
Rose Marie	Jane Haven
Bessie	Betty Fromen
Acts I, II and III.—On the Side Porch of Mrs. Corey's House on the Outskirts of a Town in New England. Staged by Mr. Starling.	

Siegfried Strong, a small-town reformer, is working with the widow, Theresa Corey, in cleaning up their town. He also hopes to marry Theresa's young daughter, Faith. Siegfried organizes a raid upon a scarlet house, and when six of the inmates and their friend, the Madam, are arrested he invites them to the Coreys' for lunch and a moral lecture while they are waiting for the train that is to take them away. At the end of the lecture the Madam reminds Siegfried of a night he spent with her in St. Louis before he became active as a reformer. Siegfried bolts the meeting comically, but is able later to reinstate himself in the understanding affections of Theresa.

APPEARANCES

A drama in three acts by Garland Anderson. Produced by Lester W. Sagar at the Frolic Theatre, New York, October 13, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Frank Thompson	Edward Keane
Carl	Lionel Monagas
Mrs. Thompson	Daisy Atherton
Fred Kellard	Robert Toms
Elsie Benton	Mildred Wall
Louise Thornton	Hazele Burgess
Judge Thornton	Frank Hatch

Rufus	Doe Doe Green
Ella	Evelyn Mason
Jack Wilson	Joseph Sweeney
Police Officer	Clifton Self
Judge Robinson	Louis Frohoff
Clerk of Court	William Davidge
Court Stenographer	Leatta Miller
Gerald Saunders	Edwin Hodge
Hiram Matthews	James Cherry
A. A. Andrews	Wilton Lackaye, Jr.
Acts I, II and III.—Hotel Shasta, San Francisco. Staged by John Hayden.	

The story of a negro bellboy falsely accused of rape who defends himself and by his faith conquers his enemies. Garland Anderson, the author, was himself a San Francisco bellboy when he wrote the play, the production of which was later financed by his wellwishers.

LOVELY LADY

A play in three acts by Jesse Lynch Williams. Produced by Wagenhals and Kemper at the Belmont Theatre, New York, October 14, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Stanley Linton	William Hanley
Mrs. Linton	Lily Cahill
Mr. Linton	Bruce McRae
Stephanie Whitridge	Miriam Hopkins
Mrs. Julia Deshiels	Elisabeth Risdon
Lucille	Minnette Barrett
Peter	Charles Newsom
Acts I and III.—The Linton Cabin. Act II.—The Lovely Lady's Tower. Westchester County, N. Y. Staged by Colin Kemper.	

Mrs. Julia Deshiels, being widowed and having arrived at a dangerous age, is interested in ensnaring a man. She will take, she decides, either Linton, the father, or Stanley, his son. But as both father and son are bent on protecting their angel wife and mother, they each agree to save the other. As a result all Mrs. Deshiels's schemes go wrong and the two Lintons retain their honor.

HOLKA POLKA

A musical comedy in three acts. Music by Will Ortmann; lyrics by Gus Kahn and Raymond B. Eagan; book adapted by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby from Derick Wulff's translation of the European success by W. Walzer. Produced by Carl Reed at the Lyric Theatre, New York, October 14, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Auctioneer	Harry Anderson
Adam Cook	James C. Morton
Marie Karin	Francis H. Cherry
Peter Novak, Known as "Nobody"	Orville Harrold
Gundel	May-Vokes
Peterle Novak	Patti Harrold
Ellen Novak	Esther Lyon
Max Munz	Harry Holbrook
Karel Boleslav	Robert Halliday
Baron von Bruck	George E. Mack
Coachman	Charles Thompson
Rudi Munz	Thomas Burke, Jr.
Jan	Vincent Langan
Henri Novothy	John Sherlock
Specialty Dancers	Marion and Martinez Randal
Acts I and III.—A Village in Czecho-Slovakia. Act II.—Home of Max Munz, Near Prague. Staged by Oscar Eagle.	

Peterle Novak, brought up by the kindly Peter Novak, who is her father though she doesn't know it, goes from the country to Prague to study art. There she is loved by two men, her romance threatened and her history obscured. But happiness comes with the finale.

MADE IN AMERICA

A play in prologue and three acts by Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Gulesian. Produced at the Cort Theatre, New York, October 14, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Leon Turian	Carl Josef
Zabell Turian	G. Maude Cleveland
Veedah Turian	Rosalie Herrup

Hagop Turian	Horace Braham
Talaat	William Tennyson
Mr. Lawrence	Brandon Evans
O'Brien	Emory Blunkall
Bill Pickering	Earle Larimore
Mildred Lawrence	Jane Chapin
Richard Harrison	A. J. Herbert
Hattie Lawrence	Viola Fortescue
Larkin	Paul McGrath
Jenkins	Frank I. Frayne
Sam Howard	Roy Purviance
Prologue—Turian Home in Armenia. Act I.—Immigration Commissioner's Office, Ellis Island—An Attic Room Off the Bowery—The Lawrence Home. Act II.—Hagop Turian's Art Shop. Act III.—The Lawrence Home. Staged by John Ravold.	

Hagop Turian, leaving Armenia after his parents are slain by the Turks, arrives in America broke, borrows fifty dollars from Mildred Lawrence, the daughter of the immigration commissioner, gets a job in a brass works, later establishes himself in an art shop, goes in for real estate deals, makes a fortune and marries Mildred.

THE GLASS SLIPPER

A play in three acts by Ferenc Molnar. Produced by Theatre Guild, under the management of Charles Frohman, Inc. at the Guild Theatre, New York, October 19, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Irma Szabo	June Walker
Lilly	Eddie Wragge
Adele Romajzer	Helen Westley
Kati	Armina Marshall
Paul Csaszar	George Baxter
Lajos Sipos	Lee Baker
Adele's Mother	Veni Atherton
Cook	Elizabeth Pendleton
Janitor	Stanley G. Wood
Julesa	Ethel Westley
Photographer	John McGovern
Assistant Photographer	Roland Hoot
Viola	Evealine Barried
Stetner	Martin Wolfson
Bandi Sasz	Louis Cruger
Captain Gal	Erskine Sanford
Gypsy Leader	Ralph MacBane
Police Clerk	Martin Wolfson

Police Sergeant	Erskine Sanford
Policeman	Milton Salisbury
Mrs. Rotics	Amelia Summerville
Mrs. Rotics' Companion	Jeanne La Gue
Ilona Keczel	Ethel Valentine
Dr. Theodore Sagody	Ralph MacBane
Sergeant-at-Arms	Louis Cruger
Police Magistrate	Edward Fielding
Acts I and II.—Adele Romajzer's Boarding House in Budapest.	
Act III.—Waiting Room of the District Police Station. Staged by Philip Moeller.	

Irma Szabo, nineteen years old and a maid in the boarding house of Mrs. Romajzer, desperately loves Lajos Sipos, a forty-nine-year-old carpenter, whose room she cares for. When, after having lived with her for ten years, Sipos decides to marry Mrs. Romajzer, Irma determines to be revenged. She gets a little drunk at Sipos' wedding, tells stories of Mrs. Romajzer's unfaithfulness and finally swears to throw herself on the town unless she can have Sipos. They find her next day in the police station. She has tried to become an inmate of a scarlet house and failed. Sipos thereupon agrees that such love shall not go unrequited and promises to divorce Mrs. Romajzer and marry Irma.

BAREFOOT

A play in three acts by Richard Barry. Produced by the Native Theatre, at the Princess Theatre, New York, October 19, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mammy	Maud Durand
Calvin Allen	James Bowman
Jesse Tabor	John M. Kline
Jessal Tabor	Evelyn Martin
Kemp Owen	Byron Beasley
Nanice	André Corday
Susan Crane	Joyce Borden
Grey Langham	Eugene Weber
Acts I and III.—The Cabin in Virginia. Act II.—The Love Nest in Barbazon. Staged by Mr. Barry.	

Jessal Tabor, jest a pretty mount'n gal in Virginy, is carried off to Paris by one who promises her an art

career but is principally interested in her alluring body. She achieves success in art but misery of soul, returns to Virginy, where her father tries to, but doesn't kill her abductor. After which Jessal marries a good boy and all is well.

THE ENEMY

A play in four acts by Channing Pollock. Produced by Crosby Gaige at the Times Square Theatre, New York, October 20, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Carl Behrend	Walter Abel
Pauli Arndt	Fay Bainter
Baruska	Olive May
Bruce Gordon	Lyonel Watts
August Behrend	Charles Dalton
Jan	Harold Vermilye
Dr. Arndt	Russ Whytal
Mizzi Winckelman	Jane Seymour
Kurt	Donald Hughes
Fritz Winckelman	John Wray
Acts I, II and III.—The Arndt flat in Vienna. Staged by Robert Milton.	

See page 198.

ARABESQUE

A musical play by Cloyd Head and Eunice Tietjens; music by Ruth White Warfield. Produced by Norman-Bel Geddes and Richard Herndon at the National Theatre, New York, October 20, 1925.

Principals engaged —

The Water Carrier, Abs	George Thornton
Chief Bedouin	Jacob Kingsbury
A Bedouine, from the Desert, Laila	Hortense Alden
Tall Bedouin, to Whom Belongs Laila	Boyd Davis
Old Bedouin	Philip Spector
Ahmed Ben Tahar	Curtis Cooksey
Sheik of Hammam, a Minor Official	Bela Lugosi
The Pearl in a Bed of Oysters, M'na	Sara Sothorn
The Mother of the Pearl, Mabouba	Olive West

Coppersmith	Raphael Kados
The Sheik's Mother, Who Would Live in Tunis	Julia Ralph
The Sheik's Sister	Naoe Kondo
The Sheik's Aunt	Yetta Malamude
The Professional Matchmaker, Halima	Helen Judson
The Caid of Nadour	Etienne Girardot
Staged by Norman-Bel Geddes.	

The Sheik of Hamman, agreeing for policy's sake to marry the beautiful M'Na, who is a "pearl in a bed of oysters," is briefly diverted from his intentions by Laila, a sensuous Bedouine, who seduces him in the desert. The Sheik's plans are further upset by Ahmed Ben Tahar, an honest youth who was once a playmate of M'Na and now wants to marry her. In the contest that follows Ahmed Ben Tahar is victorious and M'Na is made happy.

ANTONIA

A play in three acts by Melchior Lengyel; adapted by Arthur Richman. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, October 20, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Juli	Heppie Warren
Vince Fancsy	Lumsden Hare
George Tamassy	H. Tyrrell Davis
Antonia	Marjorie Rambeau
Jancsi	John Shanks
Piri	Ruth Hammond
A Chambermaid	Maria Palay
Mihaly	George Greenberg
Ersi	Marion Stephenson
Bela Kovacsy	Philip Merivale
Pista	Malcolm Dennison
Richard	Harry Plimmer
Rudi	Alexander Szalay
A Profiteer	Sam Sidman
His Wife	Anne Brody
Lia	Ilka Chase
Capt. Pierre Marceau	Georges Renavent
Marcia	Mabel Colcord
Todor	Lou Turner
Waiters	Stephen Kendal, Stanley Rignold
Acts I and III.—The Garden of Fancsy's House, Varkony, Near Budapest. Act II.—At the "Bonbonniere," Budapest. Staged by the Author and George Cukor.	

Before Antonia married Vince Fancsy she was a noted and popular opera singer in Budapest. After marrying

Vince, Antonia becomes the mistress of his farm and for ten years never returns to the city. Then the longing comes upon her, the lights beckon, and her flapper niece begs her to come to town and help straighten out a love tangle. In Budapest Antonia meets a couple of old lovers, drinks considerable champagne and is ready to elope with her niece's handsome French officer, Captain Pierre Marceau, in the morning. But she reconsiders and goes back to the farm.

LUCKY SAM McCARVER

A play in three acts by Sidney Howard. Produced by William A. Brady, Jr. and Dwight Deere Wiman (in association with John Cromwell) at the Playhouse, New York, October 21, 1925.

Cast of characters —

George	Robert Craig
Dan	Guy Nichols
Oscar	Charles Tazewell
Sam McCarver	John Cromwell
Sergeant Horan	Eric Jewett
Count Lentelli	James H. Bell
Max	Craig Williams
Dolly	Gladys Coburn
Jimmie	Philip Leigh
Archie Ellis	Gerald Hamor
Carlotta Ashe	Clare Eames
Burton Burton	Austin Fairman
Montgomery Garside	William Wellford
Annie	Augusta Haviland
The Princess Stra	Hilda Spong
Pietro	George Piani
Carter Ashe	Montague Rutherford
Tudor Raeburn	Lew Martin
Miriam Hale	Rose Hobert
"Pudge"	Philip Leigh
Act I.—The House Manager's Office of the Club Tulleries, New York.	
Act II.—Sam McCarver's Apartment on Park Avenue.	
Act III.—The Palazzo Stra in Venice. An Upper West Side Apartment, New York. Staged by Sidney Howard.	

Sam McCarver, having risen from lowly beginnings as barkeeper and Turkish bath rubber, is now the proprie-

tor of a society night club. A frequent visitor is Carlotta Ashe, representing the frayed end of a family of American aristocrats. Carlotta is restless, Sam is in love with her and ambitious to complete his social climb. Carlotta marries Sam soon after he helps her out of a nasty mess her drunken party gets into in his club on New Year's eve. But she finds she can't improve Sam much and he is soon disgusted with her set of parasites. They separate a year later and Carlotta sinks. She is being kept by a society bounder and dies of heart disease the night Sam calls to offer her an allowance.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

A play in five acts by Richard Brinsley Sheridan (version follows closely after play prepared by late Augustin Daly). Produced by Hubert Druce and William Streett, at the Little Theatre, New York, October 22, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Lady Sneerwell	Beatrice Terry
Snake	Joaquin Souther
Lady Sneerwell's Servant	Tom Pace
Joseph Surface	Frederick G. Lewis
Maria	Nora Stirling
Mrs. Candour	Florence Edney
Crabtree	John H. Brewer
Sir Benjamin Backbite	Claud Allister
Lady Teazle	Mrs. Insull
Sir Peter Teazle	Hubert Druce
Lady Teazle's Servant	Kirk Ames
Rowley	Clifford Walker
Sir Oliver Surface	Sydney Paxton
Moses	Max Montesole
Trip	David Belbridge
Charles Surface	Wilfrid Seagram
Careless (with song)	Charles Romano
Sir Harry Bumper	Dwight George
Joseph's Servant	James C. Morton
Act I.—At Lady Sneerwell's House. Act II.—At Sir Peter Teazle's House. Act III.—At Charles Surface's House. Act IV.—At Joseph Surface's House. Act V.—At Sir Peter Teazle's House. Staged by Hubert Druce.	

The production of the play employed by Mrs. Insull

in her revival of the Sheridan classic in Chicago, by means of which she raised something more than \$100,000 for charity in two weeks.

EASY COME, EASY GO

A farce in three acts by Owen Davis. Produced by Lewis and Gordon (in association with Sam H. Harris) at the Cohan Theatre, New York, October 26, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mortimer Quale	Edward Arnold
Horace Winfield	Neil O'Malley
Pullman Porter	Jules Bennett
Dick Train	Otto Kruger
Jim Bailey	Victor Moore
Tom Nash	Edwin Walter
Mrs. Masters	Harriett Marlotte
Alma Borden	Betty Garde
Harvey Borden	John Bingham
Walcott Masters	Frank W. Taylor
Ada Ray	Vaughn DeLeath
Dr. Coots	Jefferson Hall
Barbara Tuale	Mary Halliday
Dr. Jasper	Edwin Maxwell
Molly	Nan Sunderland
Shadow Martin	John Irwin
Act I.—Scene 1—Smoking Compartment of a Parlor Car. Scene 2—The Rest Room of Dr. Jasper's Health Farm. Act II.—The Same. Act III.—The Italian Courtyard at Dr. Jasper's. Staged by Priestly Morrison.	

Dick Train and Jim Bailey, Jim a professional crook and Dick his accidental pal, rob a bank in a midwest town and try to make their getaway aboard a Pullman. Here they meet two nerve cases headed for a health farm that is shut off from the world. They decide to hide out at the farm and for thirty-six hours their adventures are comic and exciting. Love for a pretty inmate pulls Dick back from his contemplated life of crime and Jim is at least temporarily stopped.

THE MAN WITH A LOAD OF MISCHIEF

A play in three acts by Ashley Dukes. Produced by Lee Shubert at the Ritz Theatre, New York, October 26, 1925.

Cast of characters —

A Lady	Ruth Chatterton
Her Maid	Bertha Mann
A Nobleman	Robert Loraine
His Man	Ralph Forbes
An Innkeeper	A. G. Andrews
His Wife	Jessie Ralph
Acts I, II and III.—A Room in a Wayside Inn. On the Road from Bath. Early Part of 19th Century.	

A Lady, deserting her princely keeper at two in the morning, after he has devoted the night to gambling at Bath, suffers a breakdown on the road and is rescued by a Noble who, in fact, is following her. The Lady, the Noble, her Maid and his Man, seek shelter in an inn called "The Man With a Load of Mischief." Herein the Lady and the Noble sup together and come to dislike each other heartily. In which extremity the Noble comforts himself with the Maid while Milady turns to the Man and finds him of such superior quality as a companion that she rides away with him next day, leaving the Noble to explain to the pursuing Prince.

THE CITY CHAP

A musical comedy in two acts, adapted from "The Fortune Hunter" by Winchell Smith. Music by Jerome Kern; libretto by James Montgomery; lyrics by Anne Caldwell. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the Liberty Theatre, New York, October 26, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Robbins	Fred Lennox
Grace Bartlett	Irene Dunn
Stephen Kellogg	John Rutherford
Nat Duncan	Richard (Skeet) Gallagher

Pete	Robert O'Connor
Watty	Eddie Girard
Betty Graham	Phyllis Cleveland
Tracey Tanner	Francis X. Donegan
Angie	Mary Jane
Blinkey Lockwood	Frank Doane
Roland Barnett	Hansford Wilson
Sam Graham	Charles Abbe
George Spelvin	George Raft
Josie Lockwood	Ina Williams
Miss Sperry	Helyn Eby Rock
Pearl	Pearl Eaton
Betty	Betty Compton
Act I.—Stephen Kellog's Apartment, New York City—On Train	
106—Graham's Drug Store, Radford. Act II.—Graham's Drug	
Store—Miss Bartlett's Private Car—Ballroom in Miss Bartlett's	
House. Staged by R. H. Burnside.	

Telling the familiar "Fortune Hunter" story of Nat Duncan, who, being broke and discouraged, goes to the small town of Radford representing a backer who expects him to win an heiress with his city ways and snappy clothes. Nat falls in love with Betty, the druggist's daughter, but is not permitted to marry her until the last act, when he can explain all.

YOUNG WOODLEY

A comedy in three acts by John Van Druten. Produced under the direction of George C. Tyler and Basil Dean at the Belmont Theatre, New York, November 2, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Cope	George Walcott
Vining	Geoffrey John Harwood
Ainger	Edward Crandall
Milner	John Gerard
Woodley	Glenn Hunter
Laura Simmons	Helen Gahagan
Simmons	Herbert Bunston
Parlourmaid	Esther Bell
Mr. Woodley	Grant Stewart
Acts I and III.—The Prefect's Room, Mallowhurst School, Eng-	
land. Act II.—Mrs. Simmons' Drawing Room.	

See page 306.

PRINCESS FLAVIA

A musical version, in three acts, of Anthony Hope's "The Prisoner of Zenda." Book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith; music by Sigmund Romberg; produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Century Theatre, New York, November 2, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Rudolf Rassendyl and Rudolf, Crown Prince of Ruritania,	Harry Welchman
General Sapt	William Pringle
Rupert of Hentzau	John Clarke
Franz Teppich, Major Domo	William Danforth
Lieut. Fritz von Tarlenheim	James Marshall
Gilbert Bertrand	Alois Havrilla
Michael, Duke of Strelsau	Douglass R. Dumbrille
Detchard	Joseph Toner
De Gautet	Earle Lee
Bersonin	Dudley Marwick
Waldheim	Phil Darby
Sturm	Edmund Ruffner
Wurfner	Joseph C. Spurin
Lauba	William Moore
Meller	Donald Lee
Princess Flavia	Evelyn Herbert
Helga	Margaret Breen
Antoinette de Mauban	Felicia Drenova
Sophie, Frau Teppich	Maude Odell
Charlotte	Lucille Arnold
Marta	Miriam Lax
Barbara	Jessie Bradley
Cella	Sonia Veskova
Teresa	Ethel Louise Wright
Minna	Lilian Baker
Marie	Marjorie May
Helene	Helen Frederic
Blanche	Byrdeatta Evans
Rena	Louise Fraer
Lamia	Maria Laval
Lieut. Blindenhoff	George Harold
Capt. Strohman	Herbert Goff
Capt. Fuerer	Eugene Scudder
Lackey	Dudley Marwick
Marshal Momsen	Edmund Ruffner
Senor Poncho	Joseph C. Spurin
Lord Topham	Earle Lee
Princess Edelstein	Stella Shiel
Innkeeper	Dudley Marwick
Josef	Alois Havrilla
Cardinal	Donald Lee

Act I.—In the Forest of Zenda. Act II.—The Palace of Strelsau.
Act III.—The Armory of Zenda Castle—An Open Space in the Forest Near Zenda. Staged by Mr. J. J. Shubert.

The Zenda romance followed closely. Rudolph Rassendyl, loafing through Zenda forest, is mistaken for

Prince Rudolph of Ruritania and prevailed upon, when the Prince becomes sodden, to substitute for his highness at the coronation proceedings next day. The Princess Flavia, back from a continental tour, falls in love with the substitute prince and he with her, but in the end they make the great sacrifice and Rassendyl goes back to London.

THE CAROLINIAN

A play in three acts by Rafael Sabatini and J. Harold Terry. Produced by Charles L. Wagner at the Sam H. Harris Theatre, New York, November 2, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mrs. Brewton	Helen Chisholm
Mrs Ralph Izard	Valerie Petrie
Major Sykes	Norman Cannon
Ralph Izard	John Maroney
Captain Davenant	Edward Lester
Colonel Harvey	Cosmo Bellew
Sir James Gaspard (President of H. M. Council of Carolina),	Charles Esdale
Lady Gaspard	Agnes Atherton
Captain Manderville	Reginald Owen
Andrew Carey	Charles Warburton
Myrtle Carey	Martha-Bryan Allen
John Rutledge	Arthur Forrest
William Moultrie (Colonel of the South Carolina Militia),	Edwin Mordant
Lord William Campbell	Guy Standing
Lady William Campbell	Elizabeth Stevenson
Harry Latimer	Sidney Blackmer
Hanibal	Murray Bennett
Mr. Trevor	John Storm
Captain Lee	Paul Martin
Lieutenant Shubrick	David Owen
Ensign Laurens	Walker Moore
Captain Shenstone	Robert Montgomery
Andre Randolph	Pierre Mario
Sarah Custis	Vivien Kellems
Louis Carter	Winifred Spear
John Lewis	Joseph Mitchell
Acts I, II and III.—Spacious Hall Adjoining the Grand Assembly Room of Charles Town. Staged by Hamilton McFadden.	

In Charles Town, in 1774, Harry Latimer is the most active of the potential rebels, frankly defying King

George and all his emissaries. Secretly he marries Myrtle Carey, pretty daughter of the Colonial governor, which complicates his position in 1779, after he has become an officer in Washington's army. At one point little Mrs. Latimer is accused of being a spy and Harry's own loyalty is questioned at a court-martial. He is convinced, for a time, of his wife's duplicity, but later both are cleared and love reigns.

FLORIDA GIRL

A musical comedy. Music by Milton Suskind; book and lyrics by Paul Porter, Benjamin Hapgood Burt and William A. Grew. Produced by Earl Carroll at the Lyric Theatre, New York, November 2, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Station Master	Jack Fisher
Train Man	Thomas Herbert
First Porter	Kenneth Curry
Second Porter	Kenneth Haviland
Horace Eagan	James S. Barrett
Mike	Parker Fennelly
Henry Elkins	Irving Beebe
Hop Morgan, alias Edwards	William Foran
Betty	Nellie Breen
Wilmer Bantam	Jack Norton
Madge Bantam	Allyn King
Sandy	Lester Allen
Al Socrates, Jimmy Plato, Harry Aristotle	The Ritz Brothers
Natalie	Gertrude Lemmon
Daphne	Vivienne Segal
Marcelle	Jeannette Gilmore
Wee Toy	Nina Penn
Marie	Hope Vernon
Gregory	Chester Fredericks
Chocolate	Arthur Bryson
Vanilla	Strappy Jones
Ada	Gracella
Gio	Theodor
Satan	Anally Pupp

Staged by Frederick Stanhope.

Daphne, visiting the Bantams in Coral Gables, loses a green slipper which is plucked from her foot as she is ascending the station stairs. In the heel of the slipper

there are smuggled diamonds, though Daphne doesn't know that. For two acts the slipper is chased here and there, with every one afraid to be caught with it. It is finally restored or something, and Daphne takes to singing duets regular with Henry Elkins.

LAFF THAT OFF

A comedy in three acts by Don Mullally. Produced by Earl Carroll at Wallack's Theatre, New York, November 2, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Robt. Elton Morse, "Remorse"	Thomas W. Ross
Arthur Lindau	Norval Keedwell
Mrs. Connelly	Hattie Foley
Leo Mitchell	Alan Bunce
Emmy, "Mopupus"	Pauline Drake
Peggy Bryant	Shirley Booth
Mike Connelly	Wyrley Birch
Acts I, II and III.—Living Room of Bachelor Apartment, Occupied by Three Boys. Staged by Roy Walling.	

Leo Mitchell, keeping house with two pals, Robert Morse and Arthur Lindau, brings Peggy Bryant home the night he knows the other boys have gone fishing. He has picked Peggy up in the park, but she is not that kind of a girl, really. She is just broke and desperate. So the three boys adopt her as a sister, she cooks their meals and all is as it should be until, disappointed because Leo doesn't love her and the other two do, Peggy borrows the trinity's savings and beats it. Two years later she is back on Christmas eve with a fur coat and a career all started. And Leo, the dumbhead, finally realizes that he loves her.

WHITE GOLD

A play in four acts by J. Palmer Parsons. Produced by Sherfield Play-Producing Corp. at the Lenox Little Theatre, New York, November 2, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Kate Tunbridge	Iseth Munro
Ah Fong	William Podmore
Ralph Turner	Percy Baverstock
Aleck Steadman	Edward Farrell
Jean Steadman	Grace Carlyle
Barney	Kenneth Miner
Leslie Bancroft	Robert Noble
An Aborigine	Major Doyle
Acts I, II, III and IV.—Sheep Station in North Central Queensland, Australia. Staged by Walter Hartwig.	

Jean Steadman, a bride, approaching life at her husband's sheep station in Australia with enthusiasm, breaks under the strain of continued drought and misery and fights desperately against a desire to return to civilization with Leslie Bancroft. A rain that threatens persistently through three acts finally breaks the tension and everything is saved.

ADAM SOLITAIRE

A play in three acts by Em Jo Basshe. Produced by Provincetown Players at the Provincetown Playhouse, New York, November 6, 1925.

Cast of characters —

John Stafford	Robert Lynn
Alice	Clifford Sellers
Aunt Minnie	Eda Heinemann
Mother of the Bridegroom	Alice Chapin
The Auditor	Harold McGee
The President	Hugh Kidder
Dixon	Walter Kumme
A Fortune Teller	Ernita Lascelles
A Doctor	Stanley Howlett
The Telescope Man	John Huston
Bill	Joseph Thayer
Ed	S. Iden Thompson
Frank	Paul Clare

An Elderly Man	Walter Kumme
A Young Man	J. C. Ritter
A Girl	Jean Powers
A Policeman	Lester Boyd
A Priest	Marlyn Brown
Vaudeville Actor	S. Iden Thompson
Vaudeville Actress	Louise Bradley
Theatre Manager	Hugh Kidder
Staged by Stanley Howlett.	

The night John Stafford married Alice, John's Aunt Minnie, who was something of a fanatic, read his fate out of a fortune-telling book and predicted, with squeals and grimaces, that many unfortunate adventures would overtake him. And they did—in his excited imagination. He died a dozen deaths and suffered almost as much as his audience. Then he died in fact and was released.

THE MASTER BUILDER

A play in three acts by Henrik Ibsen. Produced at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York, November 10, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Knut Brovik	Sydney Machet
Ragnar Brovik	J. Warren Sterling
Kaia Fosli	Ruth Wilton
Halvard Solness	Egon Brecher
Aline Solness	Cecelia Radcliffe
Doctor Herdal	William Raymond
Hilda Wangel	Eva Le Gallienne
Ladies	Mary Tupper Jones, Beatrice De Neergaard
Acts I and II.—Solness's Study. Act III.—On the Terrace.	
Directed by Eva Le Gallienne.	

To the home of Halvard Solness, architect and builder, comes Hilda Wangel to remind him that ten years before, when he had climbed to the weather vane of the church he was building in her village, and she had cheered him, he kissed her and promised to make her a princess in ten years. She finds Solness moody and afraid of life, of the onrushing generation, of his own ego. And she drags him from his mood and inspires him again with confidence and hope, until he climbs again to the heights of a new steeple. He falls to his death, but his soul has been freed.

HAMLET

Shakespeare's tragedy in modern dress. Produced by Horace Liveright at the Booth Theatre, New York, November 9, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Claudius, King of Denmark	Charles Waldron
Hamlet	Basil Sydney
Polonius	Ernest Lawford
Horatio	Percy Waram
Laertes	Stafford Dickins
Rosencrantz	Harry Green
Guildestern	Lawrence Tulloch
Osric	James Meighan
A Priest	Julian Greer
Marcellus	Gordon Standing
Bernardo	John Burr
Francisco	Elmer Cornell
First Player	Herbert Ranson
Second Player	Elmer Cornell
First Grave Digger	Walter Kingsford
Second Grave Digger	John Burr
A Captain	Bernard Savage
Ghost of Hamlet's Father	Herbert Ranson
Gertrude, Queen of Denmark	Adrienne Morrison
Ophelia	Helen Chandler
Player Queen	Katharine Francis

Staged by James Light.

The first American production of the Shakespearian tragedy in modern dress. Denmark's court is presented as such a gathering as might assemble at any present-day function, the ghost scenes being played on what appeared to be a terrace at Newport, and Polonius being shot neatly through the arras with a one-man automatic. Hamlet was at all times accoutered as a young man about town whose taste in dress was faultless according to the fashions of the time.

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY

A comedy in three acts by Frederick Lonsdale. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the Fulton Theatre, New York, November 9, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Charles	A. E. Matthews
George	Alfred Ayre

Lady Joan Houghton	Nancy Ryan
Willie Wynton	Lionel Pape
Lady Mary Sindley	Audrey Thompson
Maria	Helen Hays
Mrs. Wynton	Mabel Buckley
Lord Arthur Dilling	Roland Young
Lord Elton	Felix Aylmer
Mrs. Cheyney	Ina Claire
Mrs. Webley	Winifred Harris
William	Henry Mowbray
Jim	Edwin Taylor
Roberts	Leslie Palmer
Act I.—Drawing Room in Mrs. Cheyney's House at Goring, England. Act II.—A Room in Mrs. Webley's Country House— Mrs. Webley's Bedroom. Act III.—On the Veranda. Staged by Winchell Smith.	

See page 243.

LAST NIGHT OF DON JUAN

A play in prologue and two acts by Edmond Rostand;
translated by Sidney Howard. Produced by Kenneth
Macgowan, Robert E. Jones and Eugene O'Neill at the
Greenwich Village Theatre, New York, November 9,
1925.

Cast of characters —

Don Juan	Stanley Logan
The Statue of the Commander	Henry O'Neill
Sganarelle	Edgar Stehli
The Devil	Augustin Duncan
The White Shadow	Violet Kemble Cooper
The Pauper	Ralph Benzie
The Prologue is Laid in Spain. The First and Second Acts in Venice. Staged by Robert Milton.	

THE PILGRIMAGE

By CHARLES VILDRAC

Translated by Sigourney Thayer

Cast of characters —

Denise	Betty Linley
Uncle Edouard Desavesnes	Augustin Duncan
Madame Dentin	Mrs. Frank I. Frayne
Henriette	Helenka Adamowska
The scene is laid in a small town in the Provinces of France.	

Don Juan, standing at the brink of hell, pleads with
Satan for another ten years on earth in which to show
just how complete a success it is possible for an art-
fully wicked man to be. Satan agrees. Ten years later,
the last night of the extension, the great lover is waiting,

proud of his record. Satan appears in the guise of Polichinelle, calls Juan to account, exposes him as a braggart, and summons his thousand and one women friends to laugh him out of countenance.

NAUGHTY CINDERELLA

A farce in three acts by Avery Hopwood (from the French of Rene Peter and Henri Falk). Produced by Charles Frohman (in association with E. Ray Goetz) at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, November 9, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Gerald Gray	Henry Kendall
Jacques	Marcel Rousselle
Claire Fenton	Evelyn Gosnell
Bunny West	John Deverell
Thomas Fenton	Orlando Daly
Germaine Leverrier	Irene Bordoni
Chouchou Rouselle	Adele Windsor
K. O. Bill Smith	Nat Pendleton
An Italian Policeman	Alfred Ilma
Act I.—Gerald Gray's Apartment, in Paris. Acts II and III.— An Apartment in a Hotel at the Lido, Venice. Staged by W. H. Gilmore.	

Germaine Leverrier accepts a position as traveling secretary to Gerald Gray, who is in love with Claire Fenton and wants to be near her without exciting the suspicions of her husband. With Germaine along, pretending to be everything to him she should not be, Claire's husband will not suspect his flirtatious wife. In Venice, however, with most of the men curious about the furnishings of Germaine's bedroom, there are complications which result finally in Gerald's discovery that he loves Germaine instead of Claire.

CANDIDA

A revival of the play in three acts by Bernard Shaw. Revived by the Actors' Theatre at the Comedy Theatre, New York, November 9, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Miss Proserpine Garnett	Helen Tilden
Rev. James Mavor Morell	Harry C. Browne
Rev. Alexander Mill	Frank Henderson
Mr. Burgess	Richie Ling
Candida	Peggy Wood
Eugene Marchbanks	Morgan Farley
Acts I, II and III.—Vicarage of St. Dominick's, Victoria Park, London. Staged by Dudley Digges.	

CHARLOT REVUE, 1926

A revue in two acts. Produced by Arch Selwyn at the Selwyn Theatre, New York, November 10, 1925.

Principals engaged —

Beatrice Lillie	Jack Buchanan
Gertrude Lawrence	Douglas Furber
Betty Stockfeld	Fenner Irving
Jill Williams	Eric Fawcett
Phyllis Austen	Hugh Sinclair
Hazel Wynne	George Pughe
Staged by Jack Buchanan.	

THE OFFENSE

A play in three acts by Mordaunt Shairp. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert (in association with B. A. Meyer) at the Ritz Theatre, New York, November 16, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Martin Stapleton	William Quinn
Lucy Stapleton	Dorothy Overend
Alfred Stapleton	Richard Gordon
Rose	Georgina Tilden
Barker	John R. Turnbull
Fay	Jeanne Greene
Dick	Harry Nelson
Martin	Dennis Neilson-Terry
Jessica	Mary Glynn
Ellen	Blanche Oldmixon
Act I.—Drawing Room of Alfred's House. Acts II and III.—A Room in Martin Stapleton's House.	

Martin Stapleton, at the age of eight, breaks a highly prized Chinese bowl. His father, enraged, beats Martin into insensibility. During the next twenty-five years

Martin is obsessed with strange fears and haunted by leering faces. Once, when his father visits him, his horror reaches an acute stage in which he recognizes the distorted face of his parent as that which has been following him. Connecting his fears with another bowl, Martin gathers the strength to smash it and his obsession is dissipated.

IN A GARDEN

A comedy in three acts by Phillip Barry. Produced by Arthur Hopkins at the Plymouth Theatre, New York, November 16, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Miss Mabie	Marie Bruce
Roger Compton	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Adrian Terry	Frank Conroy
Lissa Terry	Laurette Taylor
Frederic	Cecil Clovelly
Norrie Bliss	Louis Calhern
Acts I, II and III.—The Library on the Second Floor of Adrian Terry's House in Sutton Place, New York City. Staged by Arthur Hopkins.	

The day Adrian Terry, successful dramatist, decides to give up work and enjoy life the germ of a new play is lodged in his mind. Its major theme shall be that every woman at heart is another man's mistress. In her secret soul she has idealized the man first responsible for having awakened romance within her. But romance, argues the playwright, can never bear the strain of repetition. At which point he discovers that Lissa, his wife, and Norrie Bliss, their guest, had experienced exactly such a meeting as he had mapped for his heroine. It was in a walled garden seven years before. This gives him a chance to test his theory. Adrian transforms his living room into such a garden and leaves Lissa and Norrie alone in a blue moonlight. The lovers are drawn again to each other, but Lissa learns that their first meeting also was a part of a deliberate plan. She recoils alike

from her husband, who has always accepted her as a character to be studied and dissected for his plays, and her lover, who had reckoned on her capitulation. She leaves them both to be by herself, for a time at least.

THE JOKER

A play in four acts by Arthur Goodrich and W. F. Payson. Produced by Wagenhals and Kemper at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York, November 16, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Sally Carson	Hope Drown
Jack Burr	Bruce Evans
Mrs. Blaisdell	Leah Winslow
Mrs. Kemp	Louise Waller
Larkin	Ashley Cooper
Henry Carson	George Pauncefort
Dr. Blaisdell	Sydney Booth
Judge Burr	Walter Walker
Virginia Hamill	Leona Hogarth
Mrs. Ostrander	Marie Reichardt
Grant Nugent	Walter Gilbert
Lawrence Waite	Jay Fassett
Dick Hamill	Ralph Morgan
Cummings	Joseph Burton
McMurtry	John Sharkey
Sadie	Marjorie Wood
Acts I and II.—Library at the Old Hamill Mansion, Oldburg, New York. Act III.—Dick Hamill's Office, New York—Music Room. Act IV.—Library. Staged by Collin Kemper.	

Dick Hamill, refusing to take life seriously, gains a reputation as an irresponsible and untrustworthy young man. When a large amount in bonds disappears from the office of which he has charge everybody is ready to believe him guilty. With his wife's faith to sustain him, she having given him a year in which to make good, Dick sets out to clear his name and run down the real thief. He uncovers him finally, after he (Dick) plays dead, as his best friend, Grant Nugent. As a result of the exposure, Grant is miserable, Dick is triumphant and Virginia happy.

TWELVE MILES OUT

A melodrama in three acts by William Anthony McGuire. Produced by William Anthony McGuire at The Playhouse, New York, November 16, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Jane Burton	Mildred Florence
Charles (Chuck) Raymond	Albert Hackett
John Burton	John Westley
Gerald Fay	Warren William
Froggy	Alfred A. Hesse
Skinny	Lance Burritt
Irish	Saul Z. Martell
Michael McCue	Frank Shannon
Lefty	James P. Houston
Spike	Frank Hilton
Tony	Gilbert Girard
Ling Tan	Peter Chong Goe
English	F. H. Day
Jonesy	Howard Morgan

Acts I, II and III.—Living Room at the Burtons' and on Board a Rum Runner. Staged by Ira Hards and the Author.

John and Jane Burton, living down' the Long Island coast opposite Fire Island, are having one of their many disagreements the night Gerald Fay and his fellow rum runners commandeer the Burton cottage as a hiding place for three hundred cases of liquor. Ten minutes later Michael McCue and his gang of hi-jackers hold up both the Burtons and the Fay gang and put everybody and the booze aboard their schooner. Twelve miles out Burton is eliminated and Fay and McCue fight for Jane Burton. Fay wins, but turns noble because he loves Jane. Next day, when they get near shore, they are picked up by a revenuer, Fay agrees to quit rum running and Jane to divorce Burton.

SOLID IVORY

A comedy in three acts by Theodore Westman, Jr. Produced by Graham-Coleman Associated at the Central Theatre, New York, November 16, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Gil Hendricks	Neil Pratt
Ed Holden	William A. Norton
Ruth Holden, "Babe"	Lillian Ross
Jimmy Buck	James Burtis
Lefty Marvin	Bert Robinson
Ernie Teclaw	Dewey Robinson
Mrs. Gil Hendricks	Dorothy Vance
Mrs. Lefty Marvin	Gertrude Gustin
Shorty Blake	Frank Readick
Don Laughlin	Bert E. Chapman
"Pop" Kearney	William E. Lawrence
Anthony P. Griffin	Walter Law
Shirley Griffin	Marie Adels
Carlin Randall	William Williams
Umpire	Homer Miles
Photographer	Lester Scharff
Bat Boy	Sidney Salko
Wilson	Edgar Golding
Barrett	Charles Donnelly
Woods	Maitland Price
Dalbro	James L. Lelar
McVey	William E. Shea
Quinn	Oscar Warner
Crane	Arthur B. Webb
Kirkwood	Mike Scudi
Haines	James J. McVine
Kelly	Mickie Connolly
Merrick	W. G. Leighton
Act I.—Ed Holden's Home. Act II.—Clubhouse Entrance. Act	
III.—The Hyenas' Dug-out on the Ball Field—The Press Box—The	
Hyenas' Dug-out. Staged by Joseph H. Graham.	

"Babe" Holden is the daughter of Ed. Holden, manager of a bush league ball club. She knows more baseball than half the men playing the game. Incidentally she loves Jimmy Buck, the star pitcher. But Jimmy, being dumb, falls for the owner's daughter, Shirley Griffin, who is using him as a social experiment. The day of the big pennant game, Ed. Holden is in St. Louis and can't get home. The boys agree that "Babe" shall act in his place. Buck, who is pitching, goes bad in the ninth inning, with a two-run lead against him, but "Babe" refuses to take him out. He loses his own game, the knock takes the conceit out of him, he forgets the owner's daughter, Babe is happy and Jimmy is signed by McGraw for the Giants.

ANDROCLES AND THE LION

THE MAN OF DESTINY

"Androcles And The Lion," a comedy by Bernard Shaw, preceded by "The Man of Destiny," a play by Bernard Shaw. Produced by The Theatre Guild, at the Klaw Theatre, New York, November 23, 1925.

Cast of characters —

ANDROCLES AND THE LION

The Lion	Romney Brent
Androcles	Henry Travers
Magaira	Alice Belmore Cliffe
Beggar	Richard Nye
Centurion	Galwey Herbert
The Captain	Tom Powers
Lavinia	Clare Eames
Lentulus	Romney Brent
Metellus	Allan Ward
Spintho	Philip Leigh
Ferrovius	Orville Caldwell
Ox Driver	William M. Griffith
Secutor	Frederick Chilton
The Call Boy	Alfred Little
The Editor	Edward Reese
Menagerie Keeper	Galwey Herbert
Retiarius	William M. Griffith
Caesar	Edward Robinson
Prologue—A Jungle Path. Act I.—End of Three Roads to Rome.	
Act II.—Behind the Emperor's Box at the Coliseum.	

THE MAN OF DESTINY

Giuseppe	Edward Robinson
Napoleon	Tom Powers
The Lieutenant	Edward Reese
The Lady	Clare Eames
Scene—A Little Inn at Tavazzano on the Road from Lodi to Milan in May, 1796.	
Staged by Philip Moeller.	

Androcles is the fable play based on the legend of the Greek tailor who, being kind to the dumb, picks a thorn from the paw of a lion in the forest. Later when he enters the arena at Rome as a Christian martyr, the lion meets him and kisses in place of killing him.

"The Man of Destiny" is the episode in which Napoleon, after Lodi, enjoys a battle of wits with a lady spy, succumbing with dignity to her charms while sharing honors with her in debate and defeating her mission.

A LADY'S VIRTUE

A play in three acts by Rachel Crothers. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Bijou Theatre, New York, November 23, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mrs. Lucas	Isabel Irving
A Maid	Florence Arlington
Sally Halstead	Florence Nash
Madame Sisson	Mary Nash
Walter Lucas	George Barbier
Ralph Lucas	George Meeker
Harry Holstead	Robert Warwick
Eugenio	Guido Nadzo
Tshstanoff	Martin Berkeley
Montie	Joseph King
Acts I and II.—Living Room in the Lucas House in a Small City. Act III.—Montie's Apartment in New York—Madame Sisson's Apartment in New York. Staged by Rachel Crothers.	

Sally Halstead, married to Harry for eight years, is out of love and restless. In New York she meets the cocktail set, acquires the continental viewpoint and is convinced nothing but absolute individual freedom will ever make life worth while. Returning home she takes Mme. Sisson, a French opera singer, with her. Sisson and husband Harry immediately become friendly and Sally, true to her new principles, advises them to go as far as fancy dictates and waves them a smiling farewell. Being free, Sally returns to New York, searches out the man she hoped to marry, is disgusted by the boldness of his proposals, goes quickly in search of Harry and Sisson, finds her husband already wearied of his bargain and takes him home. There is something more than the ceremony to marriage, Sally decides.

ME

A play in three acts by Henry Myers. Produced by Arthur Kober at the Princess Theatre, New York, November 23, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Donald Hood	Gerald Cornell
A Tramp	Jerome Lawler
Nat Gordon	Fred L. Tiden
Dr. Sims	H. Langdon Bruce
Kate	Norma Millay
Acts I, II and III.—A Cabin in the Rocky Mountains. Staged by Edward Clark Lilley.	

Donald Hood, consumptive, engaged to Kate, leaves her suddenly and goes into the woods to cure himself. For seven years he stays there. One day a tramp calls on him, a fellow of cultivated mind but bearing the world a grudge. The same day Kate's friends come to beg Donald to help them restore the girl's mind. It has been a blank ever since Donald's disappearance. To rebuild her romance is the only hope of cure. The tramp, overhearing, kills Donald and assumes not only his manners but acquires his personality, cures the girl and convinces her father that he has undergone only the normal physical and spiritual changes seven years can account for.

YOUNG BLOOD

A play in three acts by James Forbes. Produced by The Dramatists Theatre, Inc., at the Ritz Theatre, New York, November 24, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Alan Dana	Norman Trevor
Alan Dana, Jr.	Eric Dressler
Louise	Florence Eldridge
Sammy Bissell	Monroe Owsley
Georgia Bissell	Helen Hayes
William Eames, Ph.D.	Malcolm Duncan
Simmons	Cameron Clemons
Acts I, II and III.—The Home of Alan Dana. Staged by James Forbes.	

When Alan Dana, Jr., home from college, tells his indulgent dad that he has been flunked by the dean, there is the expected paternal explosion. Alan, feeling hurt,

takes to the pre-war stuff in the cellar, being urged on by Louise, the pretty parlor-maid. Later he follows Louise to the summer house and is gone two days. Georgia Bissell, the girl next door, who has grown up with Alan and always been mad about him, seeing he is in a jam, seeks to save him. When Louise insists that Alan, having done her wrong, should marry her, Georgia exposes Louise as a faker and a gold digger. Thus Alan is saved, but not until he has wildly accused his father of being a neglectful parent and largely responsible for his son's failures.

MAYFLOWERS

A musical play in two acts. Book and lyrics by Clifford Grey; music by Edward Kunneke; from a play by Arthur Richman. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Forrest Theatre, New York, November 24, 1925.

Cast of characters —

A Gypsy	William O'Neal
His Daughter	Josephine Duval
Jane	Nancy Carroll
Alice	Francetta Molloy
Mary	Virginia Lloyd
Tom	George C. Lehman
Harry	Jules Cross
Elsie Dover	Ivy Sawyer
Sam Robinson	Robert Woolsey
Mr. Dover	David Higgins
Mrs. Ballard	Ethel Morrison
Ursula	Gaile Beverly
Miss Kaye	Hazel Beamer
Miss Watkins	Charlotte Ayres
Maid	Lida Mae
Cicero	Norman Sweetser
Rosamond Gill	Nydia d'Arnell
Billy Ballard	Joseph Santley
Rupert Hancock	William Valentine
Sylvia	Josephine Duval
Acts I and II.—The Dover and Ballard Homes, New York City.	
Staged by William J. Wilson and Joseph Santley.	

Elsie Dover, being a sentimental seamstress and hungry for romance, peoples her life with imaginary people.

One is her lover, who is very attentive. When her father demands a name for this young man Elsie inadvertently gives him the name of the rich and handsome Billy Ballard, by whose mother she is employed. Father Dover goes hunting for Billy and the boy, hearing the story, is good enough sport to play Elsie's game of pretend. All of which leads to his falling in love and singing duets with her. Originally a play called "Not So Long Ago."

ALIAS THE DEACON

A comedy in a prologue and three acts by John B. Hymer and Le Roy Clemens. Produced by Samuel Wallach at the Sam H. Harris Theatre, New York, November 24, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Brick McGoorty	Leo Kennedy
The Deacon	Berton Churchill
Tony	Clyde Veaux
John Adams	Donald Foster
Brakeman	Sneb Howard
Phyllis Halliday	Mayo Methot
Mrs. Clark	Frances Underwood
Willie Clark	Jerry Devine
Jim Cunningham	Frank Monroe
Ed King	John F. Morrissey
Mrs. Gregory	Virginia Howell
Luella Gregory	Averell Harris
"Slim" Sullivan	Kaye Barnes
"Bull" Moran	Al Roberts
Mrs. Pike	Viola Morrison
Fanny Pike	Arline Tucker
Mrs. Clayton	Betty Rutland
Mrs. Boynton	Anna Bentley
Mrs. Howgert	Marie Loring
Deputy	Ralph Morehouse
Prologue—Interior of a Refrigerator Car. Acts I and III.—The Lobby of the Commercial House in Herrington. Act II.—The Combination Parlor and Library of the Commercial House. Staged by Winchell Smith and Priestly Morrison.	

The Deacon, so-called because of his clerical appearance, is really a professional cardsharp. Quitting the other hoboos with whom he is doing a bit of box-car traveling, the Deacon drops off at a Mid-West village,

takes the bridge-playing ladies' change away from them, trims the wise traveling salesman at poker and finally wins back the \$2,500 note the widow Clark has given the village Shylock on the Commercial Hotel. Then he makes it possible for John Adams, the honest juvenile, to marry Phyllis Halliday, the pretty runaway ingenue, and goes quickly on his way while a friendly sheriff has his back turned.

PAID

A play in four acts by Sam Forrest. Produced by Sam H. Harris at the Booth Theatre, New York, November 25, 1925.

Cast of characters —

John Ramsey	Carl Anthony
John Ramsey, Jr.	Bernard Durkin
Horace Randolph	Henry Mortimer
Mrs. John Ramsey	Gail Kane
Henry Baxter	Edward Ellis
Agnes Baxter	Clara Burns
Mrs. Helen Baxter	Marjorie Dalton
Mr. Clarke	Gordon Mullen
Mrs. Clarke	Jane Marbury
Paul	Howard Hull Gibson
John Ramsey, Jr.	Roger Pryor
Roberts	Herbert Saunders
Agnes Baxter	Katherine Wilson
The Stranger	Joseph M. Hollicky
A Maid	Grace Durkin
Mr. Carlton	Edward F. Nannary
Mr. Rutledge	Joseph Kennedy
Mr. Patterson	Fritz Adams
Mr. Franklin	W. H. Pendergast
Acts I, II, III and IV.—At the Ramseys' and the Baxters', New York. Staged by Sam Forrest.	

John Ramsey, a poor electrical inventor, is at the point of his greatest discovery and sadly in need of a little money. In a doorway he finds a pocketbook containing nearly five thousand dollars. John knows the money has been thrown there by a thief and should be returned to the owner. But temptation assails him and he keeps it. A few years later his inventions have succeeded, he

is rich and he has hunted out the man, Henry Baxter, who lost the money and, without telling him, has made him rich also. Then Baxter learns the truth and threatens Ramsey with exposure and disgrace. But Ramsey's son John is in love with Baxter's daughter, Agnes, and the young folks bring about an amicable adjustment.

MORALS

A play in three acts by Ludwig Thoma (translated and adapted by Charles Recht). Produced by The Actors' Theatre at the Comedy Theatre, New York, November 30, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Herr Beermann	Edward Nicander
Frau Beermann	Alice John
Fraulein Effie Beermann	Millicent Grayson
Herr Bolland	Henry Carvill
Frau Bolland	Cecil Kern
Dr. Wasner	Stanley Howlett
Herr Hans Jacob Dobler	Wheeler Dryden
Herr Hauser	Edward Van Sloan
Fraulein Koch	Elise Cavanna
Frau Lund	Jennie A. Eustace
Assessor Strobel	John Craig
Reisacher	Joseph Allenton
Commissioner	Thomas Chalmers
Madam De Hauteville	Marion Warring-Manley
Baron Von Schmettan	Herrmann Lieb
An Officer	Mischa Auer
A Maid	Marion Allen
A Footman	Mischa Auer

The Esteemed, Sensitive Public Will Assume That the Action takes Place in Emilsburg, the Capital of the Duchy of Gerlestein, About 1900. Staged by Dudley Digges.

Herr Beermann is president of the newly organized Society for the Suppression of Vice in a mythical German city. Assessor Strobel is an over-zealous police official on the trail of the playful higher-ups among the prominent citizens who are prone to criticise the police. Strobel orders a raid on an establishment kept by Mme. de Hauteville, captures her diary and discovers that not

only Beermann but practically all the vice crusaders are de Hauteville clients. Also it is learned that the Crown Prince himself was fearfully put out the night of the raid, being obliged to hide suddenly in the madame's wardrobe with the lingerie. Beermann is glad to offer Mme. de Hauteville an apology of sorts and buy her a new business in Brussels to keep the scandal down.

BEWARE OF WIDOWS

A play in three acts by Owen Davis. Produced by Crosby Gaige at the Elliott Theatre, New York, December 1, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Bill Bradford	Donald Macdonald
Captain Jones	Barnard A. Reinold
Ruth Chadwick	Beatrice Miles
Peter Chadwick	Charles Millward
Jack Waller, M.D.	Alan Edwards
Sam	Leslie Adams
Paula Lea	Diantha Pattison
Joyce Bragdon	Madge Kennedy
Molly	Doris Dagmar
Ching	M. I. Lee
Acts I and III.—Deck of Peter Chadwick's Houseboat. Act II.—	
Cabin of the "Journey's End."	

Joyce Bragdon, widowed three years, is still desperately in love with Jack Waller, M.D., an earlier suitor for her affections. She pursues Waller to Peter Chadwick's houseboat and there finds him about to marry another girl. Joyce, casting herself persistently at the Waller head, finally manages to have the houseboat set adrift with only herself and her desired one on board. After that Waller gives up.

JUST BEYOND

A drama in three acts by Reginald Goode. Produced by Charles K. Gordon at the National Theatre, New York, December 1, 1925.

Cast of characters —

"King" Billy	John C. Carlyle
Maloga	Madelane Hartford
Norman Towers	Leslie Barrie
"Dr." Jan Koetbrock	George E. Romain
Hon. Cecil Broughton, "Dead Fish"	Horace Sinclair
Mrs. Towers	Zeffie Tillbury
Nancy	Alison Bradshaw
Major Gerald Towers, "Bill"	Cyril Keightley
Marjorie	Wanda Lyon
Jack	Walter Plinge
"Wally"	By Himself
Acts I, II and III.—The Rear Porch of "Gundramundra" (Just Beyond) Station. Near Dandaloo, New South Wales, Australia.	
Christmas Day, 1919, late. Staged by A. E. Anson.	

Gerald Towers, going home to Australia from the war, stops off in New York and marries a beautiful American girl, Marjorie. Continuing on to Gundramundra he discovers the homeland in the grip of a drought. Sheep dead, crops burned, relatives and neighbors thirsting. Under the pressure Marjorie's nerves snap, Gerald grows excited and accuses her of flirting with his younger brother and finally a general insanity is threatened. Then the rain comes and everything is washed clean.

THE DEVIL TO PAY

A drama in three acts, translated from the Dutch of Herman Heijermans by Caroline Heijermans-Houwink and Lillian Saunders. Produced by The Stagers at the Fifty-second Street Theatre, New York, December 3, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Jasper	Whitford Kane
Marie	Ethel Strickland
Johannes	Alexander Tiers
Marie	Mary Ricard
Eva Bonheur	Margaret Wycherly

Nanning Storm	Alexander Kirkland
Mijpel	Charles Wagenheim
A Neighbor's Voice	Margaret Douglass
A Carpet Layer	Edwin A. Brown
Staged by Edward Goodman.	

Jasper, a gentle Hollander, achieves and expounds a comforting philosophy. It is that love is life, and that a crippled soul is the most pitiable of spiritual catastrophes. When his daughter Marie is seduced by Nanning Storm on promise of marriage, and Nanning offers to make good the promise, Jasper refuses the offer. Better that his daughter should bear such shame and suffering as may come to her as a result of her indiscretion than that she should be linked for life to so unfortunate a person as Nanning. Eva Bonheur, an ancient and crabbed spinster living above Jasper, is also partially redeemed by the new thought.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

Revival of the comedy by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Produced by George C. Tyler and Basil Dean at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, December 6, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Sir Peter Teazle	O. P. Heggie
Sir Oliver Surface	Ben Field
Sir Harry Bumper	Brian O'Neil
Sir Benjamin Backbite	Neil Martin
Sir Toby	Harold Thomas
Joseph Surface	Joseph Dale
Charles Surface	Ian Hunter
Careless	Phillip Tonge
Snake	Romaine Callender
Crabtree	Arthur Lewis
Rowley	William Seymour
Moses	Jefferson DeAngelis
Trip	Anthony Kemble Cooper
Lady Teazle	May Collins
Lady Sneerwell	Julia Hoyt
Mrs. Candour	Henrietta Crosman
Maria	Mary Hono

A single Sunday evening performance given by George C. Tyler that he might exhibit the company he had organized for a road tour with the Sheridan classic.

EASY VIRTUE

A play in three acts by Noel Coward. Produced by Charles Frohman (in association with Joseph P. Bickerton, Jr. and Basil Dean) at the Empire Theatre, New York, December 7, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mrs. Whittaker	Mabel Terry Lewis
Marion	Marda Vanne
Colonel Whittaker	Halliwell Hobbes
Hilda	Joan Clement Scott
Furber	Lionel Hogarth
John	Robert Harris
Larita	Jane Cowl

(By arrangement with Archibald Selwyn, Esq.)

Sarah Hurst	Joyce Carey
Charles Burleigh	Vernon Kelso
Philip Bordon	Peter Carpenter
Mr. Harris	William Podmore
Nina Vansittart	Gypsy O'Brien
Hon. Hugh Petworth	Peter McFarlane
Bobby Coleman	C. Bailey Hick
Lucy Coleman	Constance Best
Henry Furley	Wallace Wood
Mrs. Hurst	Grace Hampton
Mrs. Phillips	Nancy B. Marsland
Mary Banfield	Marion Evensen

Acts I, II and III.—In the Hall of Colonel Whittaker's Country House in England. Staged by Basil Dean.

John Whittaker meets Larita somewhere along the Riviera, loves her and marries her. Bringing her back to the home of his conventionally austere English parents he soon discovers that she does not fit in. Three months later, when certain episodes concerned with a divorce case in which Larita has figured come to light, there is a family explosion. Larita warmly defends herself and, after a gorgeous appearance at a family ball, wearing her showiest gown and all her jewels, she withdraws dramatically from the scene, leaving John to marry his small-time sweetheart.

COUSIN SONIA

A comedy in three acts by Louis Verneuil (translated from the French by Herbert Williams). Produced by

Sonia Productions, Inc., at the Central Park Theatre,
New York, December 7, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Maurice Burr	Hugh O'Connell
Lucienne Burr	Katharine Hayden
Hubert Carter	Douglas MacPherson
Sonya Orlova Varilovna ("Cousin Sonia")	Marguerita Sylva
Dr. Mariot	Royal C. Stout
Acts I and II.—The Château of the Burrs at Saumur, France.	
Act III.—The Bachelor Quarters of Hubert Carter. Staged by Edward Elsner.	

Cousin Sonia, a sort of international siren, finding her friends, the Burrs, in a mess because Lucienne is flirting with Hubert Carter, proceeds to entangle both men and help materially in straightening out the tangle.

OH! OH! OH! NURSE

A musical comedy in two acts. Book by George E. Stoddard; lyrics and music by Carlo and Sanders. Produced by Clark Ross at the Cosmopolitan Theatre, New York, December 7, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Jimmy Greet	Roy Sedley
Marie	Gladys Miller
Otto Lift	Vincent Langan
Dr. Sidney Killmore	John Price Jones
Marion Gay	Rebekah Cauble
Mons. Louis d'Bracz	Arthur Lipson
Will Plant	Bill Adams
James Fitzpatrick	Leslie King
I. Dye	Don Barclay
Lily White	Gertrude Vanderbilt
Mrs. Rose d'Bracz	May Boley
Peggy	Georgia Ingram
The "Oh! Oh! Oh! Nurse" Quartette	
Act I.—Dr. Killmore's Sanitarium, Catskill Mountains. Act II.—Canary Lane, adjoining the Sanitarium. Staged by Walter Brooks.	

Dr. Killmore is a young physician with a sanitarium on his hands and no patients. He loves Marion, his head nurse, who must marry a man and bury him before she

can inherit auntie's fortune. The doctor and Marion induce I. Dye, a comic sick man, to lend himself to the ceremony in the expectation that he is about to pass out, after which he gains strength for two acts. Then auntie's will is found to be a joke.

GYPSY FIRES

A melodrama in three acts by Allan Davis. Produced by William Caryl for Golden Love, Inc., at the George M. Cohan Theatre, New York, December 7, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Synfie Bosville	Tamzon Manker
Tryphena Stanley	Alice Fischer
Rodney Oneil	J. M. Kerrigan
Morella Oneil	Lillian Foster
Mihail Daczos	Albert Phillips
Zinka Daczos	Franklin Fox
Carroll Lankford	Arthur Albertson
Willard Lankford	Perce Benton
Julia Lankford	Eeda Von Buelow
Marvinia	Winifred Gaynor
Moonshine	By Himself
Mike	Lord Brilliant
Acts I, II and III.—In the Present, Somewhere in New England.	
Staged by A. H. Van Buren.	

Morella Oneil, daughter of an Irish father and a gypsy mother, loves Carroll Lankford, an American artist, and wants to marry him. She is opposed by Tryphena, queen of her gypsy band, and Rodney Oneil, her father, who knows, from his own experience, the tragedy of such a mixed marriage. But in the course of events Rodney is killed defending Morella from a villain, who is afterward crushed by his own trained bear. Then Morella marries Carroll.

THE COCOANUTS

A musical comedy in two acts. Music and lyrics by Irving Berlin; book by George S. Kaufman. Produced

by Sam H. Harris at the Lyric Theatre, New York, December 8, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Jamison	Zeppo Marx
Eddie	Georgie Hale
Mrs. Potter	Margaret Dumont
Harvey Yates	Henry Whittemore
Penelope Martyn	Janet Velie
Polly Potter	Mabel Withee
Robert Adams	Jack Barker
Henry W. Schlemmer	Groucho Marx
Willie the Wop	Chico Marx
Silent Sam	Harpo Marx
Hennessy	Basil Ruysdael
Frances Williams	Frances Williams
Acts I and II.—In and around "The Cocoanuts," Coconut Beach, Florida. Staged by Sammy Lee and Oscar Eagle.	

The four Marx boys in Florida, where Groucho runs a hotel and a real estate development, Harpo tears up the guests' mail and steals the silver, Chico plays the piano and Zeppo does the best he can.

THE FOUNTAIN

A play in eleven scenes by Eugene O'Neill. Produced by Kenneth Macgowan, Robert Edmond Jones and Eugene O'Neill at the Greenwich Village Theatre, New York, December 10, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Ubbu Aswad	Stanley Berry
Juan Ponce de Leon	Walter Huston
Pedro	William Stahl
Maria de Cordova	Pauline Moore
Luis de Alvarado	Egon Brecher
Yusef	John Taylor
Diego Menendez	Crane Wilbur
Vicente de Cordova	Edgar Stehli
Alonzo de Oviedo	Perry Ivins
Manuel de Castillo	Morris Ankrum
Cristoval de Mendoza	Ralph Benzie
Christopher Columbus	Henry O'Neill
Helmsman	Philip Jones
Friar Quesada	Edgar Stehli
Nano	Curtis Cooksey
Beatriz de Cordova	Rosalinde Fuller

Her Duenna	Liza Dallett
A Soldier	William Stahl
An Indian Chief	Ray Corning
A Medicine Man	John Taylor
Father Superior	Henry O'Neill
Juan, Ponce de Leon's nephew	John Taylor
His Servant	Philip Jones
Scene 1—Court yard of Ibnu Aswad's Palace, Granada—the Night of the Moorish Capitulation. 2—Columbus' Flagship on the Last Day of the Second Voyage. 3—Twenty Years Later—the Court yard of the Governor's Palace, Porto Rico. 4—Menendez's Study in the Palace. 5—A Dungeon. 6—Court yard of the Palace. 7—A Strip of Beach on the Florida Coast. 8—A Clearing in the Forest. 9—The Court yard of a Monastery in Cuba. Musical Setting by Macklin Morrow. Staged by Robert Edmond Jones.	

Juan Ponce de Leon, hearing the fabled fountain of eternal youth sung by a Moor, joins Columbus on his second voyage and lands in Porto Rico. The years pass and his search for the reviving waters becomes a passion, particularly after his young and beautiful ward, Beatrice, comes to live with him. Following the lead of a vengeful Indian to the mainland of Florida, Juan is betrayed and shot full of arrows by other Indians at the edge of a spring. Taken back to Cuba he dies convinced that he has found the answer. Youth is eternal in the spirit, which, like the waters of a fountain, reaching ever toward the heavens, drop back again to the parent body for recleansing and rebirth.

THE MAN WHO NEVER DIED

A play in three acts and epilogue by Charles Webster. Produced at the Provincetown Theatre, New York, December 12, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Primus Pettigrew	Maurice Cass
John Gerald Holt	Harold Vosburgh
June Holt	Marguerite Wernimont
Christopher Manders	Robert Lynn
Bolton	Hugh Kidder
Albert Edward Uwyng	Bennett Southard

Police Inspector	Seth Kendall
Kyoto Koh	Bennett Kilpack
Marie	Layelah Monif
Steele McLellan	Harold McGee
Judge Roner	Redfield Clarke
Forsythe	Charles Fleming
Dr. Fitz-Scott	Charles Bloomer
Dr. Browne	Henry Buckler
Rosser	Seth Kendall
Isadore Cohen Goodfriend	Hugh Kidder
Dr. Felix	Clement O'Loughlen
The Boy	Vernon Rich
The Girl	Mildred McCoy
Acts I, II and III.—Uwyng's Laboratory.	

Parallel murder mysteries investigated and solved to the complete understanding of everybody except the audience.

LYSISTRATA

The Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio's presentation of the play in three acts; text by Dmitry Smolin; music by Reinhold Gliere. Produced by F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest at the Jolson Theatre, New York, December 14, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Lysistrata	Olga Baklanova, Lydia Belyakova, and Yelizaveta Gundobina (alternates)
Kalonika	Nina Durasova
Myrrhina	Anna Sablukova
Lampito	Anna Lisetskaya
Probolos	Leonid Baratoff
Kinesiasa	Pyotr Saratovsky, Dmitry Kamernitsky
The action takes place on the Acropolis in Athens, 411 B.C.	

A revival of Aristophanes' 2,500-year-old comedy in which the newly-organized feminists of Greece, under the leadership of Lysistrata, go on a sex strike and deny themselves to their husbands and sweethearts until the men agree to declare for a lasting peace and the abolishment of civil war. During their engagement the Russian players also presented "La Perichole," by Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko and Mikail Galperin; "Carmen-

cita and the Soldier," by Constantin Lipskeroff and Georges Bizet; "Love and Death," by Alexander Pushkin; "Aleko," by Sergei Rachmanioff, "The Fountain" by Anton Arensky, and "Cleopatra," by Reinhold Gliere.

MERCHANTS OF GLORY

A play in four acts by Marcel Pagnol and Paul Nivoix (translated by Ralph Roeder). Produced by The Theatre Guild at the Guild Theatre, New York, December 14, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Madam Bachelet	Helen Westley
Yvonne	Betty Linley
Germaine Bachelet	Armina Marshall
Grandel	Lee Baker
Bachelet	Augustin Duncan
Pigal	George Nash
A Man	Philip Loeb
Lieutenant Colonel Blancard	Lowden Adams
Richeson	Charles Halton
Monsieur Denis	Jose Ruben
Comte del 'Eauville	Edward Fielding
Secretary	Stanley G. Wood
Prologue and Acts I, II and III.—The Dining Room of Bachelet's House. Act IV.—Bachelet's Study in Paris.	

The Bachelets, living in rural France, were a happy, commonplace family before the war. When the fighting began the Bachelet son joined the colors. Two years later he was reported dead, shot down while covering a retreat. Ten years later the Bachelet family has gained social distinction and won material success, largely on the strength of its relationship to Sergeant Bachelet. The father has been elected to many local offices as the sire of a hero. He is to be run for the chamber of deputies. On the eve of election Sergeant Bachelet returns. He is shattered but far from dead. He has just emerged from a complete amnesia and escaped the hospital. His appearance is a facer for the merchants of

glory. After many conferences they decide that he must remain dead or everything is lost. Protestingly he takes another name, gives up his wife, who has remarried, and agrees to keep the glory profiteers' secret.

OPEN HOUSE

A comedy drama in three acts by Samuel R. Golding.
Produced by the author at Daly's Theatre, New York,
December 14, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Travis	Frank Martins
Lloyd Bellamy	Ramsey Wallace
Basil Underwood	Albert Andruss
Eugenie Bellamy	Helen MacKellar
Margaret	Eugenie Woodward
Harold	Freddie Stange
Amy	Janice Elgin
Dr. Roger Holt	Guy Hitner
Sergius Chernoff	Bela Lugosi
Violet Raymond	Jane Houston
Miss Langdon	Marie Kenrick
Marsdon	Robert W. Lawrence

Prologue, Acts I and III.—The Living Hall of the Bellamys,
Park Avenue, New York. Act II.—Reception Room in Chernoff's
Apartment, New York. Staged by Henry Stillman and Robert
W. Lawrence.

Lloyd Bellamy, a growing steel man, insists that Eugenie, his pretty wife, shall capitalize her feminine wiles in helping him make a success of his business. Eugenie protests, but helps. She refuses however, to throw over unceremoniously an attractive Russian buyer, Sergius Chernoff, the moment he has signed a contract, and turn her attention to a less attractive Armenian. Bellamy, grown suspicious, accuses her of having gone too far with Chernoff and Eugenia agrees that she has. But it is only her way of bringing Bellamy to a realization of the insult he has put upon her. She is still pure and loyal to her husband and children.

THE DYBBUK

A play by S. Ansky (English version by Henry G. Alsberg: adapted from the Habima Production). Produced at the Neighborhood Theatre, New York, December 15, 1925.

Cast of characters —

First Batlan (Professional Prayer Man)	Edgar Kent
Second Batlan	Junius Matthews
Third Batlan	George Bratt
Meyer, Shamos (Sexton)	Harold West
Meshulach (Messenger)	Ian McLaren
Channon	Albert Carroll
Hennoch	Otto Hulicius
An Old Woman	Vera Allen
Leah	Mary Ellis
Frade	Dorothy Sands
Citl	Paula Trueman
Asher	Lewis McMichael
Reb. Sender	Marc Loebell
Fishke	George Hoag
Leyser	George Heller
Moysheh	Otto Hulicius
Zeydl	Lewis McMichael
Shlemiel	Benson Inge
Tsippe	Vera Allen
Neché	Sadie Sussman
Rivke	Blanche Talmud
Draesl	Irene Lewisohn
Elke	Helen Mack
Klippe	Sophie Bernsohn
Nechame	Grace Stickney
Rachel	Edith Segal
Musician	Bernard Kugel
Basye	Lily Lubell
Reb. Nachman	George Bratt
Menashe	Harold Minjer
Reb. Mendl	Junius Matthews
Rabbi Aesrael, the Tsadik	Edgar Kent
Reb. Michael	Harold Minjer
Rabbi Shamshon	Otto Hulicius

Staged by David Vardi (in association with Alice Lewisohn).

See page 160.

CHIVALRY

A play in a prologue and three acts by William Hurlbut. Produced by Joseph E. Shea at Wallack's Theatre, New York, December 15, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Man out of a Job	Jack Matthews
Stenographer	Paula MacLean

Divorcee	Laurett Browne
School Teacher	Fan Bourke
Matronly Woman	Mabel Montgomery
Contractor	Henry Crosby
Lawyer's Clerk	Alfred L. Rigali
Lucy Meredith	Violet Heming
Matron	Betsy Hampton
Emerson Jarvis	Edmund Breese
Kathleen Taggart	Doris Rankin
Julia Taggart	Frances Neilson
Fred Taggart	Roy Gordon
Butler	William J. Kline
Mrs. James	Camilla Crume
Florence	Fan Bourke
Tottie Lanier	Grace Valentine
Arthur Meredith	Joseph Bell
District Attorney	Joseph Selman
The Judge	L. Sterling
Clerk of the Court	Thomas V. Morrison
Guard	Arthur Davies
Foreman of the Jury	John Coleman
Bridget	Segric Ellis
Prologue.—Corridor leading to the Courtroom. Act I.—In Fred Taggart's House. Act II.—In Lucy Meredith's Apartment. Act III.—The Courtroom. Staged by James Durkin.	

Lucy Meredith, the gold-digging mistress of Fred Taggart, shoots him in the back when Taggart declares he is through with her. Taggart's best friend, Emerson Jarvis, a famous criminal lawyer, takes Lucy's case, and by the usual appeal to the chivalry of the jury, gains her acquittal. Then he turns in court, confesses taking the case to protect the names of the Taggerts as much as possible, and rends the jury as representing the growing American curse of sentimentalism that is taking the place of justice in courts of law, especially where pretty women murderers are concerned.

THE WISECRACKERS

A comedy in three acts by Gilbert Seldes. Produced by The Fifth Avenue Theatre, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, December 16, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Clare	Martha Lee Manners
Richard Holley	Richard Nicholls
Lydia Cooper	Irene Homer
Frankie Taylor	Ralph Geddis

Gregory	Marlyn Brown
Lulu	Ann Schmidt
Grace	Kathleen Cooper Graham
George Cooper	Alfred Gross
Phyllis	Juliet Brenon
Milla	Sarah Claude
Anne "Cooper"	Mona Kingsley
Tony Cooper	Russell Hicks
A Man	Drake de Kay
Dirk Van Der Hofen	Paul Huber
Alfred Potter	Arthur Fanson
Melisande Potter	Adele St. Maur
Acts I and III.—The Dining Room of an Apartment House in New York. Act II.—A Penthouse on the Roof of an Apartment. Staged by Clarence Derwent.	

A satirical fling at the social life of New York's literary salon set during which the Tony Coopers are separated by their "wisecracking" friends and later reconciled by the announced approach of a baby.

ONE OF THE FAMILY

A comedy in three acts by Kenneth Webb. Produced by John Tuerk at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, December 21, 1925.

Cast of characters —

George Adams	Raymond Van Sickle
Maggie	Beulah Bondi
Penelope Adams	Leila Frost
Lucy Adams	Georgia Backus
Miss Priscilla Adams	Louise Closser Hale
Irene Adams	Mary Phillips
Frank Owens	Fleming Ward
Henry Adams	Grant Mitchell
Joyce Smith	Kay Johnson
Martin Burke	Edward Donnelly
Act I.—The Adams Home in Boston. Acts II and III.—Henry Adams' Home Just Outside Boston.	

Henry Adams, bedeviled by a nagging and deliberately unjust New England family, finally marries without his relations' consent. They thereupon pick upon his wife, Joyce Adams. The night Henry and Joyce are having Henry's new boss out to dinner the family descends upon them and again is about to spoil everything, when Henry,

taking the wrong cocktail by mistake, whips up his courage, turns like an irate jackrabbit on all his relatives, and Joyce, helping along the declaration of independence, grabs the poker and breaks up all the ugly wedding presents.

THE MASTER OF THE INN

A play in three acts by Catherine Chisholm Cushing (suggested by Robert Herrick's book of the same title). Produced by Messrs. Hubert Druce and William Streett at the Little Theatre, New York, December 21, 1925.

Cast of characters —

The Master Who Tells the Story:	
Geoffrey David Thorne	Robert Loraine
The Guests Who Hear the Story:	
The Lawyer	Kenneth Goodhue
The Broker	George H. Wiseman
The "Pillslinger"	Forrest Zimmer
The Architect	Edward Borrale
The Artist	Ralph Weidhaas
The Newcomer	Edward Forbes
The People Who Play the Story:	
Geoffrey David Thorne	Robert Loraine
Toney Norton	Ian Keith
Andree Leigh	Virginia Pemberton
The "Pillslinger"	Forrest Zimmer
Judge Asche	Walter Howe
Harriet Norton	Verree Teasdale
Sammy	Helen Woo
Pietro	Vincent Sardi, Jr.
Mammy	Marie Taylor
The Three Acts Occur in the Hall of the "Inn" in the Foothills of Virginia. Staged by Hubert Druce.	

Geoffrey Thorne, having established an inn for the mending of men's souls and bodies, tells several of his guests the story of the inn's inception. It was there he had met and loved Andree Leigh, who ran away with Toney Norton, a brilliant young surgeon. As he finishes the story Toney wanders into the room, a drunken wreck, followed soon by Andree, out of her head from a blow her young husband has given her. Dr. Thorne thereupon

undertakes the rebuilding of these two, and having accomplished that, sends them away his grateful and devoted admirers; theirs the joy, his the sacrifice.

FOOL'S BELLS

A comedy in prologue, two acts and epilogue by A. E. Thomas (based on a story by Leona Dalrymple). Produced by Donald Gallaher and James W. Elliott at the Criterion Theatre, New York, December 22, 1925.

Cast of characters —

David Hewitt	Donald Gallaher
Michael	Arthur Rhodes
Doctor Mallon	Donald Campbell
Rudolph Hewitt (Uncle Rudy)	A. G. Andrews
Lucy Grey	Sara Sothern
Dick Peters	Harry R. Irving
Evil	Asya Kass
Good	Justina Hart
Mr. Pan	Donald Gallaher
Marjorie Gillicuddy	Janet McLeay
Gloria	Sara Sothern
Mrs. Carey	Beryl Mercer
Mr. Dudenspitz	A. G. Andrews
Mr. Gillicuddy	Donald Meek
Messenger	George Fonsgaines
Prologue and Epilogue.—The Home of Rudolph and David Hewitt.	
Act I.—Gloria's Apartment. Act II.—A Tenement House Along the East River. 2.—On the Edge of the Ball. Staged by Walter F. Scott.	

David Hewitt, injured in childhood, has a bent back. He wants to go to war, but his Uncle Rudy, with whom he lives, objects. David, writing a play to help his argument, reads it to his uncle. As he reads the scene changes and the play is acted. In it David proves that through love and service bent backs as well as bent characters are made straight and true, and thus convinces Uncle Rudy that he (David) should do his bit.

THE PATSY

A comedy in three acts by Barry Connors. Produced by Richard Herndon at the Booth Theatre, New York, December 22, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mr. Harrington	Joseph Allen
Mrs. Harrington	Lucia Moore
Grace Harrington	Mary Stills
Patricia Harrington	Claiborne Foster
Billy Caldwell	John Diggs
Tony Anderson	Herbert Clark
Acts I, II and III.—The Living Room of the Harringtons. Staged by Allan Dinehart.	

Patricia Harrington is her father's pet but her mother's severest trial. Her older sister Grace is the family model, Pat, the family irritation. Wanting to be popular and charming Pat buys a book on personality, learns the clever wisecrack and the smart rejoinder. Tony Anderson, whom Grace has discarded, considering Pat just a kid, undertakes to help her solve her problem by teaching her how, according to his theories, a girl can win a man's love. Pat, always in love with Tony himself, successfully experiments on him and her romance is happily consummated.

GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES

A musical revue in two parts; lyrics and music by Harold Levey and Owen Murphy. Produced by The Bohemians, Inc., A. L. Jones and Morris Green, Managing Directors, at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre, New York, December 24, 1925.

Principals engaged —

Frank McIntyre	Florence Moore
Tom Howard	Irene Delroy
William Ladd	Jane Green
Sam Hearn	Ida Sylvania
Kendall Capps	Helena Marsh
Royal Helee	Renie Riano
Jean Myrio	Natacha Nattova
Joe Lyons	The Hemstreet Singers
Staged by Hassard Short.	

MERCHANT OF VENICE

Shakespeare's play produced at Hampden's Theatre,
New York, December 26, 1925.

Cast of characters —

The Duke of Venice	Philip Wood
The Prince of Morocco	Ernest Rowan
The Prince of Arragon	Le Roi Operti
Antonio	William Sauter
Bassanio	Maurice Colbourne
Salanio	Reynolds Evans
Salarino	Hart Jenks
Gratiano	Kenneth Hunter
Lorenzo	Marcel Dill
Shylock	Walter Hampden
Tubal	P. J. Kelly
Launcelot Gobbo	Cecil Yapp
Old Gobbo	J. Plumptre Wilson
Leonardo	Albert West
Balthasar	Gordon Hart
Stephano	Franklin Salisbury
Clerk of the Court	P. J. Kelly
Portia	Ethel Barrymore
Nerissa	Mabel Moore
Jessica	Edith Barrett and Mary Low
Staged by Walter Hampden.	

Mr. Hampden uses the familiar four-act, eleven-scene
version of "The Merchant."

THE MONKEY TALKS

A play in three acts, adapted from the play of Rene
Fauchois, by Gladys Unger. Produced by Arch Selwyn
at the Sam H. Harris Theatre, New York, December 28,
1925.

Cast of characters —

Mata	Frank G. Bond
Dada	Harry Mestayer
Zizi	Luther Adler
Vito	Nathan Shindell
Zut	Arthur Engel
Flut	Mike Morris
Lorenzo	Wilton Lackaye
Dora	Martha-Bryan Allen
Pierre	Tommy Colton

Nelly Goldsmith	Ethel Wilson
The Viscount	Gerard Willshire
Brassol	Eugene Weber
Louis	Mark Smith
Sam Wick	Philip Merivale
Faho	Jacques Lerner
Countess Almanza	Sadonia Corelli
Maid	Rose Kean
Adonis	
Act I.—Behind the Scenes at a Circus in Paris. Act II.—Sitting Room in a Hotel Patronized by Circus and Music-hall Performers. Act III.—On the Stage of the Folies Bergeres During a Performance. Staged by Frank Reicher.	

Sam Wick is a nobleman who, having had an affair with a circus woman and been ostracized by his social set, takes to the circus himself. Early in his adventures he befriends Faho, a diminutive human who has been mistreated by an animal trainer. Faho can imitate monkeys. Wick and he rehearse an act in which Faho is to be an educated simian. The act is a sensation. Then Faho is stolen by his former master and substituted for a real monkey, whereupon he stands up and denounces the thief and ruins his act forever. Then he returns to Wick and helps him win the love of Dora, the slack wire queen.

STRONGER THAN LOVE

A play in three acts from the Italian *La Nemica* of Dario Niccodemi. Produced by Carl Reed at the Belasco Theatre, New York, December 28, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Florence Lumley	Patricia Calvert
Gaston	Borden Harriman
Jean	Echlin Gayer
Countess de Bernois	Katherine Grey
Lord Michael Lumley	Beresford Lovett
Laura Regnault	Zola Talma
Regnault	Ernest Lawford
Marius	Ralph Forbes
Anna de Bernois, Duchess de Nievres	Nance O'Neil
Marguerita	Lois Ross
Louise	Julia Duncan

Marie Lucille Husting
 His Eminence Monseigneur Guido de Bernois Frederick Perry
 Act I.—The Terrace of Nievres Castle. Act II.—A Salon at
 Nievres. Act III.—The Old Chapel of the Castle, Time 1914. Staged
 by Alfred Hickman and Frederick Stanhope.

Marius, loving his mother, Anna, Duchess de Nievres, devotedly, cannot understand her apparent preference for his younger brother, Gaston. Accusing her of this favoritism the duchess admits that he (Marius) is not her son; that she accepted him when she married his father, whose illegitimate offspring he was, and promised never to reveal the true relationship. Now that his father is dead and he is to inherit the property and her own son is to get little, she is resentful. Both boys go to war and Gaston is killed. Marius returns with the news and is forgiven by his mother. It is duty that is stronger than love.

TIP-TOES

A musical comedy in two acts; book by Guy Bolton and Fred Thompson; music by George Gershwin; lyrics by Ira Gershwin. Produced by Alex A. Aarons and Vinton Freedley at the Liberty Theatre, New York, December 28, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Sylvia Metcalf Jeannette MacDonald
 Rollo Metcalf Robert Halliday
 Peggy Schuyler Amy Revere
 Al Kaye Andrew Tombes
 Hen Kaye Harry Watson, Jr.
 "Tip-Toes" Kaye Queenie Smith
 Steve Burton Allen Kearns
 Binnie Oakland Gertrude McDonald
 Denise Marshall Lovey Lee
 Steward Edwin Hodge
 Detective Kane Seldon Bennett
 Telephone Operator Lillian Mitchell
 Act I.—Palm Beach, Florida. Act II.—Deck of Steve's Houseboat.
 2.—Everglades Inn. Staged by John Harwood.

The three K's — Al, Hen and Tip-Toes, a dancing sou-brette — are stranded in Florida. They extract a thou-

sand dollars from an admirer of Tip-Toes. They spend the thousand on clothes for the girl and set her stalking the millionaires. The one she meets and loves is Steve Burton. Steve likes her, too, and after he is convinced she is on the level he marries her.

BY THE WAY

An English revue in two parts; written by Ronald Jeans and Harold Simpson; music by Vivian Ellis; lyrics by Graham John. Produced by A. L. Erlanger at the Gaiety Theatre, New York, December 28, 1925.

Principals engaged —

Jack Hulburt
Harold French
Eddie Childs
Phyl Arnold
Charles Courtneidge
Lawrence Green
Muriel Montrose
Josephine Quast
Staged by Jack Hulburt.

Cicely Courtneidge
Celia Glynn
Dorothy Hurst
Doreen Lynch
Billie Shotter
April Harmon

SONG OF THE FLAME

A romantic opera in prologue, two acts and epilogue. Book and lyrics by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein, 2d; music by Herbert Stothart and George Gershwin. Produced by Arthur Hammerstein at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, New York, December 30, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Konstantin	Greek Evans
Aniuta	Tessa Kosta
Grusha	Dorothy Mackaye
Nicholas	Hugh Cameron
Boris	Bernard Gorcey
Nadya	Ula Sharon
Natasho	Phoebe Brune
Volodya	Guy Robertson
A Dancer	Leonard St. Leo
Olga	Blanche Collins

Alexis Paul Wilson
 An Avenger Louise Dalberg

Russian Art Choir

Directed by Alexander U. Fine

In and About Moscow, Russia, October, 1917. Staged by Frank Reicher.

Aniuta, a high-born rebel, arouses the peasants to revolt about the time the Soviet is coming into power in Russia. Dressing in scarlet, singing a Russian *Marseillaise*, she is known to the people as "The Flame." She meets and loves Volodyn, a young prince who believes her a peasant. They are briefly separated during a period of misunderstanding, but reunited in Paris after the revolution.

A NIGHT IN PARIS

A revue in two acts and thirty scenes. Dialogue by Harold Atteridge; music by J. Fred Coots and Maurice Rubens; lyrics by Clifford Grey and McElbert Moore. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Casino de Paris, New York, January 5, 1926.

Principals engaged —

Barnett Parker

Jack Osterman

David Drollet

Jack Pearl

Harry O'Neal

George Dobbs

Oyra

Leo Bill

Carlos Conte

William Davis

Staged by J. C. Huffman.

Yvonne George

Vanessi

Norma Terris

Kathryn Ray

Maria Kieva

Loulou Hegoburu

Emily Woolley

Ruth-Ann Watson

Loretta Rhodes

Catherine

HEAD FIRST

A comedy in three acts by Willis Maxwell Goodhue. Produced by Oliver Morosco at the Greenwich Village Theatre, New York, January 6, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Frank Beckwith Louis Kimball

Anne Beckwith Selma Paley

Diana Crothers Carolyne McLean
 Lilyan Joyce Marion Vantine
 Jacob Stein Byron Beasley
 Fenella Ruth Easton
 Daniel Joyce Kenneth Burton
 Act I.—An Apartment on Irving Place, New York City, April, 1923.
 2.—Private Office at Mason's. Acts II and III.—The Irving Place
 Apartment.

Frank Beckwith, for seven years a filing clerk at Mason's, is fired. Anne Beckwith, going to see why, is told her husband is an inefficient one-job man and will never be anything else. Jacob Stein, the proprietor, dares her to take Frank's lost job and see what she can do with it. She does and within a year has become assistant manager. Six months later she is Paris representative and proposes retiring her husband as a home-keeper on a \$2,000 allowance. Frank rebels and goes into the trucking business, hauling garbage. When Anne comes home from Paris he has acquired an interest in the business, but she still thinks him a failure and they separate.

DOWN STREAM

A comedy drama in three acts by Alexander C. Herman and Leslie P. Eichel. Produced by Thomas Wilkes at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, New York, January 11, 1926.

Cast of characters —

"Honey Pete" Robert Cummings
 "Slim" Turner Leslie Hunt
 "Pig Iron" (Also Known as "Chuck") Rex Cherryman
 Bob Neale Joseph Robison
 Captain Norwood John Ravold
 Maizie Roberta Arnold
 Frank Fisher Paul Harvey
 Acts I and II.—Mess Hall of the Ohio River Towboat, "Speed-
 well." Act III.—On the River Bank Near the Gravel Fleet.

Maizie is the cook's wife on an Ohio River towboat. "Chuck" is a kid recently signed as a deckhand. Maizie,

disgusted with her life and her fat and useless husband, and Chuck, lonely, homesick and unhappy, are drawn together. She mothers him, and realizing that she cannot permit her love to take more intimate expression without hurting him, she makes the big sacrifice, pretends to flirt with another and sends him away thinking her a common thing.

HELLO, LOLA

A musical version of Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen," in three acts. Book and lyrics by Dorothy Donnelly; music by William B. Kernell. Produced at the Eltinge Theatre, New York, January 12, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Jane Baxter	Marjorie White
Bridget	Kitty Casey
Mr. Baxter	Ben Hendricks
Mrs. Baxter	Nanette Flack
Willie Baxter	Richard Keene
May Parcher	Wyn Richmond
Johnnie Watson	Georgie Stone
Lola Pratt	Edythe Baker
Joe Bullitt	Elisha Cook, Jr.
Genesis	Jay C. Flippen
Mr. Parcher	Ben Franklin
George Crooper	Bert Gardner
Miss Boke	Margaret Sullivan
Clematis (Genesis' Dog)	By Himself
Flopit (Lola's Dog)	By Himself
Act I.—The Baxter Home. Act II.—The Porch of the Parcher Home. Act III.—The Baxter Garden. Staged by Seymour Felix.	

Lola Pratt, a "baby talk lady," visiting the Parchers, stirs the love urge in young Willie Baxter so vigorously that he is willing to commit any of the major crimes to arouse her interest. To guarantee his social stakes he steals his dad's dress suit and gets into more or less comic trouble as a result.

THE HOUSE OF USSHER

A drama in three acts by H. V. Esmond. Produced by Wainwright and Brennan (in association with Playhouse

owners) at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse, New York, January 13, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Miss Grace Ussher	Nellie Malcolm
Gregory	Will T. Chatterton
Mr. Hunt	Thomas McElhany
Constance Ussher	Rosalinde Fuller
The Hon. Rupert Herringham	Fairfax Burgher
Emily Grisson	Jeanne Powers
The Rev. Hugh Gorwin	Ferdinand Hast
Jacob Ussher	Clarence Derwent
Mr. Pembroke	John Saunders
Staged by Edward Elsnor.	

Constance Ussher, daughter of a wealthy English Jew, Jacob Ussher, decides to marry her father's well-born but poor secretary, the Hon. Rupert Herringham. Father objects on two grounds: Herringham has nothing, and he is not a Jew. Constance, defying father, is cut off with a shilling, whereupon she forges father's name to a check, collects a thousand pounds, bets it on the races, wins two thousand and prepares to marry her true love as planned. If father exposes her forgery she will retaliate by exposing some of his own business trickeries. Learning that Constance and Rupert have already been keeping house without benefit of either fathers or clergy Jacob is glad to compromise.

"The House of Ussher" was burned out after three weeks at the Fifth Avenue Theatre and was later revived at the Mansfield Theatre and from there moved to the Mayfair.

MOVE ON

A comedy in three acts by Charles Bamfield Hoyt. Produced by Edward A. Miller at Daly's Theatre, New York, January 18, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Hilda Pincus	Frances Pitt
Roger Wallace Blackett	Ralph Bunker
Cecil Dumphy	George Neville
M. Sophie Rosrucker	Eva Condon

Harold Padgett	Arthur Christian
Thomas Healy	John M. Sullivan
Ray Yarnold	G. O. Taylor
Arthur Conklin	Paul Jacchia
Muskogee	Claude Cooper
Monty Lyons	A. O. Huhau
Richard Merrill	Buford Armitage
Ellen Leahy	Hope Drown
Michael Michaels	Hallett Thompson
Frank Kanovan	Frank I. Frayne
Ed. Calkins	Fred Hayden
Jude Minnow	Lon Carter
Act I.—City Room of the Topeka Daily Press. Act II.—Frank's Place Down by the Sante Fe Tracks. 2—The City Room. Staged by Augustin Duncan.	

Muskogee is a tramp printer. Happening in the office of the Topeka Press on a day when they are shorthanded he is given a job as a reporter. He accepts his advance salary, gets drunk and wanders into a dive in which the governor's daughter, having been abducted, is confined. Thrown out, he notifies the police, takes the story to the Press, scoops the town, gives credit to the cub reporter who wants to marry the governor's daughter, gets drunk again and moves on.

SWEETHEART TIME

A musical comedy in two acts (based upon the farce "Never Say Die"). Book by Harry B. Smith; lyrics by Ballard Macdonald and Irving Cæsar; music by Walter Donaldson and Joseph Meyer. Produced by Rufus LeMaire at the Imperial Theatre, New York, January 19, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Jeffries	Starke Patterson
Nina	Laine Blair
Marian Stevenson	Marion Saki
Roy Henderson	Al Sexton
Mrs. Stevenson	Marie Nordstrom
Dr. Ralph Galesby	George LeMaire
Violet Stevenson	Mary Milburn
Lord Hector Raybrook	Fred Leslie
Griggs	Wilmer Bentley

Dion Woodbury	Eddie Buzzell
Detective James	Harry Kelly
Alphonse	M. Marcel Rosseau
Carita	Rita Del Marga
Waiter	Bob Callahan
Dorothy	Dorothy Van Alst
Alice	Alice Wood
Betty	Betty Wright
Bessie	Bessie Kademova
Dorothy	Dorothy Brown
Bobbie	Bobbie Breslaw
Act I.—The Grounds of the Stevenson Estate. Act II.—Garden of the Piedmont Hotel. 2—Corridor Mr. Woodbury's Apartment. 3—Mr. Woodbury's Apartment. Staged by William Collier.	

Dion Woodbury, nervous wreck, arrives at the Stevenson estate to discover that Violet Stevenson, to whom he is immediately attracted, is about to marry Lord Raybrook for his money. Dion, believing he is about to die, proposes marrying Violet and leaving her at the altar. Within the year she will be a wealthy widow and free to choose a husband of her own. The Stevensons agree, the marriage follows, and Dion departs. But a year later he is back and much better, cured, in fact, which convinces Violet there is something in prayer.

MONEY BUSINESS

A comedy in three acts by Oscar M. Carter. Produced by Carter-Arkatov Productions, Inc., at the National Theatre, New York, January 20, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Sara Berman	Pola Carter
Louis Berman	Harry Lyons
Dora Berman	Emily Earle
Jacob Berman	Lew Fields
Sam Madorsky	Luther Adler
George Braun	A. J. Herbert
Igor	William Ricciardi
Ryan	Alois France, Jr.
Grady	Arthur Wood
Act I.—The Bermans' Flat on the East Side. Acts II and III.— A Duplex Apartment in Central Park West. Staged by Lawrence Marston.	

Jacob Berman saves three thousand dollars out of the delicatessen business. Sara, his ambitious wife, insists

he shall let George Braun, their swell boarder, invest it in Wall Street. Jacob refuses, Sara steals the money, Braun invests it and within the year has run the three thousand dollars up to two hundred thousand. The Bermans are living comically in a swell apartment uptown when Braun is discovered by the police. He had been stealing bonds. Bust goes the Berman balloon and back to the simple delicatessen life go the Bermans.

THE DREAM PLAY

A play in prologue, three acts and epilogue by August Strindberg (translated by Edwin Bjorkman). Produced at the Provincetown Playhouse, New York, January 20, 1926.

Cast of characters —

The Voice of Indra	Henry O'Neill
The Daughter	Mary Fowler
The Glazier	Henry Buckler
The Officer	Stanley Howlett
The Mother	Agnes McCarthy
The Father	Charles Fleming
Lena	Barbara Benedict
The Portress	Alice Rostetter
The Billposter	Emmet O'Reilly
The Singer	Gertrude Maurin
Victoria	Martha Lee Manners
The Ballet Girl	Dorothy Payne
Male Chorus Singer	Harry Hatch
The Prompter	Blaine Cordner
A Policeman	John Moran
The Lawyer	Henry Mortimer
Christine	Polly Craig
Master of Quarantine	Harold McGee
Don Juan	Joseph Thayer
The Poet	Robert Lynn
He	Vernon Rich
The Pensioner	Milton J. Bernd
Plain Edith	Mildred McCoy
A Girl	Hazel Mason
A Naval Officer	Walter Kumme
First Coalheaver	James Martin
A Gentleman	Harry Hatch
A lady	Roberta Pettit

Staged by James Light.

The social call of a goddess who deserts heaven and visits the earth. The sights she sees convince her that mortals are truly to be pitied.

MAKROPOULOS SECRET

A play in three acts from Karel Capek's "Komedie" (adapted by Randal C. Burrell). Produced by Charles Hopkins (in association with Herman Gantvoort) at the Charles Hopkins Theatre, New York, January 21, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Emilia Marty	Helen Menken
Albert Gregor, "Bertik"	Lester Vail
Jaroslav Prus	Ulrich Haupt
Janek Prus	Donald Duff
Dr. Kolenaty	Harry Davenport
Vitek	William B. Mack
Kristina	Joanna Roos
Hauk-Shendorf	Fritz Williams
Marty's Maid	Erin O'Brien-Moore
Property Man	Arthur Steele
Wardrobe-Woman	Grace Halsey Mills
Physician	Eric Johns
Act I.—The Law Office of Dr. Kolenaty. Act II.—The Stage of the Opera House. Act III.—Marty's Suite at the Hotel. Staged by Charles Hopkins.	

Emilia Marty, ageless opera divinity, loved by many men and pursued by many more, settles a court dispute respecting the illegitimacy of Albert Gregor by revealing the hiding place of secret papers, not because she is interested in Albert, but because with the same papers is the "Makropoulos secret" by which her life has been prolonged three hundred years, and which she must recover if she is to go on living another three hundred. She secures the paper by giving her cadaverous body to its possessor, but having it she conquers her fear of death and she passes the secret on to her next of kin. He will have none of it, and offers it to any who would try the experiment. All refuse and Kristina, the only one among them young enough to have the courage, burns the secret of eternal life.

GREAT GOD BROWN

A play in prologue, four acts and epilogue, by Eugene O'Neill. Produced by Macgowan, Jones and O'Neill at the Greenwich Village Theatre, New York, January 23, 1926.

Cast of characters —

William A. Brown	William Harrigan
His Father	Milano Tilden
His Mother	Clifford Sellers
Dion Anthony	Robert Keith
His Father	Hugh Kidder
His Mother	Eleanor Wesselhoeft
Margaret	Leona Hogarth
Cybel	Anne Shoemaker
	Starr Jones
Margaret's Three Sons	Paul Jones
	Teddy Jones
Two Draughtsmen	Frederick C. Packard, Jr.
	John Mahin
Client	Seth Kendall
	Stanley Barry
Three Committeemen	Adrian Marsh
	William Stahl
Police Captain	Ellsworth Jones
	Tupper Jones
Margaret's Three Sons, Four Years Later	Starr Jones
	Paul Jones
Prologue.—The Pier of the Casino. Act I.—Margaret Anthony's Sitting Room. 2—William Brown's Private Office. 3—Cybel's Parlor. Act II.—Cybel's Parlor. 2—Draughting Room, William Brown's Office. 3—William Brown's Library. Act III.—William Brown's Office. 2—William Brown's Library. 3—Margaret Anthony's Sitting Room. Act IV.—William Brown's Office. 2—William Brown's Library. Epilogue.—The Pier of the Casino. Staged by Robert Edmond Jones.	

See page 79.

THE GOAT SONG

A play in five acts by Franz Werfel; translated by Ruth Langner. Produced by The Theatre Guild at the Guild Theatre, New York, January 25, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Gospodar Stevan Milic	George Gaul
Gospodar Jevrem Vesilic	William Ingersoll
Mirko's Mother	Blanche Yurka

Stanja's Mother	Judith Lowry
Stanja	Lynn Fontanne
Mirko	Dwight Frye
Babka	Helen Westley
A Maid	Lorna McLean
Young Serving Man	Philip Loeb
Physician	Albert Bruning
Messenger	Bela Blau
Starsina	Erskine Sanford
Elder of Krasnokraj	Stanley G. Wood
Elder of Modrygor	Philip Loeb
Elder of Medegya	Anthony Andre
Clerk	Harold Clurman
The American	Edward Fielding
Teiterlik	Herbert Yost
Reb Feiwel	Edward G. Robinson
Bogoboj	Frank Reicher
Kruna	Zita Johann
Juvan	Alfred Lunt
An Old Man	Anthony Andre
Innkeeper	Martin Wolfson
Priest	Erskine Sanford
Bashi Bazook	House Baker Jameson
Scavenger	William Ingersoll
Act I.—Gospodar Stevan Milic's House. Act II.—Council Room of the Elders. Act III.—A Dilapidated Inn. Act IV.—Interior of a Greek Orthodox Church. Act V.—The Ruins of Stevan Milic's Farm. A Slavic Countryside Beyond the Danube at the Close of the Eighteenth Century. Staged by Jacob Ben-Ami.	

To the Stevan Milics of the gentry, the time being the eighteenth century and the place rural Serbia, is born a deformed infant, half man, half beast. Shocked, resentful and proud the infant is hidden in the smokehouse and the secret kept for twenty years. At this time the peasants, denied land on which to live, are threatening to revolt. When the man-beast escapes the Milics' smokehouse he is imprisoned by Juvan, a wild leader of the revolutionists, and held up to the superstitious as a messenger sent by the gods. With this advantage on their side the peasants burn and pillage the country. Juvan agrees to release the man-beast only to the bride of Milic's younger son. She boldly enters the altar room as a sacrifice. Later the goat-man is burned in the forest, but the bride lives on, and through her, she sorrowfully confesses, the pride-inspired sin of the Milics is to be carried on to yet another generation.

THE LOVE CITY

A drama in three acts by Hans Bachwitz. Produced at the Little Theatre, New York, January 25, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Chang Lo	Sessue Hayakawa
Tze-shi	Catherine Dale Owen
Richard Cavendish	Earle Larimore
Fu-jen	Fay Sing
Wen-Chun	Karolya
Ying-Ying	Dawn Allen
Li-Sao	Eve Casanova
Characters in the Dream	
Prince of Tien-Tsing	Sessue Hayakawa
Richard Cavendish	Earle Larimore
Evelyn, his wife	Catherine Dale Owen
Acts I and III.—The House on the Hill of Delight, China. Act II.—London. Staged by Stuart Walker.	

Chang Lo, the proprietor of a House on the Hill of Delight whither white men wander in search of feminine society, uses Tze-shi, who speaks perfect English, as a lure for Europeans. Richard Cavendish, an English visitor, under the influence of drugs, dreams himself back into his domestic problems by imagining Tze-shi his absent wife and Chang Lo her Chinese lover. Waking from the dream, Chang Lo and Cavendish, shooting in the dark, kill each other.

NICA

A drama in three acts by Ada Sterling (with acknowledgments to an old playlet). Produced by The Experimental Theatre, at the Central Park Theatre, New York, January 25, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Luca Delmato	Ben Welden
Tonio Ferrara	Paul Ker
Rocco Ferrara	Richard Abbott
Mario Palmieri	Richard Farrell
Donna 'Rina	Sydney Thompson
Nica	Alice B. Keating
Acts I, II and III.—Luca Delmato's Home, Calabria. Staged by Cav. Guglielmo E. Gatti.	

Nica, forced to marry the smug and prosperous Rocco,

when she really loves Mario, is unhappy until Rocco is killed in a trap set for Mario.

A WEAK WOMAN

A comedy in three acts. Adapted by Ernest Boyd from the French of Jacques Deval. Produced by Henry Baron at the Ritz Theatre, New York, January 26, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Extra Waiter	Charles Klouder
Louis	Carl Reed
Mme. Sezeres	Beverly Sitgreaves
Arlette Leterne	Estelle Winwood
Jacqueline Sezeres	Flora Sheffield
Baroness De Claches	Diantha Pattison
A Guest	Richard Bowler
Baron De Claches	Ernest Stallard
Henri Fournier	Frank Morgan
Serge Pavencyge	Ralph Morgan
Spadelli	Edward Keane
Reporter	Frank Henderson
Mme. Neyres	Shirley Gale
A Guest	Louise Bradley
Jean	Franklin Francis
Pacome	Clement O'Loughlin
Act I.—Reception Room in the Home of Mme. Sezeres, in Paris.	
Act II.—A Room in the Apartment of Henri Fournier. Act III.—	
Morning Room in Serge Pavencyge's Apartment. Staged by B. Iden Payne.	

Arlette Leterne, a widow, is wooed by two men. She cannot make up her mind whether she prefers Henri Fournier, the handsome athlete, or Serge Pavencyge, poet and litterateur. To test her feelings for Serge she visits him in his rooms and succumbs, after a struggle, to his impassioned pleading. Next morning she flies back to Serge, tells him all and begs that he marry her. She loves him best and needs his protection. Serge is generous and overlooks Henri's adventure.

HEDDA GABLER

A play in four acts by Henrik Ibsen; translated by William Archer. Produced by The Actors' Theatre, at the Comedy Theatre, New York, January 26, 1926.

Cast of characters —

George Tesman	Dudley Digges
Hedda Tesman	Emily Stevens
Aunt Julia	Hilda Helstrom
Mrs. Elvsted	Patricia Collinge
Judge Brack	Frank Conroy
Eilbert Lovborg	Louis Calhern
Berta	Helen Van Hoose
Acts I, II, III and IV.—Drawing Room at Tesman's Villa in the West End of Christiania. Staged by Dudley Digges.	

MAGDA

A play in four acts by Hermann Sudermann; revised translation by Charles Edward Amory Winslow. Revived by Lawrence J. Anhalt at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, January 26, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Lt. Col. Leopold Schwartz	Charles Waldron
Magda	Bertha Kalich
Marie	Josephine Royle
Augusta	Louise Muldener
Franziska Von Wendlowski	Sybil Carlisle
Max Von Wendlowski	Albert Hecht
Hefterdingt	Henry Stephenson
Von Keller	Warburton Gamble
Major-General Von Klebs	Lester Alden
Professor Beckman	Selwyn Scot
Mrs. Von Klebs	Mathilde Baring
Mrs. Justice Elrich	Jenny Dickerson
Mrs. Schumann	Florence Pendleton
Theresa	Emily Boileau
Acts I, II, III and IV.—Living Room in the Schwartz Home. Staged by Edgar J. MacGregor.	

Magda Schwartz, having left her home when she was seventeen and been forbidden to return by her father, becomes a great prima donna and revisits her native village years later. Her father is prevailed upon to lift the ban, Magda goes home, and is forced into a confession of her free life with a respected citizen of the community. Her father, deeply hurt and angered, would force the man into a duel, but dies as a result of the excitement.

NOT HERBERT

A comedy in four acts by Howard Irving Young. Produced by The Playshop at the Fifty-second Street Theatre, New York, January 26, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Fletcher	Neil Pratt
Tracy Sutton	Raymond Bramley
Cynthia Alden	Norma Millay
Ruth Webster	Karen Peterson
Herbert Alden	Clarke Silvernail
Bertha Alden	Clara Palmer
Stephen Alden	William Corbett
Fanshaw	A. S. Byron
Polly	Ruth Gates
George	James T. Morey
Mrs. Blaine	Helen Mitchel
Jim	Manuel Alexander
Act I.—Stephen Alden's Country House in Grayson, Long Island.	
Acts II and IV.—The Corporal's Headquarters, New York City. Act	
III.—Mrs. Blaine's House in Grayson. Staged by Edwin Maxwell.	

Herbert Alden, a sappy Westchester poet by day, seeks adventure as "The Corporal," an inspired leader of jewel thieves, by night. He negotiates a trap set by and for a rival society thief, outwits his enemies and plans to settle down with the ingenue.

PUPPY LOVE

A comedy in three acts by Adelaide Matthews and Martha Stanley. Produced by Anne Nichols at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, New York, January 27, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Byron Lockhart	William Hanley
Medora	Maud Eburne
Jean Brent	Vivian Martin
Mrs. Margaret Brent	Spring Byington
Arthur Merk	Stuart Fox
Ivy	Mabel Kroman
Sylvanus Pollard	Charles Abbe
Mrs. Sylvanus Pollard	Leah Winslow
Andy Baxter	Arthur Aylsworth
Charlie Cavendish	Edward Robins
Acts I and III.—The Pollard Living Room. Act II.—The Pollard	
Garage. Staged by Clifford Brooke.	

Byron Lockhart, being in love with but forbidden to

think of marrying Jean Brent, manages to hire out to her guardian as a chauffeur, has many comic and some exciting experiences and wins the girl, or her mother's promise, in the end.

DON Q., JR.

A play in three acts by Bernard S. Schubert. Produced at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, January 27, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Jim	John McGrath
Rosie	Maxine Flood
The Kid (Don Q., Jr.)	Billy Quinn
Judge Overton	John T. Dwyer
Carrie Overton	Juana Nelson
Robert Wilson	William T. Tilden, 2d
Tom Kelly	Frank Connors
Mickey Kelly	Bert Gorman
Court Attendant McFadden	Earle Craddock
Officer Lang	Milton Krims
Jacob Cohen	George Spelvin, Jr.
Battling Sherman	Edward Eliscu
Hamilton Reid	John Gallaudet
Act I.—Rosie's Apartment. 2—Children's Court, New York City.	
Acts II and III.—Reception Room, Cottage No. 2, Westchester Pro-	
tectory. Staged by Arthur Hurley.	

The Kid, aged twelve, steals money to help a presumptive pal send his wife West. The Kid is arrested, sent to a reformatory, meets Robert Wilson, a social worker, and is helped out of his trouble.

JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN

A play in four acts by Ibsen. Produced at the Booth Theatre, New York, January 29, 1926.

Cast of characters —

John Gabriel Borkman	Egon Brecher
Mrs. Gunhild Borkman	Helen Haye

Erhart Borkman John Buckler
 Miss Ella Rentheim Eva Le Gallienne
 Mrs. Fanny Wilton Marian Warring-Manley
 Vilhelm Foldal J. Sayre Crawley
 Frida Foidal Rose Hobart
 Mrs. Borkman's Maid Beatrice de Neergaard
 Acts I and III.—Mrs. Borkman's Drawing Room. Act II.—The
 Gallery of the Rentheim Home. Act IV.—Outside the House at the
 Margin of a Wood.

Borkman, after failing to realize his ambition as an empire builder, and serving a term in prison, broods in the upper gallery of his home while his proud wife suffers below. Ella Rentheim, Mrs. Borkman's sister, jilted by Borkman in his youth to further his ambitions, invades the house intent upon saving the son, Erhart, from the distressing atmosphere of his disrupted home. As the women and Borkman debate the present and future of Erhart, that youth runs away with Mrs. Wilton, a fascinating widow.

EMBERS

A play in four acts by A. E. Thomas (adapted from the French of Pierre Wolff and Henri Duvernois). Produced at the Henry Miller Theatre, New York, February 1, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Edouard Leonard Mudie
 Hortense Norma Havey
 Emile Elmer Brown
 Madame Cleremont Ilka Chase
 Gabrielle Laurent Laura Hope Crews
 Fournier Nicholas Joy
 François Laurent Henry Miller
 Germaine Bie Florence Shirley
 Martelet Edwin Nicander
 Suzanne Katherine Meredith
 Jean Ribout Albert Morrison
 Nurse Betty Horgan
 Acts I, III and IV.—M. Laurent's Study in his Paris Home.
 Act II.—Germaine Bie's Little House, at Caulincourt.

François Laurent, scientist, estranged from his wife, the young and eager Gabrielle, takes unto himself a

youthful mistress, Germaine. Gabrielle, having months since turned to the consolation of a lover, Fournier, it happens that both Germaine and Gabrielle are brought to bed with child within a week of each other. The wife lives, but the mistress dies. François, determined to have a hand in the rearing of his own son, manages to change the infants in their cradles. Later, Gabrielle and François, reconciled, adopt Gabrielle's son, who she thinks is her husband's illegitimate offspring.

SHANGHAI GESTURE

A melodrama in four acts by John Colton. Produced by A. H. Woods at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York, February 1, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Caesar Hawkins	Cyril Keightley
Lin Chi	Conrad Cantzen
Prince Oshima	C. Henry Gordon
Poppy	Mary Duncan
Mother Goddam	Florence Reed
Ching Chang Mary	Louie Emery
Ni Pau (Lost Petal)	Joan Bourdelle
Ex-Envoy Mandarin Koo Lot Foo	Langdon Bruce
Sir Guy Charteris	McKay Morris
Sir John Blessington, Port Judge	Henry Warwick
Lady Blessington	Eva Leonard Boyne
M. Le Compte de Michot	William Worthington
Mme. Le Comtesse de Michot	Evelyn Wight
Mrs. Dudley Gregory	Vera Tompkins
Dudley Gregory	Henry Von Rhau
Don Querebro d'Achuna	C. Haviland Chappell
Donna Querebro d'Achuna	Margarita Orlova
Act I.—"The Gallery of Laughing Dolls," Act II.—"The Grand Red Hall of Lily and Lotus Roots," Act III.—"The Little Room of the Great Cat," Act IV.—"The Green Stairway of the Angry Dragon," The Far-Famed House of Mother Goddam, 17 San Kaiou Road, Shanghai, China. Staged by Guthrie McClintic.	

Once Madame Goddam was a Chinese princess. She eloped with a young Britisher named Charteris. When he wanted to marry his English sweetheart he had the princess sold down the river to the junkmen. Twenty

years Madame Goddam waits to be revenged, becoming meantime the proprietress of the largest brothel in all China. Then she invites Charteris and his friends to dinner, sells a white girl to junkmen before their eyes, and, when Charteris protests, informs him that it is his own daughter he has seen thus disposed of. Discovering then that her daughter, Poppy, whom Charteris has raised, is a dope fiend and degenerate, Madame Goddam strangles her to death.

THE MATINEE GIRL

A musical comedy in two acts; book and lyrics by McElbert Moore and Bide Dudley; music by Frank Grey. Produced by Ed. Rosenbaum, Jr. (for Edmund Enterprises, Inc.) at the Forrest Theatre, New York, February 1, 1926.

Cast of characters —

The Usberette	Bernie Goe
Bess Gordon	Juliette Day
"Bubbles" Peters	Olga Steck
Jack Sterling	James Hamilton
Phil Taylor	Jack Squire
Boggs	Kevitt Manton
Captain Mack	John Kearney
Archie de Witt	Gus Shy
Lill McCue	Madeline Grey
Ramon Mendez	Rudolf Badeloni
Philander Peters	John Park
Lucy Peters	Helene Herman
Maria Mendez	Rose LaHarte
Miss Sear Goe	Bernie Goe
Miss Cantbe Beat	Ruth Farrar
Miss Doer Die	Hester Bailey
Miss Proper Thyme	Dorothy Proudlock
Miss Nora Knowes	Berta Claire Hall
Miss Walker Home	Ruth Penery
Miss Rollser Owne	Dorothy Charles
Miss Lefter Wright	Edith Shaw
Miss Showser Style	Emily Verdi
Miss Sparklin Wyne	Edna Hopper
Miss Auter Fall	Jerry Dryden
Miss Maidter Order	Helen Grey
Act I.—A Stage Box of a New York Theatre. 2—The Star's Dressing Room. 3—Aboard the Yacht. Act II.—Patio of Peters' Home, Cuba. 2—Under the Palms. 3—Patio of Peters' Home. Staged by Oscar Eagle.	

"Bubbles" Peters, enamored of Jack Sterling, mati-

née idol, writes him mash notes. Making no headway by this method she smuggles herself aboard a yacht taking her idol to Cuba and masquerades as a cabin boy. In Cuba she returns to skirts and wins Jack with a song or two.

LITTLE EYOLF

A drama in three acts by Henrik Ibsen. Produced by William A. Brady, Jr. and Dwight Deere Wiman at the Guild Theatre, New York, February 2, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Alfred Allmers	Reginald Owen
Mrs. Rita Allmers	Clare Eames
Eyolf	William Pearce
Mrs. Asta Allmers	Margalo Gillmore
Engineer Borgheim	John Cromwell
The Rat Wife	Helen Menken
Act I.—A Garden Room in Allmers' House. Acts II and III.— An Elevation in Allmers' Garden.	

Little Eyolf, the child of Alfred and Rita, is injured as an infant while momentarily neglected by his parents. The Allmers thereafter are obsessed with a sense of their responsibility for the crippled child's physical imperfection. Mrs. Allmers becomes neurotic and jealous of her husband's pumped-up interest in his son, and Allmers in self-expiation devotes himself to a great work on human responsibility. Through the death of Eyolf the parents stand self-revealed before each other.

THE GREAT GASTBY

A drama in prologue and three acts by Owen Davis (from the novel by F. Scott Fitzgerald). Produced by William A. Brady at the Ambassador Theatre, New York, February 2, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Lieut. Carson	Ralph Sprague
Mrs. Fay	Margherita Sargent

Daisy Fay	Florence Eldridge
Sally	Virginia Hennings
Tom Buchanan	Elliot Cabot
Nick Carraway	Edward H. Wever
Mrs. Morton	Grace Heyer
Jay Gatsby	James Rennie
Meyer Wolfshiem	Charles Dickson
Ryan	Edward Butler
Wilson	Robert W. Craig
Daisy Buchanan	Florence Eldridge
Tom Buchanan	Elliot Cabot
Jordan Baker	Catherine Willard
Myrtle Wilson	Josephine Evans
Doo Civit	William Clifford
Milt Gay	Porter Hall
Tom Turner	Richard Rawson
Mrs. Gay	Ellen Mason
Catherine Rogers	Carol Goodner
Mrs. Turner	Gladys Feldman
Donovan	Gordon Mullen
Crosby	William Leith
Prologue.—Fay's Porch in Louisville, Kentucky, 1917. Act I.—	
Nick Carraway's Cottage, West Egg, Long Island, August, 1925.	
Acts II and III.—Gatsby's Library West Egg, Long Island. Staged	
by George Cukor.	

Jay Gatsby (born Gatz) falls in love with Daisy Fay, a Louisville belle, while he is stationed at Fort Taylor during the war. Daisy, giving herself to Gatsby, promises to marry him when he returns. Gatsby, back from the war, finds Daisy has been forced into marriage with Tom Buchanan, a richer suitor, and bides the time she shall return to him. To make himself financially her equal he takes to bootlegging and grows rich. Daisy refuses to divorce Buchanan, but offers to become Gatsby's mistress. Gatsby declines the offer and is killed by a jealous chauffeur who wrongly believes Gatsby guilty of misconduct with his wife.

LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM

A comedy in three acts by George Abbott and John V. A. Weaver. Produced by Jed Harris at the Sam H. Harris Theatre, New York, February 3, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Lem Woodruff	Donald Meek
Ma Woodruff	Camilla Crume

Kenyon	Joseph Bell
Jim	Harold Waldrige
Janie Walsh	Katherine Wilson
Billingsley	Donald Macdonald
Mame Walsh	Florence Johns
Miss Streeter	Eda Heineman
Pearl	Frances Lynch
Agnes	Nellie Leach
Sam	Elmer Cornell
Jack	Vincent Mallory
Mr. McGonigle	Thomas Chalmers
Aiken	G. Albert Smith
Act I.—The Walsh Girls' Room in Ma Woodruff's Boarding-house.	
Act II.—The Parlor. Act III.—The Stage at Mechanics Hall. Staged	
by George Abbott.	

Mame and Janie Walsh, sisters, are clerks in Ginsberg's department store. Mame loves Billingsby, a fellow clerk, but Janie steals him away from her. Janie, as treasurer of the Ginsberg Welfare Association, loses the society's funds, is threatened with exposure, and self-sacrificing Mame gets the money back shooting craps. After which Mame makes up with Billingsby, and Janie goes on vamping other and richer suitors.

THE JEST

A play in four acts, from the Italian by Sem Bennelli. Produced by Arthur Hopkins at the Plymouth Theatre, New York, February 4, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Giannetto Malespini	Basil Sydney
Neri Chiaramentesi	Alphonz Ethier
Gabriello Chiaramentesi	Millard Vincent
Ginevra	Violet Heming
Tornaquinci	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Fazio	E. J. Ballantine
Calandra	Malcolm Barrett
Nencio	John Knight
Camus	Richard Bengal
Cintia	Maude Durand
Lapo	William Griffith
A Lieutenant	Jacob Kingsberry
The Doctor	Cecil Clovelly
The Executioner	Alexander Frank
Lisabetta	Madeline Delmar
Lucrezia	Martha MacGraw

Fiametta Maria Ouspenskaya
 A Singer Pancho Fuentes
 Act I.—At Tornaquinci's House. Act II.—At Ginevra's House.
 Act III.—The Pillar. Act IV.—At Ginevra's House. Staged by
 Arthur Hopkins.

See "Best Plays of 1919-20."

THE JAY WALKER

A comedy-drama in three acts by Olga Printzlau.
 Produced by Benjamin F. Witbeck at the Klaw Theatre,
 New York, February 8, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Mrs. Hilda Bruce Jennet Adair
 John Bruce Reed Brown, Jr.
 Mary Mary Daniel
 Sergeant Jerry O'Day Curtis Cooksey
 Mrs. Phillips Margaret Bloodgood
 Mrs. Smith Alma Blake
 Mrs. Brown Caroline Newcomb
 Fred Kay Edmund Roberts
 Acts I, II and III.—Mrs. Bruce's Living Room, East 112th Street,
 New York City. Staged by A. H. VanBuren.

Mary Bruce, promised to Jerry O'Day, a policeman, runs away with a richer suitor, leaves him and returns home. Her love for Jerry revived she tries to convince him that it would be no sin for her to love him, although she is legally married to another. But Jerry does not believe in "jaywalking before God" and Mary steals her mother's money and runs away again. Getting into a shooting scrape, she is induced to stand trial with the promise that all will yet be right with her and Jerry.

THE BEATEN TRACK

A play in four acts by J. O. Francis. Produced by Gustav Blum at the Frolic Theatre, New York, February 8, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Dafydd Evans Y Beddau St. Clair Bayfield
 Mrs. Rees Alys Rees

Dr. Hughes Wallace Erskine
 Shan Powell Eleanor Daniels
 Myfanwy Rees Lucille Nikolaus
 Owen Powell Gavin Muir
 Vaughn Morgan John Littel
 Maggie Davis Dolle Gray
 Acts I, II and III.—Outside Shan Powell's Cottage, Wales. Staged
 by Gustav Blum.

Shan Powell, an aging Welsh grandmother, seeks to outwit destiny and establish the happiness of her beloved son Owen. But Death, in the figure of an old gravedigger, dogs her footsteps and conquers all in the end.

LULU BELLE

A play in four acts by Edward Sheldon and Charles MacArthur. Produced by David Belasco at the Belasco Theatre, New York, February 9, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Geranium Monroe Altomay Jones
 Stella La Vergne Jean Ward
 Lovie Bowtelle Mildred Hall
 Mrs. Bowtelle Elizabeth Williams
 Mrs. Monroe Nellie R. Reynolds
 Mrs. Frisbie Fannie Belle DeKnight
 Butch Cooper John Harrington
 Shorty Noyes Tammany Young
 Mabel De Witt Ollie Burgoyne
 Ada May Ramsey Loraine Hunter
 Ruby Lee Evelyn Preeer
 Ivy Whiteside Marguerite Wyatt
 Valma Custer Edna Thomas
 Roscoe W. S. Bell
 Lew James Jackson
 Herman Edward Thompson
 Royal Williams William Taliafero
 Mrs. Royal Williams Edna Thrower
 Eugene Frisbie Smothers Ward
 Mt. Vernon Jackson George Callender
 A Bartender Samuel Bolen
 Mrs. Jackson Mattie V. Wilkes
 Elmer Jackson Oswald Edinborough
 George Randall Henry Hull
 Mrs. George Randall Sybil Bryant
 Walter Randall Thomas Trisvan
 Violet Randall Margaret Petty
 Clarence De Voe Seifert Pile
 Brother Staley J. Louis Johnson
 Sister Sally Virgie Winfield

Sister Blossom	Annie Rhinelander
Lulu Belle	Lenore Ulric
Skeeter	Percival Vivian
Vangie Bowtelle	Goldye M. Stiener
Policeman Healy	Edward Nannery
Uncle Gustus	Lawrence Eddinger
Mrs. Trumbull	Eva Benton
Dr. J. Wilberforce Walker	William St. James
Duke Weaver	Fred Miller
Happy	J. W. Jackson
Moke	Allan Waithe
Joe	Hemsley Winleld
An Entertainer	Zaidee Jackson
A Flower Girl	Clarissa Blue
Coat Room Girl	Minnie Brown
Milton	Barclay Trigg
Williams	Herman Profit
Bunny Delano	Joseph Allenton
Grace Wild	Mildred Wayne
Pussy Harrison	Utoy D'tyl
Fred Harrison	Sidney Elliot
The Vicompte De Villars	Jean Del Val
Sergeant Healy	Edward Nannery
An Ambulance Doctor	Harold Seton
Another Patrolman	George Thomas
Ambulance Driver	Anthony Knilling
Wilkins	William Boag
Barton	Jane Ferrell
Act I.—The Sidewalks of San Juan Hill, the Downtown Colored District of New York. Act II.—A Harlem Boarding House. Act III.—The Elite Grotto. Act IV.—27 Avenue Marigny, Paris. Staged by David Belasco.	

Lulu Belle, a colored harlot of Harlem, picks on George Randall, a Whitestone barber, as a likely lover. Luring him from his wife and children she deserts him first for Butch Cooper, a prize-fighter, and later for the Vicompte de Villars, a degenerate French count. Randall follows her to Paris and when she refuses to return to him, strangles her to death.

PORT O' LONDON

A play in three acts by George W. Oliver. Produced by W. Herbert Adams at Daly's Theatre, New York, February 9, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Harriet Pook	Alison Skipworth
Erb Pook	Walter Kingsford

Kitty Pook	Betty Linley
Officer	Frank Horton
Alf Tibetts	Alf Helton
Anthony Pook	Basil Rathbone
Captain Smithers	James C. Carroll
Mamie	Joan Lowell
Mrs. Higgins	Alice John
Charlie Fix	Paul Porter
Ling	Daniel Wolf
May	Suzanne Bennett
Teddy Casbourne	Frank Horton
Daisy	Dorothy Fletcher
Bill Wilshire	George Thorpe
Play Produced Under the Direction of Thompson Buchanan.	
Act I.—Erb Pook's Home on the Dockside, Shadwell, London.	
Act II.—Sitting Room of Mrs. Higgins' Rooming House. Act III.—A	
Doss House in the Limehouse District. Staged by Thompson	
Buchanan.	

Anthony Pook, an impoverished artist of the London dockside, marries Mamie Smithers, the half-caste daughter of a sea captain, to save her from a brutal father. Mamie, not quite bright, wanders away from Pook's home into the Limehouse district. Pook finds her, but meantime she has recovered her wits, does not recognize him, and runs away with a sailor.

THE WISDOM TOOTH

A comedy in three acts by Marc Connelly. Produced by John Golden at the Little Theatre, New York, February 15, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Carter	Stuart Brown
Sparrow	William Foran
Knox	Royal C. Stout
Bemis	Thomas Mitchell
Mr. Porter	Malcolm Williams
A Woman Patient	Georgia Prentice
Her Friend	Ellenor Kennedy
A Man Patient	William Wadsworth
A Second Man Patient	Robert Lawler
Farraday	Charles Laite
Mrs. Poole	Kate Mayhew
Mrs. Farraday	Madelaine Barr
Sally Field	Mary Philips
Kellogg	Hugh O'Connell
Lalita	Patricia Barclay

Grandpa	Mark Sullivan
Grandma	Marion Ballou
A Circus Owner	Jefferson Lloyd
Porky	Eddie Quinn
Mildred	Lenora Philips
Skeeter	Edwin Philips
Act I.—A Wash Room. 2—A Dentist's Reception Room. 3—Before the Fireplace at Mrs. Poole's. Act II.—At Mrs. Poole's. 2—A Forgotten Circus. 3—Mr. Porter's Office. Act III.—Before the Fireplace at Mrs. Poole's. Staged by Winchell Smith.	

See page 378.

THE RIGHT AGE TO MARRY

A comedy in three acts by H. F. Maltby. Produced by Lee Shubert at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, February 15, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Ellen Marbury	Mrs. Coburn
Clara	Lilian Booth
Stephen Bartan	Alexander Kirkland
Geordie Noodle	Charles McNaughton
Bob Ingram	Lowden Adams
Jack Adams	Walter Ringham
Lomas Ramsden	Charles Coburn
Mrs. Carlisle	Hilda Spong
Esther Surry	Margaret Mosier
Major Locke	Charles Esdale
Job Tetley	W. C. Masson
Acts I and III.—Lomas Ramsden's House at Bradley, Lancashire.	
Act II.—Lomas Ramsden's House at Hove. Staged by Mr. Coburn.	

Lomas Ramsden, a Lancashire mill owner, having achieved a fortune at forty-five, determines to retire and make up for his spent youth by going in for social diversions and matrimony. Buying an expensive country home he falls into the hands of society climbers and is about to make many serious mistakes when the burning of his mills impoverishes him. He goes back to Lancashire to start over and there finds his true love in the person of Ellen Marbury, his faithful housekeeper.

THE RIGHT TO KILL

A drama in three acts; adapted by Herman Bernstein from the Russian of Leo Urvantsov. Produced by Charles Bryant at the Garrick Theatre, New York, February 15, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Morse	George Le Guere
Herrick Jameson	Robert Rendle
Dr. Ziegler	Leslie King
Anthony	Jack Quigley
Jimmy Wilde	Bruce de Lette
Gloria Carlton	Anna Zasock
Julia Storm	Edith Luckett
District Attorney Michael Storm	Robert Conness
Judge Richard Carlton	Clyde Fillmore
Bella	Frances Pitt
Arthur Phillips	Barton Adams
First Charity Worker	Sallie Sanford
Second Charity Worker	Mary Marsh
Waiter	James A. Boshell
Mrs. Eleanor Wainwright	Caroline Parker
Act I.—Herrick Jameson's Home. Act II.—Living Room at Judge Carlton's. Act III.—Private Dining Room in a Restaurant. Staged by Charles Bryant and Leonid Snegoff.	

Gloria Carlton, out of love with her husband, visits her lover, Herrick Jameson, in his rooms, discovers that his love for her is concerned principally with her fortune and kills him when he threatens to sell her letters to her husband. For days thereafter she suffers mental tortures during the law's search for the murderer, escapes discovery and is reconciled with her husband.

THE NIGHT DUEL

A play in three acts by Daniel Rubin and Edgar MacGregor. Produced by The Playgoers (direction McGregor-Kilborn Corporation) at the Mansfield Theatre, New York, February 15, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Rhoda	Amy Ongley
Betty Ramsey	Marjorie Rambeau

Jean	Eileen Wilson
Elton	George Baxter
Dave Dannelly	Felix Krembs
Larry Ramsey	John Marston
Mr. Hamlin	Frank Burbeck
Rivers	Freddie J. Ozab
Acts I and III.—Home of Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay. 2—Bedroom in Dave Dannelly's House in Queensfield. Act II.—The Home of Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey. 2—Again the Bedroom in Dave Dannelly's House in Queensfield. 3—Back in the Home of Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey.	

Betty Ramsey knows that her husband has taken fifty thousand dollars from the bank of which he is cashier and loaned it to a friend to cover a shortage during the visit of the bank examiner. The bank detective, knowing Ramsey has taken the money and is out of town, threatens to expose him if Mrs. Ramsey does not spend the night with him. To save her husband she goes to Dannelly's rooms, but keeps him at the other side of the bedroom at the point of a pistol until she hears her husband and the money are safely back in the bank.

YOU CAN'T WIN

A drama in three acts by Ralph Cullinan. Produced at two special matinées by Hubert Druce and William Streett at the Klaw Theatre, New York, February 16 and 19, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Allen Shields	William Williams
Polly Bryant	Henrietta Tillman
Pete Butler	Claude Cooper
Bob Dawson	Jack Roseleigh
Laura Dawson	Carroll McComas
Nick Favino	Edgar Stehli
Hewett Lysacht	W. J. P. O'Brien
Stanley Lysacht	Henry O'Neil
Acts I, II and III.—Bob Dawson's sitting room. Staged by Hubert Druce.	

Laura Dawson has married an honest man without telling him of a family scandal. When her husband is

witness to an automobile accident in which a child has been killed and is ready to testify against the policeman's brother who is responsible, the policeman threatens to uncover Mrs. Dawson's family history. Dawson persists in being an honest witness until he learns the story from his wife, that she had murdered her stepfather when he tried to make prostitutes of her sisters. He turns against his wife, but forgives her in the end.

THE UNCHASTENED WOMAN

A comedy in three acts by Louis K. Anspacher. Revived by The Stagers at the Princess Theatre, New York, February 15, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Hubert Knollys	Henry Mortimer
Mrs. Murtha	Lou Ripley
Susan Ambie	Margaret Douglass
Caroline Knollys	Violet Kemble Cooper
Lawrence Sanbury	Morgan Farley
Hildegard Sanbury	Rita Romilly
Emily Madden	Josephine Hutchinson
Michael Krellin	Arthur Hughes
Act I.—The Drawing Room of the Knollys' House, New York.	
Acts II and III.—The Combined Kitchen and Living Room of the Sanbury Flat. Staged by Margaret Wycherly and Edward Goodman.	

Caroline Knollys is a restless neurotic toying with men's souls and agitating their bodies. Frankly detesting her husband she still clings to the protection of his name and avoids the one violation of her marriage vows that the law recognizes. Meeting and liking Lawrence Sanbury she all but breaks up his home, goes a step too far, is threatened with exposure and divorce by her husband and precipitately withdraws, beaten but still unchastened.

BUNK OF 1926

A musical revue in two acts; sketches and lyrics by Gene Lockhart and Percy Waxman; music by Gene Lock-

hart. Produced by Talbot Productions, Inc., at the Heckscher Theatre, New York, February 16, 1926.

Principals engaged —

Gene Lockhart
Jay Fasset
Milton Reick
John Maxwell

Florence Arthur
Carol Joyce
Hazel Shelley
Pauline Blair
Boots McKenna

Moved to the Broadhurst Theatre April 22, 1926, Jeanne Greene, Dolly Sterling, Jack Wilson, Marie Lambert and Beryl Haley were added to the cast.

THE EMPEROR JONES

A play in eight scenes by Eugene O'Neill. Revived at the Provincetown Theatre, New York, February 16, 1926.

Cast of characters —

An Old Native Woman	Barbara Benedict
Harry Smithers	Harold McGee
Brutus Jones, Emperor	Charles S. Gilpin
The Little Formless Fears	
Jeff	William Stahl
The Prison Guard	Walter Kumme
The Planters	Walter Kumme, Holcomb, Joseph Thayer
The Spectators ...	Barbara Benedict, Mildred McCoy, Dorothy Payne
The Auctioneer	William Stahl
The Slaves	
Walter Kumme, John Moran, Vernon Rich, Holcomb, Joseph Thayer	
The Congo Witch Doctor	John Taylor
Lem	William Stahl
Staged by James Light.	

See "Best Plays of 1920-21."

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

A comedy in five acts by Edmond Rostand; English version in verse by Brian Hooker. Revived at Hampden's Theatre, New York, February 18, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Cyrano De Bergerac	Walter Hampden
Christian De Neuville	Charles Francis
Comte De Guiche	Maurice Colbourne

Ragueneau	Cecil Yapp
Le Bret	Ernest Rowan
Ligniere	William Sauter
Carbon De Castel-Jaloux	Hart Jenks
Vicomte De Valvert	Reynolds Evans
A Marquis	Thomas F. Tracey
Another Marquis	Gorden Hart
Montfleury	John Alexander
Bellerose	Antonio Salerno
Jodelet	Le Roi Operti
Cuigy	Frank Colletti
Brissaille	Albert West
A Busybody	P. J. Kelly
A Musketeer	John Alexander
D'Artagan	Louis Polan
A Spanish Officer	Howard Galt
Cavaliers	Bernard Savage, Brice Disque, Jr.
A Porter	J. Plumpton Wilson
A Man	Marcel Dill
Another Man	Murray Darcy
A Guardsman	Philip Wood
A Citizen	Hart Jenks
His Son	Parker Mills
A Pickpocket	Cedric Weller
Betraudou, the Fifer	J. Plumpton Wilson
A Capuchin	P. J. Kelly
A Candle Lighter	Edwin Cushman
Roxane	Marie Adels
Her Duenna	Ruth Chorpennning
Lise	Mary Law
An Orange Girl	Mabel Moore
A Flower Girl	Edith Barrett
A Soubrette	Grania O'Malley
A Comedienne	Ruth Seward
Another Comedienne	Nancy Bevill
Mother Marguerite De Jesus	Mary Law
Sister Marthe	Mabel Moore
Sister Claire	Edith Barrett
A Nun	Grania O'Malley
A Little Girl	Dot Willens
Act I.—A Performance at the Hotel de Bourgoyne, Act II.—	
The Bakery of the Poets, Act III.—Roxane's Kiss, Act IV.—The	
Cadets of Gascoyne, Act V.—Cyrano's Gazette, Staged by Walter	
Hamptden.	

See "Best Plays of 1923-24."

MAMA LOVES PAPA

A comedy in three acts by Jack McGowan and Mann Page. Produced by Oxford Producing Company at the Forrest Theatre, New York, February 22, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Pop	John Ravold
Nan Turner	Sara Sothern
Gene Drake	William Roselle

Fred Harrington	John E. Hazzard
Margie Drake	Helen Broderick
Joe Turner	Lorin Raker
Jim	Spencer Bentley
Sonny Whitmore	Robert Emmett Keane
Mills	Albert Tovell
Mlle. Desiree	Zola Talma
Julie	Alice Dunn
Henry	Frank Milan
Louise	Claire Hooper
Ruth	Ann Martin
Tod	John C. White
Acts I and III.—The Turner Home, Great Neck, Long Island. Act	
II.—Sonny Whitmore's Apartment in New York City. Staged by	
John Hayden.	

Joe Turner, insurance agent, leaves his wife too much alone in Great Neck, L. I. In retaliation she goes cock-tail shopping among the New York studios. In the bachelor apartment of Sonny Whitmore, man about town, she meets her husband and also Mlle. Desiree, who has insurable legs but no protective policy. Complications and explanations.

THE VIRGIN

A play in three acts by Arthur Corning White and Louis Bennison. Produced by Jules Hurtig at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York, February 22, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Seth Brown	John Daly Murphy
"Rev." Elias Whipple	Lee Baker
Mrs. Grubb	Jessie Ralph
Ruth Whipple	Phyllis Povah
Dick Hayward	Arthur Albertson
Pat	John Sharkey
Axel	Olaf Skavlan
Ed	Thomas Gunn
Owen	Joseph Burton
Sam	Frank Parsons
Joe	Augusto Aramini
Louis Le Bombard	Louis Bennison
Mag	Bertha Mann
Dr. Hall	Robert Thorne
Act I.—Outside Whipple's Evangelical Tent. 2—Inside the Tent.	
Act II.—Living Room in the Whipple Cottage. Act III.—Interior	
of Louis Le Bombard's Shanty. Staged by Sam Forrest.	

"Rev." Elias Whipple, a religious fanatic, escapes from a sanitarium, hides in a lumber town of northern

New Hampshire, organizes a band of "Holy Thinkers" sworn to forswear the lusts of the flesh. Louis Le Bombard, an ignorant French Canadian, accepts the virgin wife of Whipple as the living representative of the statue in his church and worships her until he catches her kissing Dick Hayward, with whom she has fallen in love. Excited by the scene Le Bombard attempts to harm Mrs. Whipple, who is saved by Hayward. The authorities find Whipple and take him back to the sanitarium.

THE CREAKING CHAIR

A play in three acts by Allene Tupper Wilkes (revised by Roland Pertwee). Produced by Carl Reed (in association with E. E. Clive) at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, February 22, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Angus Holly	E. E. Clive
Rose Emily Winch	Beatrice Miller
Anita Latter	Mary Carroll
Essai Aissa	Harold R. Chase
Edwin Latter	Reginald Mason
Sylvia Latter	Eleanor Griffith
Mrs. Carruthers	Leonore Harris
John Cutting	Tyrell Davis
Philip Speed	Brandon Peters
Oliver Hart	Gilbert Douglas
Henley	Stanley Harrison
Jim Bates	Robert Bennett
Acts I, II and III.—The Lounge at Edwin Latter's House, Oakdene, Woodlands, Hertfordshire. Staged by E. E. Clive.	

Edwin Latter, noted Egyptologist, is confined to a wheel chair by an injury sustained at the opening of an Egyptian tomb. A rival collector sends Latter a recovered queen's headdress planning later to steal it back. During the attempted theft murder is done which is first fastened on Latter's slightly unbalanced wife, Sylvia, but traced finally to a young Egyptian radical, Philip Speed.

STILL WATERS

A comedy in three acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced by Augustus Thomas at the Henry Miller Theatre, New York, March 1, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Linesman	Donald Dillaway
Mrs. McManus	Nyan Brownell
Tourists	Henrietta Adams, Mildred Southwick
June Clayborn	Miriam Doyle
Lumsley Panhaven	David Tearle
Mrs. Kate Merrible	Mona Kingsley
Senator Cassius Clayborn	Thurston Hall
Col. Tom Thormayd	Robert Cummings
George Patterson	Charles H. Martin
Congressman Ponder	William Norton
Canon Kewback	Edward Emery
Mrs. Kewback	Georgie Drew Mendum
Senator Gummidge	Nick Long
Acts I, II and III.—Clayborn's Office in the Senate Office Building, Washington.	

Senator Cassius Clayborn is one who votes dry and lives wet, so to speak. Forced to declare himself in an approaching campaign he heeds the advice of the wise and handsome Mrs. Merrible and stands for a modification of Mr. Volstead's law. The opposition try to beat him by dragging Mrs. Merrible's name into a scandal with Lumsley Panhaven of the British embassy, June Clayborn's fiancé. But by compromising with the politicians and the bootleggers he wins the nomination.

SQUARE CROOKS

A comedy drama in three acts by James P. Judge. Produced by Bannister and Powell at Daly's Theatre, New York, March 1, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Eddie Ellison	Russell Mack
Kay Ellison	Dorothy Appleby
Jane Brown	Lulu Mae Hubbard

Bridget O'Rourke Annie Mack Berlein
 Sgt. Timothy Hogan Philip Lord
 Larry Scott Norval Keedwell
 Harry Welch Harold Salter
 Mike Ross Francis M. Verdi
 Philip Carsen Dean Raymond
 Acts I, II and III.—The Ellison Apartment in the Chelsea District,
 N. Y. Staged by Albert Bannister.

Eddie Ellison was a nifty second-story worker before he met his wife Kay and determined to go straight. Once he refused to help a detective railroad another thief into prison, and as a result the detective is out for revenge. The pearls belonging to the wife of Ellison's late employer are stolen by a consumptive who dies before he can dispose of them. He leaves them with Larry Scott, who is also a reformed thief, and Larry brings them to Eddie. The boys know their only hope of not being sent back to prison is to get rid of the pearls before their enemy, the revengeful detective, discovers them. For three acts they manage to keep a short jump ahead of him, and finally win out.

THE MASQUE OF VENICE

A comedy in three acts by George Dunning Gribble. Produced by Brock Pemberton, William A. Brady, Jr., and Dwight Deere Wiman at Mansfield Theatre, New York, March 2, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Annunziata Nera Badalin
 Jonathan Mumford Arnold Daly
 Egeria Selena Royle
 Joshua Cox Osgood Perkins
 Madge Cox Elizabeth Taylor
 Don Pedro William Seagram
 Jack Cazeneuve Kenneth Mackenna
 Sophia Elphinstone Weir Antoinette Perry
 Acts I, II and III.—The Salon of a Palace on the Grand Canal
 in Venice. Staged by Brock Pemberton.

Jonathan Mumford, English novelist, is in Venice on holiday with Egeria, a "modern nymph." Among their

guests are Sophia Weir, a literary celebrity eager to know life that she may write of it the more excitedly, and Jack Cazeneuve, a literary descendant of the Casanova who was the world's greatest lover. Experimenting with Jack, Sophia listens as he reads his diary of amorous adventures until she becomes that hysterical she falls into the canal. But it is Jonathan Mumford who saves her, not Cazeneuve. After which, Egeria having left Jonathan for an earlier love, Sophia and her rescuer renew their own earlier romance.

NIRVANA

A play in three acts by John Howard Lawson. Produced by Noble-Ryan-Livy, Inc., at Greenwich Village Theatre, New York, March 3, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Dr. Alonzo Weed	Crane Wilbur
Miss Prendergast	Elise Bartlett
Bill Weed	Earle Larimore
Holz	Aldrich Bowker
Janet Milgrim	Juliette Crosby
Priscilla Emerson	Marcia Byron
Aunt Bertha	Edith Shayne
Rev. Dr. Gulick	Herbert Ransom
A Visitor	John McGovern
A Hungry Girl	Doris Ferguson
An Anxious Girl	Lillian Wilck
A Giggling Girl	Julie Barnard
A Woman of Personality	Ludmilla Toretzka
A Nice Young Man	Murray Bennett
An Even Nicer Young Man	Francis Sadtler
An Intoxicated Gentleman	H. Ben Smith
A Serious Man	L'Estrange Millman
Acts I and III.—Dr. Weed's Office. Act II.—Dr. Weed's Roof Garden on Top of the Apartment House. Staged by Robert Peel Noble.	

Dr. Alonzo Weed, scientist and investigator, has many weird experiences in his effort to determine what, if any, will be the religion on which all peoples can unite in the future. His adventures involve a meeting with a vision-

ary millionaire who would shoot a man to Mars in a monster skyrocket; a free feminine soul who is in doubt as to whether her lover or her husband is the father of her expected child, and most particularly with a young girl who, coming from the country, is so oppressed by the jazzy social life into which she is thrown that she seeks the other life through suicide. Briefly she is brought back from death by the prayers of her Christian Science mother, who shrieks in horror at the demonstration of her own faith, and the girl promptly dies again.

THE TROUPER

A comedy in three acts by J. C. Nugent and Elliott Nugent. Produced by The Playshop, Inc., at the Fifty-second Street Theatre, New York, March 8, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Mary Millett	Helen Carew
Arthur Crites	Mitchell Harris
Molly Crites	Mildred Booth
Dwight Allen	Harold Elliott
David Millett	Carleton Macy
Tilly	Ruth Nugent
Larry Gilbert	J. C. Nugent
Mr. Trelayne	Robert T. Haines
Mr. Benson	Walton Butterfield
Tink	A. O. Huhan
Elsie Splain	Carlotta Irwin
Act I.—Sitting Room in the Home of the Milletts, Shanesville, Pa.	
Act II.—Stage of the Shanesville "Operry" House. Act III.—	
Arthur Crites' Home. Staged by Edwin Maxwell.	

Larry Gilbert, once a carnival man, now a player of bits in a cheap dramatic company, meets his daughter after eighteen years. The puritanical relatives who have brought the girl up in a hick town after her mother died, have tried to keep her away from the theatre, but she feels the urge and falls in love with the juvenile in Larry's company. The troupe strands in the town, Larry

stages a benefit to help it out, his daughter plays a part and scores a hit and the juvenile, whose father had offered to set him up in business if he would leave the stage, decides to keep on trouping with the Gilberts.

FIND DADDY

A farce in three acts by Tadema Bussiere. Produced by W. I. Percival at the Ritz Theatre, New York, March 8, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Beth Todd	Dorothy Peterson
Jane Potter	Enid Markey
Chauffeur	Hubert Farjeon
Serge Street	Louis Kimball
Jerry Todd	Horace Brabam
Russell Morgan	Charles Irwin
Vera Morgan	Mabel Acker
Larry Wood	Paul Kelly
Ethel Wood	Peggy Allenby
Motorcycle Officer	Ross Savilla
Acts I, II and III.—The Living Room of the Todd Bungalow, Hollywood, Cal. Staged by Rollo Lloyd.	

Beth Todd's baby was born in Texas while her husband, Jerry, was still in California. For one reason and another Jerry didn't know, and Beth thought it would be a fine surprise to tell him on his birthday. To keep the secret until then her friend, Jane Potter, pretends the infant is hers, though she admits she isn't married. This shocks, surprises, mystifies and otherwise stirs a week-end party of the Todds' friends until the proper disclosures are made at eleven p.m.

BLOSSOM TIME

A musical play in three acts (adapted from the original of A. M. Willner and H. Reichart). Book and lyrics by Dorothy Donnelly; music from melodies of Franz

Schubert and H. Berte; adapted by Sigmund Romberg.
Revived by the Messrs. Shubert at the Jolson Theatre,
New York, March 8, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Mitzi	Beulah Berson
Bellabruna	Leeta Corder
Fritzi	Sioux Nedra
Kitzi	Genevieve Naegele
Mrs. Kranz	Alexandra Dagmar
Greta	Myra Lee
Baron Von Schober	Patrick J. Kelly
Franz Schubert	Knight MacGregor
Kranz	Robert Lee Allen
Count Sharntoff	Jules Epailly
Vogl	James Bardia
Kupelweiser	Norman Johnston
Von Schwind	Harrison Wilson
Binder	Robert Tait
Erkman	Oliver T. McCormick
Hanse	Mack Ponch
Novotny	John E. Wheeler
A Dancer	Louise Rothacker
Mrs. Colburg	Millie Freeman
Domeyer	Alex Drew
Act I.—Prater Park in Vienna. Act II.—Drawing Room in the House of Kranz. Act III.—Franz Schubert Lodgings. Staged by J. J. Shubert.	

See "Best Plays of 1921-22."

EAST LYNNE

A play in three acts by Mrs. Henry Wood. Produced
by Provincetown Playhouse Production at the Greenwich
Village Theatre, New York, March 10, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Miss Cornelia Carlyle	Marie Pavey
Mr. Dill	Allen W. Nagle
Joyce	Louise Lorimer
Archibald Carlyle	Charles Fleming
Lady Isabel and Madame Vine	Mary Blair
Richard Hare	Edgar Stehli
Barbara Hare	Edna James
Justice Hare	Allen W. Nagle
Wilson	Barbara Benedict
Lord Mount Severn	Allen W. Nagle
Sir Francis Levison	Stanley Howlett

Little William Dorothee Nolan
 Officer John Moran
 Acts I, II and III.—In and About the Carlyle Estate, East Lynne.
 Staged by James Light and Stanley Howlett.

A burlesqued version of the favorite drama of the '60's concerning the terrible time Lady Isabel Carlyle had after she ran away with that dog, Sir Francis Levison, and had to come back disguised as Madame Vine with dark blue goggles to see her own dying child, Little Willie.

THE MOON IS A GONG

A play in two parts by John Dos Passos. Produced by Juliet Barrett Rublee at the Cherry Lane Theatre, New York, March 12, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Bud Ben Osipow
 Jake William Challee
 A Workman F. B. Wells
 Another Workman Glen Snyder
 Tom Allyn Josslyn
 Jane Helen Chandler
 The Nurse Hazel Gladding
 The Garbage Man Edward Reese
 John, the Butler Harold Kennedy
 Aunt Georgianna Frances Hyde
 Cousin Amelia Burns Agnes Gildea
 Cousin Frank Wilmot George N. Price
 Aunt Marianna Renita Randolph
 Uncle William William Edwards
 Uncle Amos James Shute
 A Cousin Joseph Thayer
 Another Cousin Max Leavitt
 Cousin Lillian Riverson Eleanor Ewing
 An Elderly Relative Leona Mericle
 Another Elderly Relative Wilda Ganeau
 Mr. Brickstone, the Minister Greeley Curtis
 Mr. Elkins, the Undertaker Albert Durand
 A Man with a Cigar Harry Tisdale
 A Train Porter Lewis Leverett
 The Girl in the Red Hat Virginia Hawthorne
 Staged by Edward Massey.

An episodic exposure of the things jazz is doing to the world, including a comic funeral during which the

mourners Charleston around the remains, a railroad wreck with a review of the killed, and a thief chase over New York's housetops.

JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK

A play in three acts by Sean O'Casey. Produced by H. W. Romberg (in association with John Jay Scholl) at the Mayfair Theatre, New York, March 15, 1926.

Cast of characters —

"Captain" Jack Boyle	Augustin Duncan
Juno Boyle	Louise Randolph
Johnny Boyle	Barry Macollum
Mary Boyle	Isabel Stuart Hill
"Joker" Daly	Claude Cooper
Mrs. Maisie Madigan	Eleanor Daniels
"Needle" Nugent	Ralph Cullinan
Mrs. Tancred	Kate McComb
A Neighbor	Mildred McCoy
Jerry Devine	Lewis Martin
Charlie Bentham	Charles Webster
An Irregular Mobilizer	J. Augustus Keogh
An Irregular	Wallace House
A Sewing-machine Man	G. O. Taylor
A Coal-block Vendor	Emmet O'Reilly
A Furniture-Removal Man	G. O. Taylor
His Helper	Emmet O'Reilly

Acts I, II and III.—The Living Room of a Two-room Tenancy of the Boyle Family in a Tenement House in Dublin. Staged by Augustin Duncan.

Juno always called her husband, the shiftless "Capt." Jack Boyle, a "paycock" because he was forever strutting around telling what he was going to do and never doing anything. Trouble enveloped the Boyles the summer of 1922 in Dublin. Charlie Bentham, a young English lawyer, brings word that the captain has inherited a small fortune. Immediately the family goes into debt and Mary, the daughter, becomes the fiancée, as she thinks, of Bentham. Then the crash. There is no fortune. Bentham decamps leaving Mary in trouble and Johnny Boyle, an "irregular" is taken out and shot by his comrades for being an informer. The captain goes back to his pals and his liquor and Juno takes Mary away.

HUSH MONEY

A melodrama in three acts by Alfred G. Jackson and Mann Page. Produced by Charles K. Gordon at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, March 15, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Adolph "Santa" Klaus	George E. Mack
Potter	Edward Charles Conway
Brock Morgan	Richard Gordon
Duke Dexter	Calvin Thomas
Mrs. Rudolph Wurzman	Cora Witherspoon
Mrs. Arthur Davison	Gladys Wilson
Enrico Del Vio	Joseph Lertora
"Smiler"	G. Davidson Clarke
Judge Forrest	Frederick Burton
Kathleen Forrest	Justine Johnstone
Harry Bentley	Kenneth Thomson
Gertie McGonigle	Ruth Lee
McCarthy	Sam Galper
Act I.—A Room in the Apartment of Private Detective Morgan.	
Acts II and III.—Bentley's New Home in the Suburbs of New York. Staged by William B. Friedlander.	

90 HORSE POWER

A comedy in three acts by Francis De Witt. Produced by Marwaldean Productions, Inc., at the Ritz Theatre, New York, March 15, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Anita Loring	Allyn King
Mrs. Charles Loring	Helen Lackaye
Lady Victoria Fairleigh	Violet Dean
Major Cecil, Earl of Fairleigh	Gerard Willshire
Charles Loring	Guy Hitner
Reginald Manners	Bruce Elmore
Robbins	Robert W. Lawrence
Smith	Ramsey Wallace
Acts I, II and III.—The Westchester County Estate of the Loringe. Staged by Walter Wilson.	

Smith had been an ace in the war, but he was only a chauffeur for the Loringe afterward. He was working to get money enough to patent a carburetor when Anita Loring fell in love with him and life became absurdly simple.

MIXED BILL

Three lyric dramas. Produced by The Neighborhood Playhouse Co., at the Neighborhood Theatre, New York, March 16, 1926.

Cast of characters —

A BURMESE PWE

An Impression of Burma by Irene Lewisohn; Music by Henry Eichheim.	
The Pongyi	Grace Stickley
The Koyin	Frances Cowles
Mawng Po Thein	Lewis McMichael
His Wife	Marion Friedburg
His Daughter	Bertha Slutzker
His Son	Benson Inge
Mawng Tha Byaw	George Heller
Shinlon Players	Sadie Sussman, Sophie Bernsohn
Showmen of the Yokthe Pwe	Ralph Geddis, William Beyer
A Water Carrier	George Hoag
A Country Woman	Edith Segal
A Country Man	Evelyn Keller
The Prince	Blanche Talmud
The Princess	Paula Trueman
The Councillors	George Hoag, Ralph Geddis

THE APOTHECARY

An Adaption of Joseph Haydn's "Der Apotheker." Score Revised by Howard Barlow; English Version by Ann Macdonald.	
Mengone	Harold Minjer
	Sung by Joel Swensen
Sempronio	Ian Maclaren
	Sung by Edgar Schofield
Grilletta	Dorothy Sands
	Sung by Marjorie Haskell
Volpino	Albert Carroll
	Sung by Thomas Tilton
Turks	Edith Segal, Blanche Talmud
	George Heller, Marc Loebell
Apprentices	Frances Cowles, Eppie Epstein
Sung by Bertha Slutzker, Sophie Bernsohn, Evelyn Keller, Sadie Sussman, Lillian Schweitzer, Marion Friedburg, Hannah Heiman, Ada Blackman	
At the Harpsichord	Lily M. Hyland
Prince	George Bratt
A Lady of His Court	Edla Frankau

KUAN YIN

The Goddess of Mercy; Music by A. Avshalomoff; Story by Carroll Lunt; Chinese Version by K. L. Shi.	
Property Man	Ian Maclaren
The Army of Four Thousand:	
First Thousand	William Beyer
Second Thousand	George Hoag
Third Thousand	Lewis McMichael
Fourth Thousand	Victor Wolfsohn
Captain Yuan	Otto Hulicins
Sie Khang	Lily Lubell
Too Fci	Paula Trueman
General Khang	Albert Carroll

Messenger	Lewis McMichael
Kuan Yin	Marjorie Haskell
Ming Wai	Albert Carroll
Lo Fei	Marc Loebell
Great God Tao	Otto Hulicius
Assistant Property Boy	Frieda Granavetter

A Burmese "Pwe" is such an entertainment as the host in Burma organizes for the entertainment of his guests. It consists of songs, dances and sketches.

Haydn's "Apothecary" is here given with the actors providing speech and gestures while the songs are sung by singers hiding back of the scenery.

"Kuan Yin" is a Chinese fantasy staged in the "Yellow Jacket" manner and sung in East Side Chinese.

GHOSTS

A play in three acts by Henrik Ibsen. Produced by The Actors' Theatre at the Comedy Theatre, New York, March 16, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Mrs. Helen Alving	Lucille Watson
Oswald Alving	Jose Ruben
Pastor Manders	Edward Fielding
Regina Engstrand	Hortense Alden
Jacob Engstrand	J. M. Kerrigan
Acts I, II and III.—Mrs. Alving's Country House in Western Norway. Staged by Dudley Digges.	

RAINBOW ROSE

A musical play in three acts. Book by Walter De Leon (founded on story by Zelda Sears); music by Harold Levey and Owen Murphy; lyrics by Walter De Leon and Owen Murphy. Produced by George MacFarlane Productions, Inc., at the Forrest Theatre, New York, March 16, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Martha	Louise Galloway
Hulda	Margaret Walker

Claudia Barrett	Billy Tichenor
Mrs. Barrett	Viola Gillette
David Martin	Paisley Noon
Benny Ketcham	Hansford Wilson
Abner Ketcham	Alexander Clark
Rose Haven	Shirley Sherman
Tommy Lansing	Jack Whiting
John Bruce	Jack Squire
The Expressman	Fred Waldeck
Acts I and II.—The Haven House, Mattasquan, Conn. Act III.—	
The Garden of the Haven House. Staged by Walter Wilson.	

This is a musicalized version of a comedy written for and played by George MacFarlane earlier in the season under the title of "A Lucky Break." John Bruce, having left his home town a poor but ambitious boy, returns years after and finds, because stories of his wealth have preceded him, that he is welcomed enthusiastically on every hand. To test his real friends he makes it appear that he has lost all his money. The test proves effective and he marries the daughter of the local hotel keeper, Nora Mullett.

DEVILS

A play in three acts by Daniel N. Rubin. Produced by William A. Brady, Jr., and Dwight Deere Wiman at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York, March 17, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Amos Givens	Reed Brown
Hannah Givens	Jennet Adair
Sarah Dibble	Helen Cromwell
Mr. Marion	Frank Jameson
Mr. Stone	Paul Stanton
Joel Givens	David Landau
Mathew Dibble	John Cromwell
Peter Higdon	Eugene Keith
Eph	Louis Mason
Jennie	Ruth Mero
Acts I, II and III.—The Home of Joel Givens in the Backwoods	
of the Lower Mississippi Valley. Staged by John Cromwell.	

Jennie, a little mill girl, comes to live with her uncle, Joel Givens, in a backwater and benighted section of the South where the local minister is the complete master of

the community. The Rev. Mathew Dibble has made the people believe that any evidence of God's wrath is traceable to the sins of a community member. When the crops fail he blames Jennie as the cause and seeks to cast out the devils within her. He tortures a confession from her that she tempted her uncle Joel to her ruin, and Jennie kills herself in atonement.

THE GIRL FRIEND

A musical comedy in two acts; book by Herbert Fields; lyrics by Lorenz Hart; music by Richard Rodgers. Produced by Lew Fields at the Vanderbilt Theatre, New York, March 17, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Fanny Silver	Eva Condon
Ellen	Dorothy Barber
Leonard Silver	Sam White
Mollie Farrell	Eva Puck
Thomas Larson	John Hundley
Arthur Spencer	Frank Doane
Wynn Spencer	Evelyn Cavanaugh
Irene Covel	June Cochrane
Donald Litt	Francis X. Donegan
Ann	Silvia Shawn
Mike	Jack Kogan
Duffy	Walter Bigelow
Jane Talbot	Dorothy Barber
Mme. Ruby DeLilly	Jan Moore
A Butler	Ainsley Lambert
Act I.—Backyard of the Silver Dairy, Long Island. 2—Railroad Station. 3—Blue Grass Inn, Long Island. 4—On the Road. 5—Before the Spencer Estate at Ardsley-on-Hudson. Act II.—Before the Spencer Estate. Staged by Lew Fields.	

Leonard Silver, who has trained himself with the aid of Mollie Farrell, a professional bicyclist's daughter, by hitching his wheel to a churn on a Long Island farm, is picked up by a cycling promoter from New York. The gamblers in town try to keep him out of a big race, but he wins the contest and remains true to Mollie.

EASTER ONE DAY MORE

A drama by August Strindberg. Produced at the Princess Theatre, New York, by The Stagers, March 18, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Christina	Rita Romilly
Elis	Warren William
Fru Heyst	Judith Lowry
Benjamin	Morgan Farley
Eleanora	Michael Strange
Lindquist	Arthur Hughes

Back to the home of the Heysts comes Eleanora from a sanitarium for the insane. She finds her mother and brother pride-torn and tortured fighting down a scandal involving father's prison record and hating with a consuming hatred the men who sent him there. Eleanora brings the message of love and hope of the new birth that Easter immortalizes, and the atmosphere of the home is cleared largely through her finer spiritual vision.

THE CHIEF THING

A comedy-drama in three acts by Nicholas Evreinoff; translation by Herman Bernstein and Leo Randole. Produced by The Theatre Guild at the Guild Theatre, New York, March 22, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Paraklete	McKay Morris
Lady With the Dog	Edith Meiser
Retired Government Clerk	Henry Travers
A Dancer	Estelle Winwood
An Actor	C. Stafford Dickens
Landlady in a Rooming House	Alice Belmore Cliffe
Her Daughter	Esther Mitchell
A Student	Dwight Frye
The Manager of a Provincial Theatre	Stanley G. Wood
A Stage Director	Edward G. Robinson

Electrician	William Griffith
Nero	Harold Clurman
Petronius	Romney Brent
Tigelin	Donald Angus
Lucian	House Baker Jameson
Popea Sabina	Peggy Conway
Ligia	Kate Lawson
Calvia Crispinilla	Mary Truc
Nigidia	Hildegard Holliday
A Prompter	Lee Strassberg
A Slave	Willard Tobias
A Comedian	Ernest Cossart
A School Teacher	Helen Westley
A Fallen Woman	Patricia Barron
A Deaf Mute	Hildegard Holliday
Act I.—The Home of a Fortune Teller. 2.—A Stage of a Provincial Theatre. Acts II and III.—A Large Dining Room in Maria Yakovlevna's Rooming House. The Beginning of the Twentieth Century in Central Russia. Staged by Philip Moeller.	

Paraklete (the Comforter whose coming is heralded by John the Baptist) appears in the guise of a fortune teller. Listening to the woes and miseries of a boarding house group he engages three provincial actors to appear at the boarding house as messengers of mercy. One brings love and romance into the life of the landlady's daughter. Another comforts and inspires an aging government clerk. A third restores the faith and zest for life of a student who had tried to kill himself. Thus, though they all realize when the trick is exposed that they have known only the illusion of happiness, their mental outlook is brightened.

ASHES OF LOVE

A play by the Countess of Cathcart and produced by the authoress at the National Theatre, New York, March 22, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Butler	Harry Joyner
Lady Darnmouth	Iseth Gordon Munro
Mrs. Headfort Blythe	Alison Skipworth
Archie Lambsdale	Wilfred Jessop
Lady Croydon	Barbara Allen

John Brent	George Thorpe
Estelle	The Countess of Cathcart
Lord Victor Anton	Austin Fairman
Lord Douglas Rayhaven	Lumsden Hare
Mr. Thompson	Robert Paton Gibbs
May	Margot Lester
Maid	Ruby Gordon

Acts I, II and III.—At Lord Rayhaven's and in South Africa.

Estelle, unhappy with her aging husband, Lord Douglas Rayhaven, elopes with Lord Anton. They go to South Africa, where Anton takes to drink and seduction with disastrous results. Estelle returns to London and is forgiven by the patient and kindly Rayhaven.

SCHWEIGER

A play in three acts by Franz Werfel; translation from the German by Jack Charash and William A. Drake. Produced by The Fifth Avenue Playhouse at the Mansfield Theatre, New York, March 23, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Anna Schweiger	Ann Harding
Mrs. Stroschneider	Minnie Dupree
Linelle	Georgina Tilden
Father Rotter	Herbert Ranson
Dr. Ottokar Grund	Phillip Leigh
Travnick	Hugh Buckler
Topas	Edward Forbes
Franz Schweiger	Jacob Ben-Ami
Dr. Burghardt Von Viereck	Edward Van Sloan
Selcher	Samuel Rosen

Acts I and II.—Schweiger's Workshop. Act III.—Schweiger's Living Rooms. Staged by Jacob Ben-Ami.

Franz Schweiger, a watchmaker, had been a child murderer in his youth and was cured of his mania by a soul physician who eradicated the blind spot in his brain and obliterated from his memory all knowledge of his crime. Schweiger, under a different name, went forth a new man and married a beautiful girl. Years later the professor of psychic therapy who had effected the cure

reappears and restores Schweiger's memory. Anna, learning the story of her husband's crime, destroys her unborn child; and Schweiger, after making atonement by rescuing a crowd of children from a burning steamer, kills himself.

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA

A comedy in three acts by Martha Hedman and Henry Arthur House. Produced by Richard Herndon at the Bijou Theatre, New York, March 23, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Richard Clausen	Pierre Gendron
Anton Moller	Arthur Donaldson
Peter Clausen	Erskine Sanford
Ludwig Dilling	Phil Bishop
Matilda Clausen	Ethel Strickland
Anna Moller	Lillian Ross
Ernie Einstein	Harry Lyons
Acts I, II and III.—Peter Clausen's Living Room. Staged by Martha Hedman.	

Anna Moller, the daughter of a woman-hating musician who has separated from her mother, learns the power of harmonious contact with the universal mind. Concentrating on happiness she is able to make a successful business man of her young fiance, Richard Clausen, and reunite her disrupted family. Incidentally she brightens the lives of several other embittered souls.

THE HALF-CASTE

A play in three acts by Jack McClellan. Produced at the National Theatre, New York, March 29, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Dobbs	John Gray
Dr. David Holden	William Ingersoll
Lovinia Farnham	Isabel O'Madigan
Marjorie Farnham	Helenka Adamowska

Kitty O'Rourke	Gertrude Moran
Captain Reisling	John O'Meara
Johnny Martin	Charles Lawrence
Dick Chester	Fredric March
Tuana	Veronica
Paula	Morris Armer
Lemuelle	William Herring
Mapeka	Mabel Morgan
Puanui	Bernice Hampshire
Lei	Leone Merriam
Lilika	Virginia Bedford
Loki	Silvia Stoll
Hanahie	Henry Clark
Kali	David Munson
Heulu	Charles Opunui
Kawika	David Manakua
Kani	Gordon St. Chad
Takui	James Kulolia
The Beach Comber	Frederick Perry
Tahia	John O'Meara
Acts I and II.—Deck of the Chester Yacht. Act III.—Tuana's Island Home, Island of Savaii, Samoan Islands. Staged by Edgar MacGregor.	

Dick Chester, rich and twenty-five, takes his prospective fiancée, Marjorie Farnham, her Aunt Lavinia and other friends on a cruise to the South Seas where it is his custom to cast a wreath on the sea in honor of his father who was wrecked there years before. In a Samoan island harbor Dick takes to native liquor and native women, meets and loves Tuana, and is in danger of going native when he discovers his father is still alive. Father, having gone native in his time, is now an old beach comber and also Tuana's father, so Dick has been making love to his own half-sister. Tuana kills herself and Dick's party goes north.

BRIDE OF THE LAMB

A play in three acts by William Hurlburt. Produced by Alice Brady (in association with Robert Milton) at the Greenwich Village Theatre, New York, March 30, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Roy Bowman	Edmund Elton
Ina Bowman	Alice Brady

Verna	Arline Blackburn
Mrs. Bascom	Mabel Montgomery
Margaret Avery	Lorna Elliott
Rev. Johnson	Gerald Cornell
Rev. Albaugh	Crane Wilbur
Minnie Herrick	Julia Ralph
The Coroner	Harold Hartsell
The Sheriff	Ralph Macbane
The Doctor	Jas. Francis Robertson
Acts I, II and III.—Living Room at the Bowmans' House in a Small Town of the Middle West. Staged by Robert Milton.	

See page 275.

KONGO

A play in three acts by Chester DeVonde and Kilbourn Gordon. Produced by Kilbourn Gordon at the Biltmore Theatre, New York, March 30, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Whippy	Harry McNaughton
L'il Mim	Betty Bruce Henry
Kirk	Desmond Gallagher
Flint	Walter Huston
Zoombie	Mario Majeroni
Native	Herbert Ellis
Fuzzy	Clarence Redd
Kingsland	Richard Stevenson
Mrs. Mobray	Helen Grayce
Annie	Florence Mason
Choloman	Mekk Ula
Wash	Harry English
Kregg	Frederic Burt
Acts I, II and III.—Flint's Store, in the Jungle of the Belgian Kongo. Staged by the Authors.	

In the Belgian Kongo one Deadleg Flint gains mastery over the natives and whites for miles around. With their aid he sets a trap for an enemy named Kregg who had years before stolen Flint's wife and beaten Flint in the fight that followed. It was because of a kick in the spine from Kregg that Flint's legs are paralyzed. Getting Kregg into his power finally Flint drives him by slow torture to self-murder. To make his revenge sweeter Flint learns that Annie, the girl he has trapped into a life of prostitution, is his own daughter and not Kregg's, as he suspected. He is able to help her escape with a young surgeon.

THE TWO ORPHANS

A play in four acts by A. D'Ennery and Eugene Cormon; translated by N. Hart Jackson. A revival by the Messrs. Shubert (in association with William A. Brady, Jr., and Dwight Deere Wiman) at the Cosmopolitan Theatre, New York, April 5, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Chevalier Maurice De Vaudrey	Robert Loraine
Count De Linieres	Wilton Lackaye
Picard	Henry E. Dixey
Jacques Frochard	Robert Warwick
Pierre Frochard	Jose Ruben
Marquis De Presles	Hugh Buckler
Doctor of the Hospitals	William Seymour
M. De Mailly	Franklin Rich
M. D'Estrees	Joseph Perkins
Martin	James Morrison
La Fleur	Charles D. Brown
Officer of the Guard	Clement O'Loughlen
Chief Clerk	Richard Stuart
Footman	Wilton Lackaye, Jr.
Servant	Henry Cunningham
Louise	Fay Bainter
Henriette	Mary Nash
La Frochard	May Robson
Countess De Linieres	Henrietta Crosman
Marianne	Florence Nash
Sister Genevieve	Mrs. Thomas Whiffen
Julie	Marie Du Chette
Florette	Carolyn Ferriday
Cora	Ann Delafield
Victorine	Bess Tuttle
Sister Therese	Mrs. J. R. Hurley
Act I.—The Place Pont Neuf. 2—The Illuminated Gardens and	
Château of the Marquis De Presles at Bel-air. Act II.—Private	
Apartments of the Count De Linieres. 2—The Place St. Sulpice.	
Act III.—Henriette's Home. 2—The Court Yard of the Prison and	
Convent of La Salpetriere. Act IV.—The Home of the Frochards in	
the Old Boat House on the Banks of the River Seine. Staged	
by William A. Brady, Jr.	

The first revival of the D'Ennery classic since 1904 when Kyrle Bellew, Frederick Perry, E. M. Holland, Charles Warner, James O'Neill, Jameson Lee Finney, Grace George, Margaret Illington, Annie Irish, Elita Proctor Otis, Clara Blandick and Clara Morris were in the cast.

BEAU GALLANT

A play in three acts by Stuart Olivier. Produced by The Playshop, Inc., at the Ritz Theatre, New York, April 5, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Smithson	Wallace Erskine
Jessica Smithson	Marguerite Burough
Bruce Fairchild	Robert Gleckler
Caton Beale Carrington (Beau Gallant)	Lionel Atwill
Holmes Carrington	Clarence Bellair
Clare Hoyt	Gypsy O'Brien
Sheriff's Man	Percival Jackson
Another Man	William Lawrence
Tom Beale	Dodson Mitchell
Mr. Ainsley	Lealie King
Acts I, II and III.—The Carrington Home, New York City. Staged by Clarke Silvernail.	

Caton Beale, the last of the Carringtons, is a born aristocrat and proud of it. An American Beau Brummel, he suffers financial reverses and is forced to accept help from Jessica Smithson, the daughter of his butler. Still he holds his head high and boasts the manners of a gentleman, even though he does not consistently reveal them. Finally, when a vulgar uncle, old Tom Beale the cattleman, leaves him \$5,000,000 on condition that he marry Jessica, he tears up the will. The money goes to Jessica and Carrington marries a lady in his own set.

GLORY HALLELUJAH

A play in three acts by Thomas Mitchell and Bertram Bloch. Produced by Guthrie McClintic at the Broadhurst Theatre, New York, April 6, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Stew Shannon	Earl Mayne
Westy	Felix Krembs
Winters	Charles Bickford
Davis	Morris Ankrum
Horn	Edward Butler

Howard Malcolm Duncan
 Barney Schaffner Augustus Yorke
 Whitey Adams Allen Jenkins
 Mrs. Schaffner Olive West
 Ida Hilda Vaughn
 Lilly June Walker
 Clerk Lee Tracy
 Policeman George Blackwood
 A Guest Phillip M. Sheridan
 Acts I, II and III.—The Lobby of a Cheap Hotel on the Lower
 East Side, New York. Staged by Guthrie McClintic.

In a cheap hotel on the east side of New York the staff and the guests hear that scientists predict the end of the world in seven days. A passing comet is to absorb the heat of the sun for that space of time and the earth will freeze. Each accepts the approach of death in his own way, most of them taking to liquor or debauchery. Lilly, the scrubwoman, unable to understand and painfully conscious of her sins, is afraid to die. Winters, a transient ne'er-do-well, pictures heaven as a happy home and God as the great forgiver of sinners and thus so fires Lilly's faith that when the comet passes and the sun's heat returns she kills herself rather than return to her old life.

PINAFORE

A comic opera in two acts. Text by W. S. Gilbert and music by Arthur Sullivan. Revived by the Messrs. Shubert at the Century Theatre, New York, April 6, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B. John E. Hazzard
 Captain Corcoran Marion Green
 Ralph Rackstraw Tom Burke
 Dick Deadeye William Danforth
 Bill Bobstay Chas. E. Gallagher
 Bob Becket Chester Bright
 Tom Tucker Master Durkin
 Sergeant of Marines Emmet Douglas
 Josephine Marguerite Namara
 Hebe Nydia d'Arnell
 Little Buttercup Fay Templeton
 Acts I and II.—On Board the "H. M. S. Pinafore." Staged by
 Milton Aborn.

LOVE IN A MIST

A comedy in three acts by Amelie Rives (Princess Troubetskoy) and Gilbert Emery. Produced by Charles L. Wagner at the Gaiety Theatre, New York, April 12, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Miss Diana Wynne	Madge Kennedy
Mr. Gregory Farnham	Sidney Blackmer
Count Scipione Varelli	Tom Powers
Miss Sydney Rose Wynne	Frieda Inescort
Miss Anna Moore Wynne	Alice John
Kizzy	Mary Marble
Colin	Jack Willard
Acts I, II and III.—“Wynnewood,” the Home of Diana Wynne, in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. Staged by Gilbert Emery.	

Diana Wynne, who believes in a pleasant lie as opposed to an unpleasant truth, has quarreled with Gregory Farnham and become involved with the dying Count Varelli. Diana doesn't love Varelli, but lets him think she does to ease his war wounds. Then she makes up with Gregory and Varelli gets suddenly very well. Each demands, naturally, that she dismiss the other, and when she does tell Varelli the truth he shoots himself. Thereafter she has considerable trouble reëstablishing herself with Gregory.

WHITE CARGO

A play by Leon Gordon, revived by Earl Carroll at Daly's Theatre, New York, April 12, 1926.

Cast of characters —

The Doctor	Conway Wingfield
Witzel	Carleton Brickert
Ashley	Frederick Roland
The Missionary	J. Malcolm Dunn
The Skipper	Curtis Karpe
The Engineer	Tracy Barrow
Langford	Alan Davis
Tondeleyo	Betty Pierce
Worthing	Rowland Beatty
Jim Fish	W. Wana Singha
Acts I, II and III.—An Afternoon in a Bungalow on the West Coast of Africa. Staged by Leon Gordon.	

See “Best Plays of 1923-24.”

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS

A play in four acts by Sir James M. Barrie. Produced by William A. Brady (in association with Lee Shubert, and by special arrangement with Charles Frohman, Inc.) at the Bijou Theatre, New York, April 13, 1926.

Cast of characters —

John Shand	Kenneth MacKenna
Alick Wylie	Dennis Cleugh
David Wylie	Eugene Weber
James Wylie	Jack Terry
Maggie Wylie	Helen Hayes
Mr. Venables	Lumsden Hare
Countesse De La Briere	Adelaide Prince
Lady Sybil Lazenby	Rose Hobart
Maid	Dora Micawber
Butler	Alfred Pinner
First Elector	A. O. Huhon
Second Elector	Vincent York
Third Elector	Harry Hatch
Act I.—At the Home of the Wylies. Act II.—Shand's Committee Rooms, Glasgow. Act III.—Library of John Shand's Home in London. Act IV.—The Countess' Country Cottage in Surrey. Staged by Lumsden Hare.	

Maggie Wylie, twenty-six and still unmarried, worries her three brothers. When John Shand, a poor but ambitious neighbor, is caught breaking into the Wylie house to read the books that will help him to an education the Wylies agree to finance his schooling if he will marry Maggie at the end of five years. John agrees. Later, when he is elected to parliament and becomes very important, he is a little inclined to overlook Maggie. But soon he learns that it is to her that he owes much more than he realized and he is pitifully glad to beg her pardon and plead for her forgiveness.

THE BELLS

A play in three acts by Leopold Lewis. Revived by A. E. and R. R. Riskin at the Bayes Theatre, New York, April 13, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Sozel	Isabel Dawn
Nikel	Carlo De Angelo
Catherine	Viola Fortescue
Fritz	Douglas Barrington
Hans	John H. Brewer
Annette	Katherine Revner
Father Walter	J. M. Kerrigan
Christian	Horace Braham
Mathias	Rollo Lloyd
Dr. Zimmer	William A. Evans
The Notary	Fred McGuirk
Clerk of the Court	William Bruce
President of the Court	Henry Buckler
The Mesmerist	Edward Loeffler
Acts I, II and III.—At an Alsatian Inn in 1833. Staged by Rollo Lloyd.	

A two-week revival of Henry Irving's old thrill-inspirer in which the murderer, Matthias, is haunted by the sound of the bells that figured in the crime.

RAQUEL MELLER

Señorita Raquel Meller in a repertoire of songs; assisted by a Symphonic Orchestra selected from The Philharmonic Society of New York, under the direction of Victor Baravelle. Presented by E. Ray Goetz at the Empire Theatre, New York, April 14, 1926.

Repertoire of songs —

"El Relicario" (The Charm); "Diguili Que Vengui" (Tell Him to Come); "El Peligro de las Rosas" (Beware of the Rose); "Noi de la Marc" (The Lullaby); "Ayl Cipriano" (Naughty Cipriano); "La Hija del Carcelero" (The Jailer's Daughter); "La Tarde del Corpus" (The Procession); "La Monteria" (Grandmother's Dress); "Flor del Mal" (Flower of Sin); "Mimosa"; "Gitaniillo" (My Gypsy Sweetheart); "La Violetera" (The Violet Girl).
Optional Numbers: "Siempre Flor" (The Eternal Flower); "Nena"; "La Farandulo Pasa" (Poor Pierrot).

The Spanish disease had a four-week engagement during which she sang from twelve to fifteen songs at each performance.

POMEROY'S PAST

A comedy in three acts by Clare Kummer. Produced by Boothe, Gleason and Truex at the Longacre Theatre, New York, April 19, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Mary Thorne	Helen Chandler
Edge	Montague Rutherford
Amanda Chilton	Laura Hope Crews
Francesca	Marjorie Kummer
Pomeroy Chilton	Ernest Truex
Edward Marsh	Richard Barbee
Hilda Fortesque	Dorothy Peterson
Little Frances	Eleanor Frances Shaw
Trebus Heminway, D.D.	Osgood Perkins
William Flynn	Harry Oldridge
Act I, II and III.—Pomeroy's Home at Ferndale-on-Hudson. Staged by Ernest Truex.	

Pomeroy Chilton, lonely and unhappy because he thinks Mary Thorne is going to marry his friend Marsh, adopts a five-year-old girl. His sister Amanda refuses to permit him to keep the child until he declares that it is his own, a confession that is considerably complicated when Francesca, the sewing maid, insists she is the child's mother. Pomeroy is busy explaining for some days, then Mary Thorne and he rediscover each other and the baby is returned to its real mother, who is Francesca's sister.

IOLANTHE

A comic opera in two acts. Words by W. S. Gilbert; music by Arthur Sullivan. Produced by Winthrop Ames at the Plymouth Theatre, New York, April 19, 1926.

Cast of characters —

The Lord Chancellor	Ernest Lawford
Earl of Mountarat	John Barclay
Earl Tolloller	J. Humbird Duffey
Private Willis	William C. Gordon
Strephon	William Williams
The Train-Bearer	Bert Prival

Queen of the Fairies	Vera Ross
Iolanthe	Adele Sanderson
Celia	Kathryn Reece
Leila	Sybil Sterling
Fleta	Paula Langlen
Phyllis	Lois Bennett
Act I.—An Arcadian Landscape. Act II.—The Palace Yard, Westminster. Staged by Winthrop Ames.	

The first revival of the Gilbert and Sullivan fairy burlesque since that made by William Wade Hinshaw in 1919.

AT MRS. BEAM'S

A comedy in three acts by C. K. Munro. Produced by The Theatre Guild at the Guild Theatre, New York, April 26, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Miss Shoe	Jean Cadell
Mr. Durrows	Henry Travers
Miss Cheezle	Helen Strickland
Mrs. Bebb	Helen Westley
James Bebb	Paul Nugent
Mrs. Stone	Phyllis Connard
Miss Newman	Dorothy Fletcher
Mrs. Beam	Daisy Belmore
Mr. Dermott	Alfred Lunt
Laura Pasquale	Lynn Fontanne
Colin Langford	Leslie Barrie
Acts I, II and III.—The Drawing Room, 2—The Dermott's Bedroom at Mrs. Beam's. Nottinghill Gate, London, England. Staged by Philip Moeller.	

Miss Shoe, a romantic spinster with a vivid imagination, suspects Mr. Dermott and Laura Pasquale, his supposed wife, when the latter register as guests at Mrs. Beam's boarding house in London. Mr. Dermott, Miss Shoe thinks, is none other than the notorious French Bluebeard who is credited with the murder of at least fifty women and the mysterious disposal of their bodies. Señorita Pasquale is probably to be his next victim. After she has confided her suspicions to the other boarders and worked up quite a case it turns out that

Mr. Dermott and Miss Pasquale are a pair of thieves temporarily in hiding. When they leave the boarding house they strip it of everything of value that attracts them.

BEAU-STRINGS

A comedy in three acts by C. K. Munro. Produced by Francis B. Bradley and Sigourney Thayer at Mansfield Theatre, New York, April 26, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Miss Gee	Estelle Winwood
Miss Kale	Essex Dane
Mrs. Bolland	Marguerite St. John
Professor Bolland	Stanley Howlett
Hon. Arthur Blount	Lyonel Watts
Dennis Welch	C. Stafford Dickens
Storm	Joan Maclean
Mrs. Blount	Margaret Wiltshire
Lord Early	Clarence Derwent
Mr. Newbury	T. A. Hamilton
Mrs. Newbury	Maud Ainslie
Acts I, II and III.—The Lounge of a Small Hydropathic Hotel Near the Village of Tinderley, England. Staged by Sigourney Thayer.	

Miss Gee, a restless lady with a vast capacity for male companionship, seeks to mix in the marital affairs of all the misunderstood married men she meets at a small "hydropathic hotel" in the Down country of England. Having attracted the Hon. Arthur Blount she drops him to take up Dennis Welch, baritone, while Storm, Welch's travelling companion, attends to the Hon. Arthur. After flirtations more or less desperate, Arthur goes back to his plain but dutiful and affectionate wife, the baritone returns to Storm and Miss Gee renews her angling.

SEX

A comedy drama in three acts by Jane Mast. Produced by C. William Morganstern at Daly's Theatre, New York, April 26, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Margie LaMont	Mae West
Lieut. Gregg	Barry O'Neill
Rocky Waldron	Warren Sterling
Agnes Scott	Ann Reader
Clara Smith	Edda Von Beulow
Jimmy Stanton	Lyons Wickland
Robert Stanton	Pacie Ripple
Dawson	Gordon Burby
Jones	D. J. Hamilton
Curley	Al Re Alia
Marie	Constance Morganstern
Jenkins	Frank Howard
Capt. Carter	George Rogers
Waiter	Gordon Earle
Red	Mary Morrissey
Condez	Conde Brewer
Spanish Dancer	Michael Markham
The Fleet Band	The Syncopators
Act I.—Living Room of Margie LaMont's in Montreal. Act II.—	
Cafe in Hotel Port au Prince, Trinidad. Act III.—Robert Stanton's	
Home in Westchester. Staged by Edward Elsner.	

Margie LaMont, a Montreal prostitute and follower of the British fleet, shares her rooms with a blackmailer who induces a New York society woman to visit him there. Margie, finding the woman drugged, restores her to consciousness, whereupon, to save herself, she accuses Margie of having robbed her. To be even Margie later seduces and threatens to marry the society woman's only son in New York, but thinks better of it and returns to her favorite lieutenant of the fleet.

A FRIEND INDEED

A drama by B. Voight and C. Hamilton. Produced by Mary Forrest at the Central Park Theatre, New York, April 26, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Winthrop Dana	Joaquin Souther
Jack Singleton	Roland Hogue
Blackwell	Arthur H. Allen
Charles Cartwright	Theodore St. John
Patricia Bing	Constance Cameron
George Hancock	Ashley Cooper

Dorothy Hancock	Ruth Easton
Parker	Earle Craddock
O'Reilly	Thomas McElhany
Mary	Gertrude Maurin

Winthrop Dana is about to lose his Indiana newspaper because he has opposed the graft ring. Along comes his friend Jack Singleton, appoints himself business manager, frames a story about the theft of a John Hancock snuffbox, boosts the circulation and the advertising of the paper and finally marries Dorothy Hancock, the town heiress.

BAD HABITS OF 1926

A musical revue in two acts. Music by Manning Sherwin; lyrics by Arthur Herzog. Produced by Irving S. Strouse at the Greenwich Village Theatre, New York, April 30, 1926.

Principals engaged —

Elise Bonwit
Flora Borden
Molly Burnside
Hume Derr
Kathleen Edwardes
Harriet Hamill
Katherine Hamill
Ann Schmidt
Florence Selwyn

John Mahin
Robert Montgomery
Billy Murray
Larry Starbuck
Willard Tobias
Day Tuttle
Marvin Vogel
Martin Wolfson
Ralph Reader

LITTLE THEATRE TOURNAMENT

Conducted by Walter Hartwig, in coöperation with The Manhattan Little Theatre Club, Inc., for the David Belasco Trophy, at Bayes Theatre, New York, the week of May 3, 1926.

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 3

The Cellar Players of the Hudson Guild, Manhattan, in "Release" by Edward C. Smith.

The cast —

Gangsters:	
Lefty	James O'Brien
Rabbit	John Hayde
The Kid	Andrew McCarron
Bull O'Malley	Frank Carney
Tarpey, a Keeper	William Gowrie
Scene—A County Jail.	

The Thalian Players, of the Bronx Y. M. H. A., New York, in "His Children" by Rufus Lears.

The cast —

Joe	Samuel Roland
Dave	Emanuel Berliner
Clara	Mollie Buchsbaum
Wally Langford	Charles Sollinger
Scene—A Room in a House During the Week of "Sheeva."	

The Vagabond Players of Manhattan in "Brains" by Martin Flavin.

The cast —

MacGregor	Robert Lance
Grimp	John Bresticker
Captain Prince	William A. Rothschild
Coolies	Frederick Bonds, Nathan Gale
Scene—An Uncharted Island in the South Seas.	

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 4

The Playhouse Association of Summit, New Jersey,
in "The Valiant" by Holworthy Hall and Robert Mid-
dlemas.

The cast —

Warden Holt	George E. Lange
Father Daly	Gordon Bunker
James Dyke	William L. Hildeburn
Josephine Paris	Ruth C. Burras
Dan, a Jailer	Theodore W. Sill
An Attendant	Wharton Green
Scene—The Warden's Office in the State's Prison at Wethersfield, Connecticut.	

The Poughkeepsie Community Theatre, Poughkeepsie,
N. Y., in "May Night" by Priscilla Flowers.

The cast —

Mrs. Kennedy, the Mother	Gretchen H. Steiner
Miss Lucy Ferguson, Her Aunt	Mary Frances Lihou
Dr. Parks	Louis P. Grauer, Jr.
Bob West, the Husband	William F. Moehrke
Lucy West, "Boots," His Wife	Agnes Biesemeier
A Trained Nurse	Florence D. Tobey
Scene—Lucy's Boudoir in the West Home, Larchmont, N. Y.	

The Aquinal Dramatic Union of the Bronx, New
York, in "The Weasel" by George N. Roberts.

The cast —

Betty Barton	Margot Seery
Bob Saylor	James Clark
Mrs. Cooper	Elsie Rigo
Messenger	James Lynch
Police Officer	Patrick Clark
Sheridan	Joseph Boylan
Scene—Aunt Mary's Living Room.	

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 5

The Highstown Players of Highstown, New Jersey, in
"The Last Man In" by W. B. Maxwell.

The cast —

Mrs. Judd	Marian W. Barclay
Mr. Judd	George E. Coons
Mr. Billett	Leonard H. Norcross
A Customer	Myron S. Wright
Another Customer	Charles Todd
The Last Man In	J. Walter Reeves
The Doctor	Chester C. Cook
Scene—The Parlor of a Humble Tavern in a Poor Street of a Country Town.	

The Studio Workshop Players of Greenwich, Conn.,
in "Simon's Hour" by James Branch Cabell.

The cast —

Lord Rokesle	Frank Sangster
Simon Orts, the Vicar of Heriz Magna	Baxter Liebler
Punchon, Servant to Rokesle	Gilbert Sangster
Lady Allonby	Elizabeth Boyd Reed
Scene—A Chamber in the Ancestral Home of Lord Rokesle at Stornaway Crag on the Island of Usk.	

The Shreveport Little Theatre, of Shreveport, Louisiana,
in "The Cajun" by Ada Jack Carver.

The cast —

Armide, a Cajun's Wife	Dorris V. Hands
Julie, Armide's Daughter	Mary Jewell Kimbell
Papite, Armide's Witless Son	Charles L. Sarrazin
Anatole, a Rustic	Owen Crump
Pierre, Julie's Fiance	George W. Hardy, Jr.
Father Martel, the Local Priest	C. R. Minor
Scene—A Room in a "Cajun" Home, in a Rural District of South Louisiana.	

The Winston Hi Players, Reynolds High School,
Winston-Salem, N. C., in "Roads and Rain" by Lorretto
Carroll, '26.

The cast —

Aunt Kizzy	Lorretto Carroll '26
Martha Kossuth	Fritz Firey '26

David Kossuth Earl Striker '26
 Jerga, a Gypsy Fred O'Brien '27
 Peter Kossuth, the Baby Billie Burchette
 Scene—Kitchen of a Boarding House in the Mill District of
 Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 6

The Studio Theatre, Inc., Manhattan, in "The Dove"
 by Djuna Barnes.

The cast —

Amelia Burgson Margaret S. Wall
 Vera, Her Sister Olga Leary
 The Dove Aletta Freile
 Scene—The Burgson's Apartment.

The Huddersfield Thespians, of Huddersfield, Eng-
 land (representing the British Drama League), in "St.
 Simeon Stylites."

The cast —

Simeon H. C. Calvert
 Pilgrim H. P. Robinson
 King Harold Hallas
 Jester George Beaumont
 Eudocia Hilda Chilton
 Procla Mary Taylor
 The Devil Donald Avison
 His Friend Hildred Taylor
 Scene—The Top of a Column Outside Antioch About the Fifth
 Century.

The Kittredge Players, Manhattan, in "Half An Hour"
 by Sir James M. Barrie.

The cast —

Lillian Dorothy Lawrence Ross
 Mr Carson John C. Whitcomb
 Hugh Edward Marchante
 Susie Gene Magnus
 Dr. Brodie Hamilton S. Phillips
 Butler J. Fabian Joyce
 Mr. Redding Fred C. Batchelor
 Mrs. Redding Anna M. Stein
 Scene—The Library of Mr. Carson's London House.

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 7

The Smith College Dramatic Association, of Northampton, Mass., in "A Puppet-Play" by Eleanor Golden, '26.

The cast —

The King's Dwarf	Sarah Taylor '28
The King	Marian Keiley '26
The Prince	Lillian Martin '27
Above Him	Mary Belcher '29
The Princess	Anne Diemer '29
Above Her	Eleanor Deland '27
The Squire	Eleanor Kratz '27
Above Him	Eva Titman '28
The Queen	Elizabeth Patterson '29
Above Her	Katherine Phelen '26
The Dragon	Irma Burkhardt '27
Above Him	Samuel A. Eliot, Jr.
Scene—The King's Nursery.	

The Gloucester Vale Group, of Gloucester, England, in "The Brass Doorknob" by Matthew Boulton.

The cast —

Mrs. Bradbury	Phyllis Anton
Mr. Hawker	T. Hannam-Clark
Scene—The Bradburys' Flat.	

The Little Theatre, of Dallas, Tex., in "El Cristo" by Margaret Larkin.

The cast —

Jose Valdez, a Young Mexican	True Thompson
Manuel Valdez, His Uncle	Ernest Salomon
His Father	Blanchard McKee
His Mother	Julia Hogan
Rosalia	Gerry Swinsky
Ricardo	Royal Cowan
Scene—The Interior of a Morado, Secret Meeting Place of Los Penitentes. Just Outside of Taos, Mexico.	

Prizes were awarded the Little Theatre of Dallas, Texas; the Little Theatre of Shreveport, La.; the Cellar Players of Hudson Guild, and the Huddersfield Theatrians of England. The Belasco trophy went to the Dallas Players for their production of "El Cristo."

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

A play in three acts by Oscar Wilde. Produced by The Actors' Theatre at the Comedy Theatre, New York, May 3, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Lane	Wallace Roberts
Algernon Moncrieff	Reginald Owen
John Worthing	Vernon Steele
Lady Bracknell	Lucile Watson
Hon. Cwendolen Fairfax	Haroldine Humphreys
Cecily Cardew	Patricia Collinge
Miss Prism	Catherine Proctor
Rev. Canon Chasuble, D.D.	Dudley Digges
Merriman	Gerald Hamer
Act I.—Algernon Moncrieff's Rooms in Half-Moon Street, London.	
Acts II and III.—The Garden at the Manor House, Woolton. Staged by Dudley Digges.	

This Oscar Wilde comedy farce was last played regularly in New York in 1910 by a cast that included May Blaney and A. E. Matthews. It was revived obscurely by Butler Davenport at the Bramhall playhouse in 1921. The story will be recalled as that in which those polite philanderers, John Worthing and Algernon Moncrieff, both pretend to be Ernest to please the ladies in whom they are interested.

THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE

A play in five acts by Charles Rann Kennedy. Produced by Walter Hampden at Hampden's Theatre, New York, May 3, 1926.

Cast of characters —

James Ponsonby Makeshifte, D.D.	Edwin Cushman
Reverend William Smythe	William Sauter
Auntie	Mabel Moore
Mary	Edith Barrett
Mr. Robert Smith	Ernest Rowan
Rogers	Le Roi Operti
Manson	Walter Hampden

Other recent revivals of the Kennedy drama were those of 1918, when Henry Herbert was the Manson; 1921,

when Walter Hampden revived the play in repertorie at the Broadhurst Theatre, and the Actors' Theatre revival of 1925 when Pedro de Cordoba played the lead.

THE ROMANTIC YOUNG LADY

A play in three acts by G. Martinez Sierra; English version by Helen and Harley Granville Barker. Produced at the Neighborhood Theatre, New York, May 4, 1926.

Cast of characters—

Emilio	Marc Loebell
Pepe	Albert Carroll
Rosario	Mary Ellis
Mario	Otto Hulcius
Dona Barbarita	Dorothy Sands
Maria Pepa	Grace Stickley
The Apparition	Ian Maclaren
Don Juan Medina	Harold Minjer
Irene	Paula Trueman
Guillermo	George Hoag
Amalia Torralba	Vera Allen
Act I.—At Dona Barbarita's House. Act II.—In the Study of	
Luis Felipe de Cordoba. Act III.—At Dona Barbarita's Again.	
Staged by Agnes Morgan.	

Rosario, restless and romantic, is putting in a dull evening reading her favorite author when a gust of wind blows a gentleman's hat through her window. The owner of the hat follows, explanations and conversation ensue, and the handsome stranger, claiming intimate acquaintance with the author whom Rosario is reading, offers to give her a note of introduction to him, which she is thrilled to get. Next day Rosario calls, finds her author and her man of the hat one and the same and romance naturally follows.

SPORT OF KINGS

A comedy in three acts by Major Ian Hay Beith. Produced by Carl Reed (in association with E. E. Clive) at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, May 4, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Barmaid	Mabel Cochrane
Algernon Sprigge	Alan Mowbray
Sir Reginald Toothill	Terence Neill
Newsboy	Lester Neilson
Dulcie Primrose	Betty Linley
Mrs. Purdie	Mary Forbes
Amos Purdie, J. P.	O. P. Heggie
Bates	Walter Kingsford
Joe Purdie	Howard R. Cull
Katie Purdie	Alison Bradshaw
Lizzie	Ruth Vivian
Jane	Elena Aldcroft
Cook	Katherine Stewart
Albert	Clifford Wagner
Panama Pete	Barry Whitcomb
Police Sergeant	Jack Murtagh
Acts I, II and III.—The Champagne Bar at a Suburban Race Meeting and the Library, Newstead Grange. Staged by Major Ian Hay Beith.	

Amos Purdie, country magistrate at Newstead, England, his home being just across the road from the Newstead race track, has always frowned seriously upon drinking, betting, flirting and all other diverting sins. But, eager to win back the super tax he has reluctantly paid the government, he takes to race track gambling, is caught, and his sins exposed with whoops of joy by his household, including the comic servants. Thanks to his simple-minded wife Amos wins two thousand pounds, after thinking himself completely wiped out.

KITTY'S KISSES

A musical comedy in two acts by Philip Bartholomae and Otto Harbach; lyrics by Gus Kahn; music by Con Conrad. Produced by William A. Brady at The Playhouse, New York, May 6, 1926.

Cast of characters —

On A Train We Meet:	
Mrs. Burke	Jane Corcoran
Mr. Burke	Frank Hatch
A Country Girl	Georgina Tilden
Lula	Aileen Meehan

Kittie Brown	Dorothy Dilley
Robert Mason	John Boles
The Hotel Wendel Is Run By:	
The Day Clerk	William Wayne
The Telephone Girl	Ruth Warren
The Bell Boy	Charles Williams
The Maid	Patsy Dunn
The Night Clerk	William Lentz
Stopping There We Find:	
Richard Dennison	Mark Smith
Mrs. Dennison	Frances Burke
Philip Dennison	Nick Long, Jr.
Miss Wendel	Mildred Keats
Act I.—A Railway Siding. 2—Lobby of Hotel Wendel. 3—Corridor of Hotel. 4—The Bridal Suite. Act II.—Bridal Suite. 2—Corridor of Hotel. 3—The Hotel Garden. Staged by John Cromwell and Bobby Connolly.	

Kitty Brown, on her way to the city, loses her handbag and her money. Trying to register at a hotel she is refused lodging, but is later mistaken for the wife of an expected guest who has engaged the bridal suite. Not until next morning does she realize that she has spent the night in the same suite with a married man, whose wife is fearfully jealous, or that the young man she met and loved on the train is a lawyer engaged to get the jealous wife a divorce. Explanations at eleven p.m.

GARRICK GAIETIES

A musical revue. Music by Richard Rodgers; lyrics by Lorenz Hart. Produced by The Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre, New York, May 10, 1926.

Principals engaged —

Philip Loeb	Betty Starbuck
Romney Brent	Edith Meiser
Sterling Holloway	Bobbie Perkins
Jack Edwards	Blanche Fleming
William Griffith	Eleanor Shaler
John McGovern	Gladys Laird
Hardwick Nevin	Ruth Morris
George Frierson	Dorothy Jordan

DONA MARIA LA BRAVA

Spanish repertoire. Presented for one week by Walter O. Lindsey at the Manhattan Opera House, New York, May 17, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Don Alvaro de Luna	Senor Diaz de Mendoza
Principe Don Enrique	Senor Diaz de Mendoza y Guerrero
Rey Don Juan	Senor Justo
Alonzo Perez Vivero	Senor Ferriz
Marques de Santillana	Senor Ortega
Montoro	Senor Capilla
Don Alvaro de Estuniga	Senor Beringola
Morales	Senorita Alcantara
Pedro de Luna	Senorita Guerrero Lopez
Dona Maria Lopez de Guzman y Estuniga ..	Senorita Maria Guerrero
Reina Isabel	Senora Almarche
Dama Catalina	Senorita Larrabeiti

The Princess Theatre Company of Madrid, playing on this occasion its first American engagement, was headed by Maria Guerrero, the Bernhardt of Spain, and Fernabdo Diaz de Mendoza, a noble grandee who many years ago offered to give up his titles when he adopted a stage career. Being a favorite at court he was permitted both to act and retain his titles. During their week in New York the Spanish players presented, in addition to "Dona Maria la Brava," the following plays from their repertoire: "La Malquerida," by Jacinto Benevente; "Locura de Amor," by Manuel Tamayo y Baus; "Don Juan Tenorio," by Jose Zorrilla; "Cancionera," by S. y J. Alvarez Quintero; "La Condesa Maria," by Juan Ignacio Lauc de Tena; "El Caudal De Los Hijos," by Jose Lopez Pinillos.

THE CLIMAX

A drama in three acts by Edward Locke. Revived by Samuel Wallach at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, New York, May 17, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Adelina Von Hagen	Dorothy Francis
Luigi Golfanti	Albert Bruning
Pietro Golfanti	Effingham Pinto
John Raymond	Walter Marshall
Acts I, II and III.—The Apartment of Luigi Golfanti, in "Little Italy," New York City. Staged by Edward Locke.	

Adelina Von Hagen, a youthful soprano beloved by her foster brother, Pietro Golfanti, composer, and a girlhood sweetheart, John Raymond, physician, is threatened with the loss of her voice. The doctor, by mental suggestion, is able to convince her that she will never sing again and had better marry him. But Adelina dramatically recovers her voice and sings Pietro's "Song of the Soul" to a glorious success. Still she marries the tricky doctor.

GREAT TEMPTATIONS

A revue in thirty-five scenes by Harold Atteridge. Music by Maurice Rubens; lyrics by Clifford Grey. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Winter Garden, New York, May 18, 1926.

Principals engaged —

Hazel Dawn	Wilfred Seagram
Charlotte Woodruff	Miller and Lyles
Dorothy McNulty	Florenz Ames
Duell Sisters	Jack Benny
Guy Sisters	J. C. Flippen
Roderay and Capella	Paul Maul
Molly O'Doherty	Pat and Terry Kendall
Gertrude Purcell	Halfred Young
Ruth Mayon	Jack Waldron
Nina Suzov	Ara Gerald
Foster Girls	Kelo Brothers
Staged by Mr. J. J. Shubert.	

ONE MAN'S WOMAN

A comedy drama in three acts by Michael Kalleser. Produced by Michael Kalleser, Inc., at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, New York, May 25, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Edward Post	Peter Lang
Kilauea	Kay McKay

Dolly Weaver Jane Meredith
 Kenneth Regan Curtis Cooksey
 Betty Davis Margaret Barnstead
 Clara Rathboone Lucille Lortel
 James Rathboone Alven Dexter
 Noala Nani
 Dancers Lei Lehua Munson, Aloha Waldheim
 Acts I and III.—Edward Post's Hotel, Alua, Hawaiian Islands.
 Act II.—Dolly Weaver's Bungalow. Staged by George Smithfield and
 Priestly Morrison.

Kenneth Regan, something of a woman hater, picks Margaret Barnstead up at a Hawaiian hotel the day she falls from her horse. He thinks Margaret a lady, but when he meets her in a Hawaiian assignation house he is fearfully disappointed and takes to liquor and other women to forget her. No use. She is in his blood. So he decides to marry her and take her away from the beastly influences of the ukuleles.

FAKIR RAHMAN BEY

A demonstration of the Science of Fakirism, under the direction of Prof. Victor Bertelloni. Produced by A. H. Woods and Arch Selwyn at the Selwyn Theatre, New York, May 25, 1926.

Overture
 Lecture by Dr. Carrington
 Body Rigidity
 Cataleptic Anesthesia

Thought Reading
 Hypnotism
 Burial Alive
 Talismans

On this, the first visit of Fakir Rahman Bey to America, he was introduced by Dr. Hereward Carrington, a member of the Institute of Psychic Research. He continued his demonstrations, repeating the above strenuous program, seven times a week for two weeks.

HENRY IV

Shakespeare's drama in three acts presented by The Players Club at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, May 31, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Prologue	John Drew
King Henry the Fourth	William Courtleigh
Henry, Prince of Wales	Basil Sydney
Prince John of Lancaster	Rosamond Pinchot
Earl of Westmoreland	George Riddell
Sir Walter Blunt	Thomas Chalmers
Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester	Percy Moore
Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland	Frazer Coulter
Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur	Philip Merivale
Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March	Gilbert Emery
Archibald, Earl of Douglas	Herbert Ranson
Owen Glendower	David Glassford
Sir Richard Vernon	Lawrence Cecil
Sir John Falstaff	Otis Skinner
Poins	John Westley
Gadshill	Jay Fassett
Peto	John Cumberland
Bardolph	A. G. Andrews
Shallow	Guy Nichols
Silence	J. M. Kerrigan
Mouldy	Doan Borup
Shadow	Henry Stillman
Wart	Francis H. Day
Feeble	Gerald Hamer
Bullcalf	Walter Kingsford
First Carrier	J. M. Kerrigan
Second Carrier	Austin Strong
Francis	James T. Powers
A Sheriff	Richard Thornton
A Chamberlain of an Inn	Doan Borup
A Servant to Hotspur	Cedric Weller
Lady Percy	Peggy Wood
Lady Mortimer	Eileen Huban
Mistress Quickly	Blanche Ring
Pages	Edith Barrett, Betty Lawford
Act I.—Scene 1—London, the Palace. 2—Eastcheap, Before the Boar's Head Tavern. 3—Rochester, an Inn Yard. 4—The Highway. 5—Warkworth Castle. 6—The Boar's Head Tavern. Act II.—Scene 1—Bangor, the Archdeacon's House. 2—London, the Palace. 3—The Boar's Head Tavern. Act III.—Scene 1—Gloucestershire, an Orchard. 2—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury. 3—The King's Camp. 4—The Rebel Camp. 5—The Battlefield. Staged by Henry Herbert.	

This was the first revival of the first part of Shakespeare's historical drama New York has seen in thirty years. In a Palmer's theatre revival in 1896 Julia Marlowe was the Prince Hal, Robert Taber the Hotspur and William F. Owen the Falstaff. A slightly modified version of the original text was arranged for the Players' revival by Brian Hooker.

BEYOND EVIL

A play in three acts by David Thorne. Produced by David Thorne at the Cort Theatre, New York, June 7, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Kitty Robinson	Betty Sargent
Ellen Robinson	Helen Beresford
Gustave Berg	Robert Horwood
Peter Chickov	Nat S. Jerome
Madeline Robinson	Mary Blair
Daisy Murray	Bee Morosco
John Robinson	Louis Ancker
Richard Osborn	Edward Reese
Tom Walker	Edouardo Sanchez
Acts I and III.—The Robinson Home in New Jersey. Act II.—A Furnished Room in Harlem. Staged by Edward Massey.	

Madeline Robinson, finding no satisfaction in life living with her husband, John, a small-town druggist in New Jersey, mortgages the store and runs away to Harlem, where she takes up with Tom Walker, a mulatto. Summoned home by the mortgagee she takes poison rather than go back to her husband.

THE HALF NAKED TRUTH

A comedy in three acts by N. Brewster Morse. Produced by Mabel Ryan at the Mayfair Theatre, New York, June 7, 1926.

Cast of characters —

Mrs. Corrigan	Priscilla Knowles
Jack Brown	John Kane
Martha Smith	Ethel Strickland
Jane Smith	Irene Homer
Charlie Smith	John Litel
Jimmy Smith	Jackie Grattan
Mamie	Marguerite Mosier
Clarice Van Doren	Eva Balfour
Miss Davis of The Telegram	Rolinda Bainbridge
Jones of The Journal	George Le Soir
Williams of The World	Richard Nicholls
Oscar Cohn	Paul Ker

A Policeman G. A. Stryker
 Acts I and II.—The Tenement Room of the Smith Family in East
 84th Street, New York. Act III.—The Tenement. Staged by Douglas
 Wood.

Charlie Smith, the support of his family falling upon him, accepts a job to pose for a sculptress, Clarice Van Doren. Ashamed of his job, and pestered by Clarice, who wants to adopt him, he bolts the job and goes West with his true love, Mamie.

THE MERRY WORLD

A revue in two acts. Music by Maurice Rubens, J. Fred Coots, Herman Hupfeld and Sam Timber; lyrics by Clifford Grey; produced by the Messrs. Shubert (in association with Albert de Courville) at the Imperial Theatre, New York, June 8, 1926.

Principals engaged —

Morris Harvey
 Donald Calthrop
 Dezso Retter
 Alexander Gray
 Emil Boreo
 Edwin Lawrence
 Nicholas Tripolitoff
 Salt and Pepper
 Sudworth Frazier
 Starke Patterson
 Bernard Dudley
 Irving Edwards
 Thomas Whitely
 Staged by J. J. Shubert.

Evelyn Herbert
 Grace Glover
 Grace Hayes
 Lola Raine
 Lily Long
 Dorothy Whitmore
 Margaret Breen
 Olga Smirnova
 Moore Sisters
 Jane Moore

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS

The eighth annual musical revue in two acts. Sketches by George White and William K. Wells; lyrics by B. G. De Sylva and Lew Brown; music by Ray Henderson. Produced by George White at the Apollo Theatre, New York, June 14, 1926.

Principals engaged —

Ann Pennington
 Frances Williams

Willie Howard
 Harry Richmond

McCarthy Sisters
Fairbanks Twins
Fowler and Tamara
Rose Perfect
Bernardo de Pace
Staged by George White.

Eugene Howard
Tom Patricola
Buster West
James Miller
John Wells

GRAND STREET FOLLIES

The fourth edition, musical revue. Book and lyrics by Agnes Morgan; music by Lily Hyland, Arthur Schwartz and Randall Thompson. Produced at the Neighborhood Theatre, New York, June 15, 1926.

Principals engaged —

Albert Carroll
Otto Hulcius
Ian Maclaren
Marc Loebell
Harold Minjer
John Roche
Tom Morgan
J. Blake Scott

Helen Arthur
Agnes Morgan
Dorothy Sands
Blanche Talmud
Paula Trueman
Vera Allen
Mae Noble
Lois Shore
Jessica Dragonette

Staged by Agnes Morgan.

STATISTICAL SUMMARY

(June 15, 1925 — June 15, 1926)

<i>Plays</i>	<i>Performances</i>	<i>Plays</i>	<i>Performances</i>
Accused	95	Bride of the Lamb	89
Adam Solitaire	17	Bridge of Distances	16
Alias The Deacon	236	Brother Elks	16
All Dressed Up	13	Buccaneer, The	20
All Wet	8	Bunk of 1926	104
American Born	88	Butter and Egg Man,	
Androcles and Man of		The	243
Destiny	68	By The Way	176
Antonia	55		
Appearances	23	Call of Life, The	19
Applesauce	90	Canary Dutch	39
Arabesque	23	Candida (Revival)	24
Arms and the Man	180	Captain Jinks	167
Artists and Models	411	Carmencita and the	
Ashes of Love	8	Soldier	79
At Mrs. Beam's	59	Carolinian, The	24
		Caught	32
Bad Habits of 1926	19	Charlot Revue	138
Barefoot	29	Chief Thing, The	40
Beaten Track, The	17	Chivalry	23
Beau Gallant	24	City Chap, The	72
Beau-Strings	24	Climax, The	8
Bells, The	15	Clouds	38
Beware of Widows	55	Cocoanuts, The	218
Beyond Evil	1	Courting	41
Big Boy (Revival)	120	Cousin Sonia	30
Blossom Time		Cradle Snatchers	332
(Revival)	16	Craig's Wife	289
Book of Charm	34	Creaking Chair, The	80

<i>Plays</i>	<i>Performances</i>	<i>Plays</i>	<i>Performances</i>
Crooked Friday, The	21	Fool's Bells	5
Cyrano de Bergerac (Revival)	96	Fountain, The	28
		Friend Indeed, A	16
Dagger, The	5	Garrick Gaieties	43
Daughter of Mme. Angot	8	Gay Paree	190
Dearest Enemy	286	George White's Scandals	171
Devils	29	Ghosts	34
Devil To Pay, The	11	Girl Friend, The	103
Don Q., Jr. (That Smith Boy)	34	Glass Slipper, The	65
Dope	2	Glory Hallelujah	15
Dove, The (Revival)	48	Goat Song, The	58
Down Stream	16	Good Bad Woman, A (Revival)	64
Dream Play, The	27	Grand Duchess and the Waiter, The	31
Drift	15	Grand Street Follies	148
Dybbuk, The	120	Great Gatsby, The	112
Easter, One Day More	28	Great God Brown	171
East Lynne	35	Great Temptations	38
Easy Come, Easy Go	180	Green Hat, The	231
Easy Terms	15	Greenwich Village Follies	180
Easy Virtue	147	Gypsy Fires	16
Edgar Allan Poe	8		
Embers	25	Half Caste, The	64
Emperor Jones, The (Revival)	35	Half Naked Truth, The	10
Enchanted April, The	32	Hamlet	68
Enemy, The	203	Hamlet (Modern)	88
		Harvest	17
Fall of Eve	48	Hay Fever	49
Family Upstairs, The	72	Head First	6
Find Daddy	16	Hedda Gabler	59
First Flight	12	Hello Lola	47
Florida Girl	40	Henry IV	8

<i>Plays</i>	<i>Performances</i>	<i>Plays</i>	<i>Performances</i>
Holka Polka	21	Love and Death	6
Holy Terror, A	32	Love's Call	20
Houdini	45	Love City, The	42
House of Ussher, The	56	Love 'Em and	
Human Nature	4	Leave 'Em	152
Hush Money	56	Love For Love	
		(Revival)	16
Importance Of Being		Love In A Mist	74
Earnest, The	50	Lovely Lady	21
In A Garden	73	Lucky Break, A	23
Iolanthe	66	Lucky Sam McCarver	29
It All Depends	16	Lulu Belle	146
		Lysistrata	8
Jane, Our Stranger	4		
Jay Walker, The	16	Made In America	71
Jazz Singer, The	303	Magda	24
Jest, The	77	Makropoulous Secret	88
John Gabriel Borkman	7	Mama Loves Papa	25
Joker, The	16	Man's Man, A	120
June Days	84	Man Who Never Died,	
Juno and the Paycock	74	The	22
Just Beyond	7	Man With A Load Of	
		Mischief	16
Kiss In The Taxi, A	103	Masque of Venice	15
Kitty's Kisses	46	Master Builder, The	76
Kongo	89	Master of the Inn, The	41
		Matinee Girl, The	24
Lady's Virtue, A	136	Mayflowers	81
Laff That Off	263	Me	32
La Perichole	8	Merchants of Glory	42
Last of Mrs. Cheyney	252	Merchant of Venice	54
Last Night of Don		Merry Merry	176
Juan	16	Merry World, The	9
Little Eyolf	8	Mixed Bill,	
Little Poor Man, The	37	Neighborhood	27
Little Theatre		Money Business	14
Tournament	5		

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1925-26

609

<i>Plays</i>	<i>Performances</i>	<i>Plays</i>	<i>Performances</i>
Monkey Talks, The	98	Rahman Bey, Fakir	24
Moon Is A Gong, The	18	Rainbow Rose	55
Morals	40	Raquel Meller	38
Morning After, The	24	Right Age To Marry,	
Move On	8	The	33
Mud Turtle, The	52	Right To Kill, The	16
		Romantic Young Lady,	
Naughty Cinderella	121	The	25
New Gallantry	20	School For Scandal,	
Nica	16	The (Mrs. Insull)	85
Night Duel, The	17	School For Scandal,	
Night In Paris, A	196	The (Special Tyler	
Ninety Horse Power	24	Performance)	1
Nirvana	6	Schweiger	30
No, No, Nanette	321	Sea Woman, The	32
Not Herbert	145	Servant In The House	12
		Sex	59
Offense, The	4	Shanghai Gesture	155
Oh, Mama	70	Shelter	16
Oh, Oh, Nurse	32	Solid Ivory	32
One Man's Woman	28	Something To Brag	
One Of The Family	205	About	4
Open House	73	Song Of The Flame	194
Outside Looking In	113	So That's That	2
		Spanish Repertoire	11
Paid	21	Sport Of Kings	23
Patsy, The	204	Spring Fever	56
Pelican, The	65	Square Crooks	122
Pinafore	56	Still Waters	16
Polly	43	Stolen Fruit	96
Pomeroy's Past	66	Stronger Than Love	49
Port O' London	24	Sweetheart Time	143
Princess Flavia	152	Sunny	309
Prunella	3	Tale Of The Wolf.	
Puppy Love	111	The	13

<i>Plays</i>	<i>Performances</i>	<i>Plays</i>	<i>Performances</i>
Taming Of The Shrew	8	Weak Sisters	31
Tangled Lives	30	Weak Woman, A	49
These Charming People	107	What Every Woman Knows	74
Tip-Toes	194	What's the Big Idea	23
Trouper, The	24	When You Smile	49
Twelve Miles Out	188	White Cargo	
Two Orphans, The	32	(Revival)	16
Unchastened Woman, The	31	White Gold	16
Vagabond King, The	309	Wisdom Tooth, The	139
Vanities, Earl Carroll	390	Wisecrackers, The	13
Virgin, The	57	You Can't Win	2
Vortex, The	157	Young Blood	73
		Young Woodley	260

PLAYS THAT HAVE RUN OVER FIVE HUNDRED PERFORMANCES ON BROADWAY

To June 15, 1926

Abie's Irish Rose.....	1748	Is Zat So	618
Lightnin'	1291	Student Prince.....	608
The Bat.....	867	Adonis	603
The First Year.....	760	Kiki	600
Seventh Heaven.....	704	Blossom Time	592
White Cargo.....	702	The Show-Off.....	571
Peg O' My Heart....	692	Sally	570
East Is West.....	680	The Music Master...	540
Irene	670	The Boomerang.....	522
A Trip to Chinatown.	657	Shuffle Along.....	504
Rain	648		

WHERE AND WHEN THEY WERE BORN

Abarbanell, Lina.....	Berlin	1880
Abbott, George.....	Hamisburg, N. Y.....	1895
Adams, Maude.....	Salt Lake City, Utah....	1872
Adelaide, La Petite.....	Cohoes, N. Y.....	1890
Allen, Viola.....	Huntsville, Ala.....	1869
Ames, Robert.....	Hartford, Conn.....	1893
Anglin, Margaret.....	Ottawa, Canada.....	1876
Arbuckle, Maclyn.....	San Antonio, Texas....	1866
Arliss, George.....	London, England.....	1868
Arthur, Julia.....	Hamilton, Ont.....	1869
Atwell, Roy.....	Syracuse, N. Y.....	1880
Atwill, Lionel.....	Croydin, England.....	1885
Bacon, Frank.....	California	1864
Bainter, Fay.....	Los Angeles, Cal.....	1892
Barbee, Richard.....	Lafayette, Ind.....	1887
Barrymore, Ethel.....	Philadelphia, Pa.....	1879
Barrymore, John.....	Philadelphia, Pa.....	1882
Barrymore, Lionel.....	London, England.....	1878
Bates, Blanche.....	Portland, Ore.....	1873
Bayes, Nora.....	Milwaukee, Wis.....	1880
Beban, George.....	San Francisco, Cal....	1873
Beckley, Beatrice.....	Roedean, England.....	1885
Beecher, Janet.....	Chicago, Ill.....	1884
Belasco, David.....	San Francisco, Cal.....	1862
Ben-Ami, Jacob.....	Minsk, Russia.....	1890
Bennett, Richard.....	Cass County, Ind.....	1873
Bennett, Wilda.....	Asbury Park, N. J.....	1894
Benrimo, J. Harry.....	San Francisco, Cal....	1874
Berlin, Irving.....	Russia	1883
Bernard, Barney.....	Rochester, N. Y.....	1877
Bernard, Sam.....	Birmingham, England..	1863
Bernhardt, Sarah.....	Paris, France.....	1844

Bingham, Amelia.....	Hickville, Ohio.....	1869
Binney, Constance.....	Philadelphia, Pa.....	1900
Blinn, Holbrook.....	San Francisco, Cal.....	1872
Boland, Mary.....	Detroit	1880
Bordoni, Irene.....	Paris, France.....	1895
Brady, Alice.....	New York.....	1892
Brady, William A.....	San Francisco, Cal.....	1863
Breese, Edmund.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1871
Brian, Donald.....	St. John's, N. F.....	1871
Broadhurst, George H....	England	1866
Bruns, Julia.....	St. Louis.....	1895
Bryant, Charles.....	England	1879
Brooks, Virginia Fox....	New York.....	1893
Buchanan, Thompson....	Louisville, Ky.	1877
Burke, Billie.....	Washington, D. C.....	1885
Burton, Frederick.....	Indiana	1871
Byron, Arthur.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1872
Cahill, Marie.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1871
Cantor, Eddie.....	New York.....	1894
Campbell, Mrs. Patrick..	England	1865
Carle, Richard.....	Somerville, Mass.....	1871
Carlisle, Alexandra.....	Yorkshire, England....	1886
Carter, Mrs. Leslie.....	Lexington, Ky.	1862
Catlett, Walter.....	San Francisco, Cal.....	1889
Cawthorne, Joseph.....	New York.....	1868
Chaplin, Charles Spencer.	London	1889
Chatterton, Ruth.....	New York.....	1893
Cherry, Charles.....	England	1872
Claire, Ina.....	Washington, D. C.....	1892
Clarke, Marguerite.....	Cincinnati, Ohio.....	1887
Cliffe, H. Cooper.....	England	1862
Clifford, Kathleen.....	Charlottesville, Va....	1887
Coburn, Charles.....	Macon, Ga.....	1877
Coghlan, Gertrude.....	England	1879
Coghlan, Rose.....	Petersborough, England.	1850
Cohan, George M.....	Providence, R. I.....	1878

Cohan, Georgette.....	Los Angeles, Cal.....	1900
Collier, Constance.....	Windsor, England.....	1882
Collier, William.....	New York.....	1866
Collinge, Patricia.....	Dublin, Ireland.....	1894
Collins, Jose.....	London, England.....	1896
Conroy, Frank.....	London, England.....	1885
Cooper, Violet Kemble...	London, England.....	1890
Cornell, Katherine.....	Berlin	1895
Corrigan, Emmett.....	Amsterdam, Holland...	1871
Corthell, Herbert.....	Boston, Mass.....	1875
Courtenay, William.....	Worcester, Mass.....	1875
Courtleigh, William.....	Guelph, Ont.....	1869
Cowl, Jane.....	Boston, Mass.....	1887
Crane, William H.....	Leicester, Mass.....	1845
Craven, Frank.....	Boston, Mass.....	1875
Crews, Laura Hope.....	San Francisco, Cal.....	1880
Crosman, Henrietta.....	Wheeling, W. Va.....	1865
Crothers, Rachel.....	Bloomington, Ill.....	1878
Cumberland, John.....	St. John, N. B.....	1880
Dale, Margaret.....	Philadelphia, Pa.....	1880
Dalton, Charles.....	England	1864
Daly, Arnold.....	New York.....	1875
Daniels, Frank.....	Dayton, Ohio.....	1860
Dawn, Hazel.....	Ogden, Utah.....	1891
Day, Edith.....	Minneapolis, Minn.....	1896
De Angelis, Jefferson...	San Francisco, Cal.....	1859
Dean, Julia.....	St. Paul, Minn.....	1880
De Belleville, Frederic...	Belgium	1857
De Cordoba, Pedro.....	New York.....	1881
Dickson, Dorothy.....	Kansas City.....	1898
Dillingham, Charles B...	Hartford, Conn.....	1868
Dinehart, Allan.....	Missoula, Mont.....	1889
Ditrichstein, Leo.....	Temesbar, Hungary....	1865
Dixey, Henry E.....	Boston, Mass.....	1859
Dodson, John E.....	London, England.....	1857
Dolly, Rosy.....	Hungary	1892

Dolly, Jennie.....	Hungary	1892
Donnelly, Dorothy Agnes.....	New York.....	1880
Doro, Marie.....	Duncannon, Pa.....	1882
D'Orsay, Lawrence.....	England	1860
Dressler, Marie.....	Cobourg, Canada.....	1869
Drew, John.....	Philadelphia, Pa.....	1853
Drew, Louise.....	New York.....	1884
Druce, Herbert.....	England	1870
Duncan, Isadora.....	San Francisco, Cal....	1880
Duncan, Augustin.....	San Francisco, Cal....	1873
Dunn, Emma.....	England	1875
Dupree, Minnie.....	San Francisco, Cal....	1875
Duse, Eleanora.....	Vigerano, Italy.....	1859
Eagels, Jeanne.....	Kansas City, Mo.....	1894
Eames, Clare.....	Hartford, Conn.....	1896
Eddinger, Wallace.....	New York.....	1881
Edeson, Robert.....	Baltimore, Md.....	1868
Elliott, Gertrude.....	Rockland, Me.....	1874
Elliott, Maxine.....	Rockland, Me.....	1871
Elliott, William.....	Boston, Mass.....	1885
Elliston, Grace.....	Wheeling, W. Va.....	1881
Ellsler, Effie.....	Philadelphia, Pa.....	1898
Eltinge, Julian.....	Boston, Mass.....	1883
Emerson, John.....	Sandusky, Ohio.....	1874
Errol, Leon.....	Sydney, Australia.....	1881
Ewell, Lois.....	Memphis, Tenn.....	1885
Fairbanks, Douglas.....	Denver, Colo.....	1883
Farnum, Dustin.....	Hampton Beach, N. H... 1874	
Farnum, William.....	Boston, Mass.....	1876
Farrar, Geraldine.....	Melrose, Mass.....	1883
Faversham, William.....	Warwickshire, England.. 1868	
Fealy, Maude.....	Memphis, Tenn.....	1883
Fenwick, Irene.....	Chicago, Ill.....	1887
Ferguson, Elsie.....	New York.....	1883
Fields, Lewis.....	New York.....	1867

Findlay, Ruth.....	New York.....	1897
Fischer, Alice.....	Indiana	1869
Fisher, Lola.....	Chicago, Ill.....	1892
Fiske, Minnie Maddern...	New Orleans, La.....	1867
Fontanne, Lynn.....	London, England.....	1882
Forbes-Robertson, Sir J...	London, England.....	1853
Foy, Edward Fitzgerald...	New York.....	1854
Frederick, Pauline.....	Boston, Mass.....	1884
Friganza, Trixie.....	Cincinnati, Ohio.....	1870
Frohmman, Daniel.....	Sandusky, Ohio.....	1850
Fulton, Maude.....	St. Louis, Mo.....	1883
Garden, Mary.....	Scotland	1876
Gaythorne, Pamela.....	England	1882
George, Grace.....	New York.....	1879
Gillette, William.....	Hartford, Conn.....	1856
Gillmore, Frank.....	New York.....	1884
Gillmore, Margalo.....	England	1901
Glaser, Lulu.....	Allegheny, Pa.....	1874
Gleason, James.....	New York.....	1885
Glendinning, Ernest.....	Ulverston, England....	1884
Gottschalk, Ferdinand...	London, England.....	1869
Grey, Jane.....	Middlebury, Vt.....	1883
Grey, Katherine.....	San Francisco, Cal.....	1873
Hackett, James K.....	Wolf Island, Ont.....	1869
Haines, Robert T.....	Muncie, Ind.....	1870
Hale, Louise Closser....	Chicago, Ill.....	1872
Hall, Laura Nelson.....	Philadelphia, Pa.....	1876
Hamilton, Hale.....	Topeka, Kansas.....	1880
Hampden, Walter.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1879
Hanson, Gladys.....	Atlanta, Ga.....	1887
Harding, Lyn.....	Newport	1867
Hawtrej, Charles.....	Eton, England.....	1858
Hayes, Helen.....	Washington, D. C.....	1900
Hazzard, John E.....	New York.....	1881
Hedman, Martha.....	Ostersund, Sweden.....	1888

Heggie, O. P.....	Australia	1879
Heming, Violet.....	Leeds, England.....	1893
Herbert, Victor.....	Dublin, Ireland.....	1859
Herne, Chrystal.....	Dorchester, Mass.....	1883
Hilliard, Robert.....	New York.....	1857
Hitchcock, Raymond....	Auburn, N. Y.....	1870
Hodge, William.....	Albion, N. Y.....	1874
Hopper, DeWolf.....	New York.....	1858
Hopper, Edna Wallace...	San Francisco, Cal....	1874
Holmes, Taylor.....	Newark, N. J.....	1872
Howard, Leslie.....	London, England.....	1890
Huban, Eileen.....	Loughrea, Ireland....	1895
Hull, Henry.....	Louisville, Ky.....	1893
Hunter, Glenn.....	Highland Mills, N. Y..	1896
Illington, Margaret.....	Bloomington, Ill.....	1881
Irving, Isabel.....	Bridgeport, Conn.....	1871
Irwin, May.....	Whitby, Ont.....	1862
Janis, Elsie.....	Delaware, Ohio.....	1889
Joel, Clara.....	Jersey City, N. J.....	1890
Jolson, Al.....	Washington, D. C.....	1883
Kalich, Bertha.....	Lemberg, Galicia.....	1874
Keane, Doris.....	Michigan	1885
Keenan, Frank.....	Dubuque, Ia.....	1858
Keightley, Cyril.....	New South Wales, Aus..	1875
Kennedy, Madge.....	Chicago, Ill.....	1890
Kerrigan, J. M.....	Dublin, Ireland.....	1885
Kerr, Geoffrey.....	London, England.....	1895
Kershaw, Willette.....	Clifton Heights, Mo....	1890
Kosta, Tessa.....	Chicago, Ill.....	1893
Kruger, Otto.....	Toledo, O.....	1895
Lackaye, Wilton.....	Virginia	1862
Larrimore, Francine.....	Russia	1888
La Rue, Grace.....	Kansas City, Mo.....	1882

Lauder, Harry.....	Portobello, England.....	1870
Lawrence, Gertrude.....	England	1897
Lawrence, Margaret.....	Trenton, N. J.....	1890
Lawton, Thais.....	Louisville, Ky.....	1881
Lean, Cecil.....	Illinois	1878
LeGallienne, Eva.....	London, England.....	1900
Levey, Ethel.....	San Francisco, Cal.....	1881
Lewis, Ada.....	New York.....	1871
Lewis, Mabel Terry.....	London, England.....	1872
Lillie, Beatrice.....	Toronto, Canada.....	1898
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Tobin, Vivian.....	New York.....	1903

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NECROLOGY

(June 15, 1925 — June 15, 1926)

- Henry Vogel, actor, 60. A character actor of many years' service in legitimate theatres and later in pictures. Died, New York, June 17, 1925.
- Richard Field Carroll, actor and dramatist, 59. Associated with Lillian Russell in "The Brigands," "Poor Jonathan," etc. Born, Boston; died, New York, June 26, 1925.
- Max Hirsch, theatrical executive, 61. For twenty-seven years treasurer of the Metropolitan Opera Company; later with the "Music Box Revue" on tour. Died, Blue Point, L. I., July 23, 1925.
- John J. Morrissey, actor, 70. Had a hand in establishing first Orpheum vaudeville circuit; was with Haverly Minstrels. Born, Detroit, Mich.; died, New York, July 24, 1925.
- Jenny Lee, actress, 75. Starred western territory in Shakespearean repertoire; later in vaudeville, Courtright and Lee; finished in pictures. Died, Hollywood, Cal., August 4, 1925.
- Florence Smythe (Mrs. Theodore) Roberts, actress, 47. Well known as Florence Smythe for many years. Later in pictures. Died, Hollywood, Cal., August 29, 1925.
- Tom Dingle, dancer, 38. Famed as an eccentric dancer after successful appearance at Friars' benefit in 1912. Previously in vaudeville. Died, New York, September 6, 1925.
- Kate Meek, actress, 87. Played in support of the old-timers, Edwin Forrest, Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Charlotte Cushman, etc. Later was in Lotta's company for some time, and still later a Frohman actress supporting John Drew, Maude

- Adams, W. H. Crane, Otis Skinner, etc. Last engagement with Nazimova in "Marionettes." Died, New York, August 3, 1925.
- William T. Clark, actor, 62. For many years on legitimate stage; last engagement "The Mongrel." Died, Brooklyn, N. Y., September 14, 1925.
- Holman Clark, actor, 61. Prominent on English stage for many years, notably in the Barrie repertoire; the original Pirate Hook in "Peter Pan." Died, London, September 7, 1925.
- Ada Lewis, actress, 50. Prominent as a character comedienne for thirty years. In Harrigan and Hart company she originated the rôle of a tough girl that she later played in many productions. She had been engaged for the current production of "Sunny." Born, New York; died, Hollis, L. I., September 24, 1925.
- Eugene Sandow, strong man of vaudeville, 58. Toured America, first for Abbey, Shoeffel and Grau, later under management of Florenz Ziegfeld. Born, Germany, became British subject; died, London, October 14, 1925.
- Horace D. James, actor, 72. Prominent in the George Cohan companies for years, notably "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" and "Hit the Trail Holliday." Played with Warfield in "The Auctioneer." Died, Orange, N. J., October 16, 1925.
- John Tiller, dancing master, 71. For over fifty years the head of the famous Tiller dancing schools in England from which many units of eight and sixteen girls each have been recruited for American productions. Born, Manchester, England; died, New York, October 22, 1925.
- Lucille McVey Drew, actress, 35. Widow of the late Sidney Drew. Popular playing opposite her husband in many screen comedies. Died, Hollywood, Cal., November 3, 1925.

- Charles A. Bird, manager, 70. For many years a Shubert executive. Born, Lockport, N. Y.; died, Hornell, N. Y., November 11, 1925.
- Hugh Antoine D'Arcy, actor and manager, 82. Gained fame as the author of the poem, "The Face on the Barroom Floor," published in the *New York Dispatch* in 1887. Born, France; died, New York, November 11, 1925.
- Clara Morris, actress, 77. For many years at the head of her profession in America. Began her career in Cleveland when she was thirteen. Played in many famous stock companies and was long a star under Augustin Daly's management. Born, Toronto, Canada. Family name Morrison. Died, New Canaan, Conn., November 20, 1925.
- Preston W. Eldridge, minstrel, 71. Long associated with Lew Dockstader, "Honey Boy" Evans. Son of Aunt Louisa Eldridge, for many years prominent in actor circles. Born, Philadelphia; died, New York, December 13, 1925.
- James O. Barrows, actor, 72. Once leading man with Adelaide Neilson. Later played with Barrows and Lancaster in vaudeville for many years. Died Hollywood, Cal., December 7, 1925.
- Orme Caldara, actor, 50. Prominent as leading man of Jane Cowl's companies. Died Saranac Lake, N. Y., October 21, 1925.
- Barbara La Marr, actress, 30. Prominent in moving pictures. Died Altadena, Cal., January 31, 1926.
- George V. Hobart, playwright, 59. Wrote the librettos of many musical plays and dramas, including "Experience," "Wildfire," "The Wild Rose," and "Sunny." Born, Cape Breton, N. S.; died, Cumberland, Md., January 31, 1926.
- Edith Browning, actress, 51. Prominent in musical comedies. Died Baltimore, January 26, 1926.

- Carrie Clarke Ward Brown, actress, 64. Began career in Lawrence Barrett's company, supported Nat C. Goodwin, William Faversham and others. Later in pictures. Born, Virginia City, Nevada; died, Hollywood, Cal., February 6, 1926.
- George Middleton, manager, 81. One of the founders of the Kohl-Middleton firm and the Orpheum circuit of vaudeville theatres. Born, Boston; died, South Pasadena, February 14, 1926.
- Echlin Gayer, actor, 48. Prominent in companies supporting Ethel Barrymore in "Captain Jinks," Cyril Maude in "If Winter Comes," and Nance O'Neill in "Stronger Than Love," his last engagement. Died, New York, February 14, 1926.
- Ida Jeffreys-Goodfriend, actress, 70. Began with A. M. Palmer's stock company, 1876. Later joined Daly. Died New York, February 16, 1926.
- Leonard Grover, playwright, 92. Author of "Our Boarding House," a comedy that first brought fame to Robson and Crane. Also an operatic impresario for years. Died, Brooklyn, N. Y., March 7, 1926.
- Victory Bateman, actress, 60. For many years prominent in touring and stock companies. Finished in pictures. Died, Los Angeles, March 2, 1926.
- William H. Burton, actor, 81. Prominent in the theatre for sixty years, playing in support of Joseph Jefferson, Maggie Mitchell and Charlotte Cushman in Washington and many engagements on tour. Finished in pictures. Died, New York, March 15, 1926.
- Jacob P. Adler, actor, 71. The leader of the Yiddish theatre in New York for years and known internationally as a Jewish tragedian. Died, New York, April 1, 1926.

- Henry Miller, actor manager, 68. For fifty years prominent in the profession, playing in support of Helena Modjeska, Adelaide Neilson, Mme. Jauneschek, Clara Morris, etc. Became leading man of the Empire Theatre Stock Company, New York, and later was a star in his own right for thirty-five years. He helped to write "Heartsease" and "Zira." His more recent plays included "The Great Divide," "The Famous Mrs. Fair," "Pasteur," "The Changelings," and "Embers." Born, London, England; died, New York, April 9, 1926.
- Harry Ashford, actor, 68. Prominent in support of Cyril Maude for many years. Born, London; died, Whitestone, L. I., April 10, 1926.
- Harry Bulger, comedian, 54. For many years a popular co-star with the late Sherrie Matthews, in musical comedy. Died, Freeport, L. I., April 15, 1926.
- Jeffreys Lewis, actress, 69. Prominent in the older stock companies, at one time playing leads opposite Lester Wallack at Wallack's Theatre, New York, and on tour. Gained fame in "For-get-me-not," "Diplomacy," and similar dramas. Played in support of William Faversham, John Drew, etc. Born, London; died, New York, April 29, 1926.
- Rida Johnson Young, playwright, 51. Author of many successful comedies, including "Brown of Harvard," "Naughty Marietta," "Maytime," and "Little Old New York." Born, Baltimore; died, Southfield Point, Conn., May 8, 1926.
- Dave Christy, minstrel, 73. A popular singer and comedian, playing in the old days with Harrigan and Hart, McIntyre and Heath, and later in "The Heart of Maryland," "The Old Homestead," "San Toy," etc. Died, New York, May 15, 1926.
- Ada Dow, actress, 79. Played in support of the old time stars and served as coach for Julia Marlowe.

Took Shakespearean company to the Orient on three tours. Died, New York, May 19, 1926.

Donald Robertson, actor, 66. Prominent in the classic rôles in the '70s and '80s, and since 1908, a pioneer in the art theatre movement in Chicago. Born, Edinburgh, died Chicago, May 20, 1926.

James Burrowes, actor, 84. Played in support of old-time stars, was member of Boston Museum Stock company and in original cast of "Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde," supporting Mansfield. Died, Lynn, Mass., May 20, 1926.

Harry Leighton, actor, 60. Many years prominent in classic and modern drama. Last played in "Three Wise Fools." Died Bayshore, L. I., May 30, 1926.

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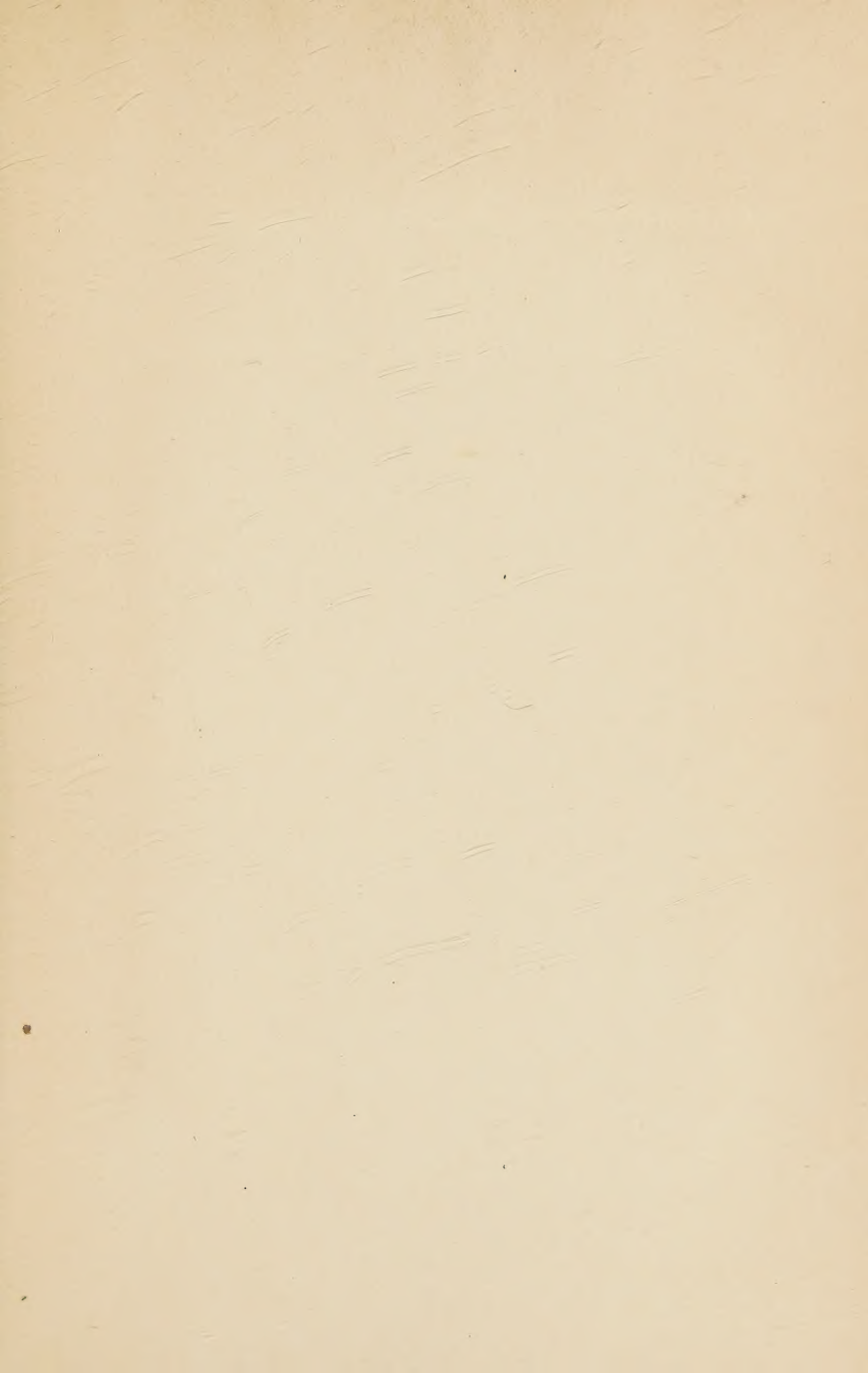
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